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FROM

James Byrne  
of New York







THE  
IRISH MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE.



THE  
IRISH MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE.

("Catholic Ireland")

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*VOLUME THE FIRST,*

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1873.

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*DUBLIN:*

M<sup>c</sup>GLASHAN & GILL, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

LONDON: BURNS & OATES; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

1873.

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# CATHOLIC IRELAND.

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JULY, 1873.

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ON the Feast of the Adorable Heart of Jesus, to which our country was solemnly consecrated on the Passion Sunday of this year of grace 1873, this Irish Monthly Magazine of religious literature enters on the discharge of its holy functions as a memorial and remembrancer of that national Consecration.

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spot of God's earth can claim with a better right the title of "Catholic" than our own beloved Ireland. Wherever Ireland is known, she is known and spoken of as *Catholic Ireland*. In that great but distracted country over whose destinies a scion of the Irish race of Heber the Fair<sup>1</sup> now presides, how many millions of hearts would respond with affectionate enthusiasm to the cry of "*Vive l'Irlande Catholique!*"

Catholic Ireland, however, does not stretch merely from Rathlin Isle to Valentia, from Carnsore Point to the Fairy Bridges of Bundoran. It is not confined to that scanty tract of territory to which Montalembert gave the name of the Poland of the Western Sea, but which henceforth must claim as its noblest title that of Island of the Sacred Heart. Not here only, but wherever an Irish heart beats true to the faith of St. Patrick, Catholic Ireland is *there*. Whether in a Glasgow factory or in one of the newest warehouses in Chicago, or in any out of all those holy convents from St. Leonard's to San Francisco—whithersoever hard necessity, or enterprise, or religious zeal, may have driven or borne members of the Celtic family, they have brought with them everywhere the same yearning, passionate, unforgetting, and unquenchable love for the land and the faith of their fathers. Perhaps it may be granted to even so humble an organ as ours to make its voice heard so far away, and to help to awaken and cherish in many hearts the fulness and purity of that ardent and instinctive faith which is the special glory and bond of unity of our race.

Besides other characteristics to which we have alluded, Ireland has always been distinguished for affectionate loyalty towards the Holy See—a Christian duty which has never been easier or more spontaneous than nowadays under the glorious though troubled Pontificate which a few days ago (June 16) entered on its twenty-seventh year. This filial devotion of the Irish heart towards the successor of St. Peter and St. Celestine, it will be our aim to foster and to gratify.

Yet, while our objects are thus all of a holy and religious nature, the means by which we hope to attain them will not always be exclusively religious or (so to

<sup>1</sup> Marshal Mac Mahon belongs to the Munster clan, his ancestors having their castle at Carrigaholt, in Clare. The Mac Mahons of Monaghan claim descent from another son of Milesius, Heremon.

speak) *professional* in their tone and character. We shall try, if not to "hold converse with all forms of the many-sided mind," at least to enlist the sympathy of others besides those who are attracted towards piety and religion for their own sake. One of Thomas Davis's Essays begins with these words: "In a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns." But he never "mourned like those who have no hope," (1 Thess. IV.) Even in her darkest day, in days far darker than ours, Ireland kept up a light heart, and beguiled her toils and her privations with story, and song, and many a bright fancy. This cheerfulness, elasticity, and vividness of the Celtic genius shall, we trust, be not altogether unrepresented in our pages.

With such aims and hopes—with the kind wishes and prayers of many friends who have gathered round, before we start, to bid us God-speed on our way—with the happy certainty of securing hosts of others as we go along, even though we were to strive much less earnestly than we are resolved to strive to deserve them—with whatever misgivings one might with good reason feel in one's own strength, or courage, or resources overruled absolutely and absorbed by the true and potent inspiration of such a name, such a cause, such a Church and such a country, such themes, such objects, such friends and fellow-workers—with all the hopes, and fears, and aspirations which attend a work like this, let us begin our *Monthly Memorial of the Consecration of CATHOLIC IRELAND to the HEART of JESUS.*

M. R.

*June 20, 1873: Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.*

## THE GREAT EVENT OF PASSION SUNDAY, 1873.

WHEN we look back on former times and scan them studiously, our attention is not always fixed on the persons and things which the men of those times considered of the highest importance. For we, reading those past times by the light of subsequent history, are able to pronounce that such or such a person or event, seemingly insignificant, has done most to modify human society and influence the destinies of our race. In the same way, if we could gaze on our own present from such a vantage-ground, if we could discern the real linking together of causes and effects, and could judge duly of the momentousness of effects compared one with another—our estimate of the relative importance of contemporary persons and contemporary events would be very different from what it is now.

Thus it is, and still more, with the Blessed, as far as they are allowed by God to take notice of what passes here below amongst the children of men from amongst whom they have been taken. And amidst the things happening at every moment over the face of the wide earth, on what do the eyes of the Blessed rest with keenest interest? No doubt, on many persons and things that not only seem insignificant, but escape notice altogether—on the conflict with temptation in one human soul, far more than on armies and parliaments, except in as far as the conflict of arms and the debates of senates influence the losing or the saving of souls.

An event took place in Ireland three months ago, which did not affect the Funds and hardly furnished the theme of one leading article, but which nevertheless was assuredly of sovereign importance in the one real work that is going on in this world of ours, the one work for which this world of probation exists—which one work is of course the glory of its Creator, to be wrought out in the salvation and sanctification of the souls for which Jesus Christ died. Assuredly that divine work has been marvellously advanced, the salvation and sanctification of many generations of souls will be promoted in ways and degrees far beyond our ken, by the grand national Act of Faith, Contrition, Hope, and Charity, by which on Passion Sunday, March 30, 1873, Catholic



Ireland, through the Pastors of her Church, consecrated herself and all her children for ever to the special love and worship of the MOST SACRED HEART of JESUS.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart took root in Ireland, and grew and spread with wonderful rapidity. "More than forty years ago," said the Bishop of Limerick to his people on the occasion of the recent Solemnity, "the Bishops of Ireland, seeing, that this devotion was already well established and greatly loved by the people in their several dioceses, petitioned the Holy See to have the festival of the Sacred Heart celebrated on a fixed day and with a proper office and mass in every church in Ireland. And the Pope of that day, Gregory the Sixteenth, granted the petition, 'in consequence' he said—here are his words—'in consequence of the great devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus that prevails in that kingdom.'"

We shall hereafter have ample opportunity of enlarging on the peculiar aptitude of the Irish nature for such a devotion. But at present we shall only call attention to a curious testimony to the spread amongst us of this devotion to the Heart of Our Lord which occurs in an old volume of the famous *Quarterly Review* (1828). A bitter attack on the College of Maynooth culminates in the following far-rago:—

"The last topic we shall notice is the sodality of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, established a few years ago by Dr. Murray. In itself it seems to be merely one of those fanatical and mystical societies so common in Italy, by means of which gross superstition is encouraged, under the pretence of abstracted piety. This society is, however, remarkable for having been supported by the ex-Jesuits when their Order was abolished, as a means of perpetuating their influence and of paving the way for their re-establishment. The system of devotion practised in it is replete with absurdity, and the whole history of its origin only equalled by the rhapsodies of the Sœur Nativité. In Tuscany Scipio de Ricci, Bishop of Pistoia, a distinguished prelate, warmly opposed it, for which he was severely condemned by Pius VI. He persevered, however, in asserting that it was connected with the Jesuits, and was most pernicious in its effects on the minds of its members. In fact, in proportion as that Order has regained power, so has the Sodality increased. It must, therefore, be matter of great suspicion when we find this society suddenly introduced at Maynooth, soon after Mr. Kenny, an avowed Jesuit, had been elected

Vice-President, and immediately after Dr. Murray had visited Rome, where the General of that Order resides. The connexion is strenuously denied by the witnesses before the Maynooth Commission; yet, strangely enough, they allow that several of the superiors and two hundred students are members of the Sodality."

Blessed be the Name and the Heart of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the forebodings of this uncatholic writer have been gloriously justified by the results of this establishment of the Devotion among the Maynooth students. One of the latest of these happy results is the eagerness with which the people, of whom those students have since been the pastors, obeyed the call of their prelates to consecrate themselves and their country to the HEART OF JESUS. The *alias* on our title-page is intended to remind our readers perpetually of the precise date of this event, one of the most important in the annals of the Church of Ireland. Other Churches have made this dedication of themselves, diocese by diocese. Ireland is the only Church which has done so as a nation, all her children united together, with their venerated pastors at their head.

The particular objects which our venerated Hierarchy had in view in decreeing this National Consecration are explained in the Pastoral Letter<sup>1</sup> which they addressed in common to their flocks on the 23rd of January, 1873. Let them be given here in the words of the Prelate whom we have before quoted, such as we find them reported in a local Journal.

"There are many weighty evils, my dear people, pressing on the Church of God throughout the world, and there are many dangers encompassing and threatening ourselves near home. The spirit of irreligion and infidelity is growing strong every day. In Spain and in Italy, in Switzerland and throughout the German Empire, the world is rising up against the Church of God, driving Religious from their Convents, and Monks from their Monasteries and Schools, striving by infidel systems of education to corrupt and paganise the minds of the people. In England and Scotland, too, the spirit of irreligion and impiety is growing stronger every day, and those countries, not satisfied with subjecting themselves to the evil guidance of that spirit, are seeking to drag us with them down into the gulf. They are striving to impose on us infidel systems of

<sup>1</sup> See the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for February, 1873.

education, which the people of this country do not want nor wish for; which, on the contrary, they reject and abhor. It was only a few weeks ago that the Bishops of Ireland had to protest against those systems of education, and to declare to the Parliament that the people of Ireland wanted Catholic education for their children, and would be satisfied with no other. But, my dear people, though we are united in that wish and in that demand, and though it is our clear indefeasible right to educate our children according to our own views and convictions, still our power to assert that right is unfortunately very small. In the Parliament where the laws are made we are only a few against many, and there is the utmost danger therefore that this great question of education, upon which our whole religion so much depends, may be settled upon a principle and system that may be hostile and even fatal to our dearest interests. In view of that danger, my dear people, and of many other dangers and evils and hardships that are pressing upon our people, and in view also of the terrible persecution raging throughout the world against the Catholic Church, and which, beginning with our Most Holy Father the Pope, whom it has stripped of everything, is going down through all the grades of the Church, banishing Bishops from their Sees, and banishing Monks, Nuns, and other religious from their convents and schools: in view of those heavy evils and calamities that have fallen upon our Church, and upon our fellow Catholics in other countries, as well as the danger pressing on ourselves, we come, my dear people, to-day to the most Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ; and believing it to be our best refuge against all the evils that threaten us and afflict us, we solemnly to-day devote and consecrate ourselves and our country to that most Sacred Heart. We also, by this great act, desire to make a special reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the outrage that was offered to it lately in the kingdom of Prussia. In some Catholic Churches of that country, devotion to the Sacred Heart was specially practised, and the people were going in great numbers to those Churches to carry out that Devotion. The government of the country took offence at this, and issued an edict forbidding the people to assemble at those Churches. And, when the people would not desist, the authorities of the country came and dispersed them by force, and closed the churches, in hatred and contempt of the Devotion—closed them up solely and merely because the people were worshipping the Heart of

their Redeemer. Well, my dear people, the news of that outrage came quickly across the seas to our shores, and every one that heard it was struck with horror and amazement, and it is fit that a Catholic country like this should lift up its voice when the Son of God is so insulted. And, therefore, the answer we send back to-day to Prussia is that upon this Passion Sunday, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, all the Catholic people of Ireland—great and small, young and old, rich and poor, bishops and clergy and people,—have solemnly bound and consecrated themselves irrevocably to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord Jesus Christ.”

To these earnest words of the Bishop of Limerick may fitly be joined the Dedicatory Prayer composed by the Bishop of Ossory for the holy occasion:—

“O Sacred HEART of JESUS, ever present on our altars for love of us, we Thy servants, in joyful obedience to the appeal of our pastors, Thy representatives, and in union with all Catholics of Ireland, approach with confidence the throne of Thy mercy, to offer to Thee the solemn consecration of ourselves and our beloved country.

“O Sacred HEART of JESUS! filled with sorrow at the sight of the many outrages that are perpetrated against Thee, and overwhelmed with confusion at the remembrance of our manifold transgressions, we would, with the Apostle, exclaim, ‘Lord, depart from us, for we are sinners,’ did not thy sweet invitation, ‘Come to Me all you who labour and are burdened,’ press us to cast ourselves with confidence into the bosom of Thy mercy.

“In union, then, with all the faithful children of St. Patrick, we this day solemnly consecrate to Thee, O Sacred HEART of JESUS, our Church and our Nation, ourselves, our families, and all that belong to us. We wish to be wholly Thine, sweet Jesus. Thou knowest our weakness; but, trusting in Thee, we fear not. Thou didst give to our ancestors strength to fight the good fight and win the crown of confessors, and the martyr’s palm; their prayers and their blood now plead our cause, and cry to Thee for mercy. Hear that touching appeal, O Heart of Jesus! and guard us against the many and great dangers that now beset us. The open assaults and the subtle wiles of the enemy seek to rob us of our Faith, to draw us from the path of Thy commandments, and to extinguish in our hearts the fire of divine charity; our own evil passions make war upon us; in this hour of distress and danger, O

Sacred Heart of Jesus, with the Apostle we cry out, 'Lord, save us, we perish.'

"Despise not the offering of contrite and humble hearts, purify us in Thy most precious blood, bestow upon us that strength and constancy which will make us steadfast in the path of duty, generous in defending the rights and the teachings of the Church, and fearless in the cause of Faith, even in the presence of the taunts and sneers of a wicked world.

"O tender and compassionate HEART of JESUS! console the Sovereign Pontiff, now so sorely tried. Bestow Thy choicest blessings on him, and grant to him to see the triumph of Thy Spouse, the Holy Catholic Church. Bestow Thy blessing on our people scattered throughout the world. Bless our beloved country, our homes, our families, ourselves. Bless, above all, our Pastors, in union with whom we now consecrate ourselves to Thee, and grant that, united with them in the bonds of charity and peace, we may serve Thee faithfully here on earth, and merit hereafter to praise and enjoy the blessing of Thy Sacred Heart throughout the endless ages of eternity. Amen."

Hardly any modification is needed to adapt this prayer as a form of renewal to be often made individually of our national consecration to the HEART of JESUS. There are few that will not be moved to greater earnestness and tenderness in eliciting these interior acts of the soul, by thus uniting themselves in spirit with an entire faithful people in this supreme moment of its fervour, and renewing each time the sacred and sanctifying memory of the great event of Passion Sunday, 1873.

W. L.

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## SONNETS

ON THE CONSECRATION OF IRELAND TO THE SACRED  
HEART, PASSION SUNDAY, 1873.

## I.

LIFT up Thy gates, triumphant Heart Eterne,  
Heart of the God-man ! Heart that, throned on high,  
Larger than that starred palace of the sky,  
In glory reignest, and in love dost burn !  
To Thee this day a People's heart doth yearn ;  
To Thee all eagle-winged, yet tremblingly,  
Makes way ; in Thee would live ; for Thee would die,  
Zealous for Thee terrestrial crowns to spurn.  
" Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,"  
And give a nation leave to enter in !  
The centuries ended of her adverse fates,  
This day with God she hides her from the sin  
Of prosperous realms that trample gifts divine—  
Heart of the God-man, make Thy captive Thine !

## II.

Henceforth, O Erin, twofold life have thou !  
Regioned with God in that great Heart above,  
Regioned below in that strong Church, all Love,  
God's City, glittering from the mountain's brow.  
Entrance that City's Portals Seven allow  
To those alone whose hearts in meekness move,  
To souls forgiving as that mystic Dove  
That sanctified their first, baptismal vow.  
Oh ! loyal proved through centuries of war,  
In peace be loyal to the Prince of Peace !  
Oh ! known and praised for spotless Faith of yore,  
To Love at last bring forth her full increase !  
Her hest fulfil ! A nation vowed, go forth  
And plant the Saviour's Cross above a vanquished Earth !

AUBREY DE VERE.

*April, 1873.*

## OCCASIONAL SKETCHES OF IRISH LIFE.

## No. I.—THE EMIGRANT.

**I**T was a cold morning, very cold, although the most trustworthy almanacs assured us it was the eighth of April. The north wind blew fiercely without, shook angrily the closed windows of the railway carriage in which we sat, and with his hoarse voice seemed endeavouring to shout down the ponderous locomotive which groaned and shrieked its loudest as we neared the little station of B——. My fellow-travellers, buried deep in the cushions, heard with apparent unconcern the roaring of the wind ; perhaps all, like myself, listened intently to the clattering of the wheels beneath, until the dull rattle resolved itself into time and measure, and gave forth in its unmelodious tones one of our popular national airs. The commercial gentleman in prematurely light tweed and elaborate red whiskers had abandoned the attempt to get through the morning paper, and now looked dreamily out from beneath his rug on the bare and uninteresting country through which we were passing. The stout gentleman who, with his two daughters, had entered at the last station, buttoned his frieze over-coat tightly about him, buried his hands in its deep pockets, and grumbled an occasional reply from behind its huge collar to the whispered remarks of the younger of his daughters, who sat by his side. Opposite to him sat his elder daughter, very staid and very rigid, disdaining any part in the conversation carried on with papa by her sister ; her powers of vision seemingly concentrated rather on the glass of the window than on the objects visible through it. Suddenly a prolonged whistle is heard ahead. The engine in front sends no more clouds of steam floating across the fields, the measured clatter of the wheels beneath gives place to a dull rumble, intermingled with a strange variety of creakings and groanings, the black telegraph poles pass the window in slower succession, and the dreamy travellers wake up to the consciousness that the train is about to stop.

Every one looks out at the window as we slowly glide along the platform. At last we stop. A railway official runs along the motionless carriages, giving utterance to some strange sounds, in which those who have consulted

their railway guides believe they can recognise the name of the station, but which those who have neglected this precaution vainly endeavour to comprehend. The travellers within are now perfectly awake, and gaze with curiosity on the scene without. On one side a pile of boxes of various shapes and sizes are being stowed into the luggage-van under the personal superintendence of a lady whose language and appearance give evidence of great strength of character, and who plainly has taken the *haute direction* of affairs in the journey which she and the submissive-looking gentleman at her side are about to undertake. Below this group is another which now attracts all attention. Round a large deal box, painted red and tied with a rough hempen cord, stands a crowd of men and women, evidently of the peasant class, waiting till the porter shall have leisure to consign to the luggage-van the solitary item of luggage in which all seem interested. The men are arrayed in their newest frieze coats, and the heads of the women are enveloped in their shawls of brightest red. Yet the scene is far from festive. Grief is depicted on every countenance. Tears are flowing down the faces of the women, and occasionally the sleeve of a rough coat passes across the eyes of its wearer, betraying a grief too manly for sobs or moans, but deep enough to wring from stern manhood a tear. The centre figure of this group was an old man whose features displayed the characteristic nobleness of the genuine Irish peasant. He wore a long coat of dark frieze which descended below the knees, and allowed a glimpse of a rough linen collar above, and of a pair of blue stockings below. A few long gray hairs straggled from beneath the old beaver hat which covered his head, and waved to and fro in the cold morning blast. His eyes were red and swollen, and an occasional rattling sound in the throat denoted the presence of a sorrow which a rigid setting of the muscles of the face with difficulty concealed. The old man's head rested on the shoulder of a stalwart handsome youth, who vainly endeavoured to persuade him to moderate a grief now nearly beyond control. "You shall see me again, Father, before you die. My Mother and you shall be happy yet."

Poor fellow! And so he was one of the emigrant crowd who are daily flying from the scenes of indigence and misery which fill our unfortunate country to the land of fabled prosperity beyond the Atlantic where fortune smiles on all, and wealth is to be won by all who toil for it.



He, too, like so many others, sees but a bright and joyous future before him, and fondly dreams of the day when he shall return rich and prosperous to the village which nestles close to the foot of the dark mountain before us. Into the vision which rises before him does not intrude itself the dark hold of the emigrant ship, the lonely and inhospitable street of the strange town in which the unknown outcast wanders hopeless and forsaken, or the fever-laden air of the swamp through which the new railway is being made. No, *his* future is all brightness. It is but a dream; but who would say a word to undeceive him? Hope on, poor wanderer, while yet you may. Alas! long ere thy great fortune shall have been amassed, the hand that now leans upon thee will have become cold in death, and the heart to which thou wouldst fain give comfort will have ceased to throb, with love or sorrow. But wake not thou from thy golden dream; it is a kind delusion which softens thus thy separation from home and kindred. I know not what thy fate may be, but I fervently echo the oft-repeated prayer of thy peasant friends "God be with you."

My fellow-travellers gazed with curiosity on the scene before them. To the greater number it seemed to suggest some very agreeable reflections. The younger lady laughed somewhat boisterously, and peered eagerly from the window, exclaiming: "How strange! What queer people!" Her elder sister relaxed somewhat of her dignified severity and condescended to smile, while the old gentleman growled half playfully from out his huge overcoat, "Bless me! what a row the people are making!" This latter impressive remark elicited no response from any of the listeners, and all again became silent within the compartment which we occupied. The ladies gazed in silence from the window, in which occupation they were assiduously seconded by the commercial gentleman, and their papa relapsed into the doze from which he had been awakened by the stopping of the train.

Meanwhile the scene without had undergone a change. The deal box had disappeared. The crowd of peasants were congregated round the door of a third class carriage. The young man of whom I have spoken stood upon the step, his hand clasped in his father's, while he repeated again and again his sorrowful adieux. Presently there was a loud ringing of a cracked bell followed by a clapping and banging of doors, a shouting of different officials, and all the strange variety of sounds which at a lonely and

unimportant station accompany the departure of the train. "All right," cried the porter at the head of the train, waving his hand. "All right," shouted the whiskered guard from below, confirming the assertion by a shrill whistle. "All right," said the black-faced fireman to his friend the engine-driver. A husky whistle from the engine succeeded the interchange of these communications. A prolonged hiss followed, and then, like a restive horse, when first he feels the driver gathering up the reins, the iron monster in front pushed us slowly backward. But this did not last long. In another moment there was a sudden jerk forward, a sudden creaking of bolts and straining of fastenings, a more violent puffing and hissing ahead, and the train moved rapidly away. A succession of deafening cheers from the friends of the emigrant for a time drowned all other noises; but gradually this sound died away in the distance, and the panting of the engine and the clatter of the wheels were again the only sounds audible to the travellers.

T. F.

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## OUR BIG HOUSE AND OUR TINY BULLETIN.

“**N**OBODY ever reads a Report,” was the warning given by a certain astute Publisher to the Secretary of a Charitable Institution who was negotiating about the publication of an account of its proceedings. If the two brochures, of which we have joined the titles together in the title of this paper, should chance to fall into the hands of our readers, we strongly advise them to form an exception to this general rule. Dr. Johnson prophesied that Oliver Goldsmith would make his Natural History as interesting as a fairy tale. The writer of these “mere Reports” has achieved a similar success. Indeed both tale and song figure among the attractive items of “Our Tiny Bulletin.”

The “Big House” in question is No. 9, Upper Buckingham-street, in the City of Dublin. A big house it certainly is, and a very fine one. A glance at Gilbert’s *Streets of Dublin* has not given us any information as to the builder or former occupants of this goodly mansion. But, whatever may have been its history in the past, its future will not be unknown to fame. For on No. 9, Upper Buckingham-street benevolent eyes fastened some twelve months ago as an eligible home wherein to cherish and cure sundry sick and maimed little mites of humanity; and to-day it is the thriving St. Joseph’s Infirmary for Children, “looking out with bright, new-painted windows, across fields, trees, and cottages, away to the blue sea and the smiling Hill of Howth.” The anticipations, therefore, expressed in the first Report, the excellent note of introduction which, disguised under the title “Our Big House in Buckingham-street,”<sup>1</sup> ushered the Institution into the world—these hopeful anticipations have, thank God, been more than realised. “We expect that, as the touch of sympathy for our attempt goes from heart to heart, we shall see gifts and offerings drop into our lap, bright and overflowing as ever appeared in fairy tale at the rubbing of a lantern; and—change still more marvellous!—we hope to behold at the same moment the whole machinery for our great work put suddenly into motion, the empty beds alive with little inmates, saucepans upon fires, nurses making poultices or preparing baths, doctors feeling pulses, and pretty ladies arriving with smiles, and flowers, and toys.”

<sup>1</sup> Dublin: Joseph Dollard, Dame-street.

We have just cited the concluding words of the original prospectus; and indeed to distinguish them from those in which they are set, inverted commas are not needed. We may link the end to the beginning, quoting now the opening words of the first half yearly Report, which has lately made its appearance.

"All last summer painters and carpenters were busied in fitting up as an hospital Our Big House. The dingy mansion, deserted by fashion, in a fallen neighbourhood, brightened up gradually, and came forward into the sunshine. Its front showed a comfortable ruddiness of complexion, its windows smiled in the pride of polished glass, its inner walls shone with delicate colour, and twelve pretty beds were set up in the wards, draped in white curtains, trimmed with a crimson band. Bright-tinted pictures of sacred subjects were hung on the walls, some artistic statues were disposed in conspicuous places, and kind friends, even then, began to send in fresh flowers to give the place a jubilant air. People came in and out to see how the work was going on, and a few very sensible persons feared that the house was too pretty, that the tint on the walls was too like what one would wish to see in one's own home, that the curtains had better have been of coarse blue checker, that the flowers, pictures, and statues were objects which would be sadly missed when seen no more, and that, in short, the poor little patients ran risk of being totally demoralized by being healed in our nursery. At this fear, however, we have ventured to smile. Our doctors tell us that the sick are more speedily cured when they have beauty and cheerfulness around them, just as plants will thrive the better for the sunshine. The public have not been asked to pay for the extra prettiness, all the gilding having been delicately laid on by one generous hand."

When the Hospital was thus prepared, we may be sure there was no lack of applicants for the comforts and the cures it was to dispense. Some of the touching realities of the work done, and of the need for this beneficent Institution, are put forward in a tender and attractive style in "*Our Tiny Bulletin*," to which we refer such of our readers as may have an opportunity of turning over its few pages. We cannot resist the temptation of giving at full length, for the benefit of others, a story which will please not only "tiny children" but "children of a larger growth," all "about poor little Jack and his bad back, and his naughty sister Polly."

Jack and Polly had no father; their mother was a charwoman, and their home was in a very dirty room. Everything in it was black and grimy, and the mother had not time to make it clean, because she had to be so busy cleaning other people's houses. Polly was big enough to keep the place a little tidy if she had cared for it; but she cared for nothing but playing, and sometimes fighting, in the gutter with other wild children like herself. There was a tiny brother called Tim, a dear little fellow whom you would have liked to kiss if you could only have got a clean spot of his face to do it on; but that was not likely, for nobody thought of washing him, and he spent his life rolling about the floor and making himself dirtier, if possible, every day.

Poor little Jack lay on some straw in a corner, suffering his pains like a hero. A bad fall had hurt his back, and it was believed that Jack would be a cripple. This was hard, for he was a clever and active little fellow, and had looked forward to growing into a strong man one day and helping his mother. The bitterness of his trial preyed on his heart, though he kept a cheerful face. He cried at night on his comfortless straw bed. Life seems cruel, indeed, to a poor little boy with a broken back.

The only pleasure Jack had was looking through a tiny window which was close beside his head. By scraping the grimy pane with a bit of glass he could see a little morsel of sky between the chimneys. Sometimes it was a blue sky, and sometimes it was dull and gray, but a star lived in it somewhere which used to look kindly down at Jack when he was crying in his straw at night. He had beautiful dreams sometimes; perhaps the angels are allowed to show pictures to sick children in their sleep, but, at all events, thoughts came to Jack which were higher and lovelier than often come to children who have no pains to endure. He often tried to tell these dreams to Polly, feeling sure somehow that if she only understood them she would begin to wash her face and help her mother. But this naughty little sister would not listen to a word he said.

"Polly," Jack would plead on some dreary, dark day, perhaps, "Polly, dear, I wish you would wash your face!"

"No, I won't," Polly would cry.

"Polly, dear, my little bit of sky is black, and I want something nice to look at; maybe your face would be nice if it was washed!"

"No, it wouldn't," said Polly, and went skipping down stairs to make herself dirtier in the gutter.

"Polly," another time, "don't you think you could wash Tim and give him some jack-stones to play with, and couldn't you scrub the floor a little, and light the fire, before mother comes home?"

"I tell you I don't know how to do nothin'," Polly would answer back defiantly; and poor Jack would turn painfully round on his straw and close his eyes on the world in despair.

One day some one said to Jack's mother, "Why don't you take that boy of yours to the Big House, where they're curin' the child-her?"

"I'm feared they'll niver cure *him*," said the mother.

"Thry it," said the friend.

So Jack was taken off to the Big House. It was a whole year since he had been out of his corner on the straw, and he was very unwilling to quit his tiny window and his little bit of sky, where the star knew all about him, to go off to a place where everything was strange. He wondered when he was brought into a large bright house, where people received him as if he belonged to them. A kind nurse gave him a comfortable bath, and he was wrapped in fresh linen and carried to a nice little bed. The curtains were half-drawn round him, but he could see between their folds a vision of bright pictures, a shining fire, and pleasant faces and flowers. "This must surely be heaven," thought poor little Jacky, and fell fast asleep. When he wakened some one propped him up with pillows, which he found very soft after the straw, and brought him a basin of soup. It was long since he had cared about eating anything, but this soup had such a flavour that he swallowed it off at once. A picture-book was given him, and the other little boys in the beds nodded and smiled at him and offered to lend him their toys. The day went quickly over, and when Jacky had said his prayers that night, and closed his eyes to go to sleep, he could only wish that mother, and Polly, and Tim could be as well off as he was, and that he could see them, if only for a minute, to tell them how happy he felt. Next morning a kind doctor came and smiled at him. It was certainly a bad case, he said, but he had caught little Jack while it was not too late to save him. Indeed it seemed high time for his fellow-creatures to do something to help the little man. His big bright eyes had black hollows under them, his cheek-bones were cutting through the skin, and his poor little arm looked like a boiled chicken's wing that has been picked.

"Never mind," said the doctor, "we are going to cure him."

When Jacky was gone Polly felt very lonely, though she had been so unkind to him while he was with her. She had nobody now but Tim, and as she could not leave him quite alone in the house she carried him with her out into the lane, where she left him sitting in the mud, while she made plays or quarrelled with her companions. One day poor Tim had rolled himself into the middle of the road, and must have been run over by a cart had not a man snatched him from under the wheels. This gave Polly a fright, for she had a loving heart though she was so wild, and for two whole days she shut her herself up at home with Tim, lest she should be tempted to forget him again and so be the cause of his death. Shut up in the dreary room with nobody but this baby to bear her company, Polly began to understand what a dismal time of it poor Jacky must have had lying there hour after hour and day

after day, when she was too unkind to do anything to make him comfortable. And her heart got sore, for now he was gone away and, perhaps, he would never come back.

She cried so much over this, and wiped her eyes so often in her grimy frock, that her face was quite ridiculous to look at. She was very lonely, and knew that she deserved it. Many a time Jack had wanted to tell her his dreams and she would not listen to him, and now there was nobody to speak to her. Tim was cross, for she did not know how to amuse him as Jacky used to do, and everything was miserable. "Oh, Jack, Jack," she sobbed, "if you will only come here again, I will try so hard to be a good, kind girl, and keep out of the gutter!" But Jack was far away and could not hear her.

One day, at last, she felt such a longing to see her brother that she left Tim in care of a neighbour, and went off to look for the hospital where Jack was to be found. When she made her appearance at the door of the ward, where everything was so trim and neat, all the people stared—the nurses, and the visitors, and the children in the beds—all wondering what such a little sweep's girl could be doing in the place. And indeed Polly was a figure not easily forgotten. Her skin was sooty, her hair hung in wild uncombed masses over her eyes, her frock was ragged and draggled, her bare feet and legs were splashed with mud. Jack blushed up to his forehead when he saw her, but he was too kind a brother to let his shame prevent his being glad she had come to see him. But Polly gave one glance round the room, and was quick to see the impression she had made. She heard some one whisper, "Do look at that shocking little dirty girl!" She saw the blush on Jacky's face. She turned and fled quickly out of the room and down the staircase.

At Jack's bedside a nice little girl was sitting reading aloud to him. She was a gentleman's daughter, named Lily, and she liked coming to the hospital to be kind to the sick children. She and Jack were great friends, and she knew all about Tim, and his mother, and Polly. When she saw Jack's face turn red, she looked at the door where the little girl had appeared.

"Who is it?" asked Lily.

"Polly," said Jack, and the tears brimmed into his eyes.

Lily sprang up, and flew down the stairs after her.

"Come back, Polly, come back!" she cried, "Why are you running away?"

"I'm going to hide myself," sobbed Polly, "because I'm a dirty, bad girl, and every one's ashamed of me!"

Lily took her kindly by the hand, "Poor little Polly," she said, "come home with me."

The next day Lily came into the ward of the hospital, leading such a nice little girl by the hand! with a fresh, rosy skin, and nicely combed hair, with bright eyes, and smiling lips, and dressed in a clean print frock and a white pinafore. The child looked

modest and tidy, and blushed when she came in, as if she thought everybody must be gazing at her. But who could ever dream that this was the grimy little creature who had looked in at the door only yesterday? Nobody but Jack himself knew that this was Polly, and there was a happy meeting indeed between brother and sister.

"Oh, Polly, Polly!" said Jack, "I always knew you would be a nice little girl if you were clean."

After this, Polly came very often to the hospital, and Lily and she sat together and talked by Jack's bedside. Lily was teaching Jack to read, and he promised to teach Polly by-and-by. Lily went home with Polly and made acquaintance with Tim, and the little girls consulted together about the possibility of cleaning up the room and making it look more comfortable. Lily paid a man to whitewash the walls, and Polly got a tub of water and a scrubbing brush, and scrubbed the floor. Lily, having some pocket-money of her own, got leave from her mamma to buy a table and chairs for Polly, and some pictures for the walls, and she brought some plants in pots to place in Jack's little window, which Polly had made so bright that the sun glittered on it. Jack's mother came home one night, and did not know the place, it looked so nice. She was turning to go away again, thinking she had come in by mistake at another person's door, when Polly jumped out of a corner and threw her arms around her neck.

"I did it myself, mother," she cried, "Miss Lily showed me the way; and I'm not going to be naughty any more."

After some time the doctor cured Jack, and he came home from the hospital. He was glad to go back to his mother and Polly, but he could not help thinking that his home would look very black indeed after the brightness of the place he had been in. What was his delight when he was carried into a nice, pleasant room, with a clean floor and a white curtain, and flowering plants in the little window!

Polly can read now, and do some very neat sewing, by which she earns some money to help her mother. She listens to Jack's beautiful dreams, which are always going through his head. He will soon be strong enough to learn to earn his bread, and Lily's kind father is going to have him taught to be a carpenter.

The mother thanks God for the day when she heard of the hospital where Polly met Miss Lily, and where poor little Jack got cured of his bad back.

We have indulged in this long extract without any misgiving whatever; but our dignified gravity pleads guilty to some scruples about the specimen which we wish in conclusion to give of the "rhymes" which in this "dry Report" sustain the weightier "reasons" urged on behalf of St. Joseph's Infirmary for Sick Children. Is not the case



put very forcibly in these lines, which have a good deal of the true ballad simplicity and ballad *ring* about them?

There was a little baby that I heard tell,  
And right down-stairs this little baby fell—  
Right down-stairs all on a winter's day,  
And there on the pavement poor little baby lay.  
Up came his mother, and cried for his pain;  
She feared her little baby would never walk again;  
His back it was hurt, and his legs were broke in two—  
*Oh!* what on earth will this little baby do?

His mother wept sore, "'Twere better he was dead;  
I can't both mind him and earn the bit of bread;  
It's too much pain, with the hunger and the cold,  
For a little thing to bear, only three winters old."  
Out spoke a neighbour, "Did you never hear tell  
Of the New Big Baby House for makin' childher well,  
Where they cure their little pains, and mend their little bones;  
Go off with the child now, and stop your sighs and groans!"

Up jumped the mother, and brought the baby here;  
If you'd seen his broken legs, you'd have had to drop a tear.  
We tucked him snugly up in a pretty little bed,  
And right glad was he to get down his little head.  
His bones are mended now, and he's getting very fat—  
He can eat bread and butter too—you may be sure of that;  
He has got a picture-book, and a lovely squeaking toy;  
As happy as a king is this little baby boy.

Descending to prosaic details, we notice in the Report that the Hospital is intended solely for the children of the very poor, and that in order to ensure that only these shall be received, the ladies of the Managing Committee take it in turns to visit the children in their homes. There is also a society of young ladies who come in turns every day to give the patients their dinner, to prevent the "messing" which would be the result of the poor little children's unaided efforts on these interesting occasions—result less woful, on the other hand, than the long torture of expectancy they would be condemned to if they had to wait till the nurses could attend to each in turn. Then again there is a Boy's Brigade, with its monthly meetings and its badges of honour to be worn on state occasions—very young gentlemen "who collect pennies in little boxes, and who visit the little patients and help to amuse them." When we add that a dispensary for non-contagious dis-

eases of children is attached to the Big House, and that surgical cases likewise receive treatment, we have surely done enough to make the kind hearts, who have come with us so far, feel a deep interest in St. Joseph's Infirmary for Children, which is another edifying proof of the fitness of our beautiful and charitable Dublin to be the capital of poor, generous, tender-hearted, Catholic Ireland.

If, as has often been said, the man who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one blade grew before is a benefactor to his kind, what shall be said of the originators and managers of an Institution like this, which, every day, causes so many kind deeds to be done, and so many kind words to be spoken, and so many kind feelings to be felt, which would otherwise have never been done or felt or spoken—which, besides the toil, trouble, money, and time expended on it by those immediately concerned, persecutes into alms-giving and toy-giving, and well-doing of a thousand kinds, a vast crowd of outsiders, who but for such organizations would never overcome the *vis inertiae* of good-intentions-in-the-abstract? Well will it be for the generous Founder and friends of the Children's Hospital, on that Day when we shall all be gathered together in the Valley where *He* shall be judge Who said, "*Suffer the little children to come to Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.*"<sup>1</sup>

A. U.

<sup>1</sup> Some readers of this paper will be glad to be informed that subscriptions and donations for St. Joseph's Infirmary will be received by the Treasurer, Thomas Woodlock, Esq., Uplands, Monkstown, Dublin; that gifts of clothes, books, toys, &c., may be sent to the care of the Matron, at the Institution; and that business communications and letters of inquiry should be addressed to the Honorary Secretaries, 9, Upper Buckingham-street, Dublin.

# RECANTATION.

## I.

NO more I'll yield to Calderon's spell.  
The Spanish charm shall chain no more,  
Fair alien Fancy, fare thee well,  
My Song reseeks its native shore.

## II.

Its native shore of hopes and dreams,  
Of radiant joys and fond regrets—  
Glad mornings bright with golden beams,  
And shadows of the sun that sets.

## III.

True, I am not what I have been,  
But still my heart is warm and light—  
How long they live, the hills are green,  
How far they stray, the streams are bright.

## IV

Hills such as those on which I have gazed,  
Ah! many a year ere youth was gone—  
That seemed but fields more heavenward raised  
A little nearer to God's throne.

## V.

Streams by whose sweet and sparkling tide,  
So oft I played when life began,  
That kissed the banks at either side,  
And murmured music as they ran.

## VI.

Such be my aim from this day forth,  
Such be my stream of simple song,  
Just slightly raised o'er lesser earth,  
And borne melodiously along.

## VII.

Raised o'er the earth which it partakes,  
But severed from its noise and strife,  
And winding, as its path it makes,  
Sings the old songs of love and life.

D. F. M. C.

## CATHOLICITY AND THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

IN the social and moral world in which we live, as well as in the material universe around us, there are continuous revolutions. Constant change seems to be a law of all things here below, and to this law the doctrines and institutions which owe their origin to human reason are no exceptions. Analogous to the movements of the vast globes of matter which constitute what we call the visible world are the periodic changes in the great political organizations which embrace the different sections of the human family; and keeping pace with these latter changes and not unfrequently the cause of them, is a series of mutations affecting the opinions and views of men on the great questions of social life and scientific inquiry. It is peculiarly interesting, and at the same time peculiarly instructive, to observe these different phases of opinion which succeed each other in the minds of men. It enables us to determine rightly what is usually called the spirit of the age; and to form a correct judgment in this matter is of more importance than first appearances might lead us to believe. The Catholic Church, to which we have the good fortune to belong, is not subject in its doctrines to the law of change which I have noticed. In this it differs from all purely human institutions; and this immutability of belief, to those who refuse to acknowledge the divinity of its origin, must always appear an inexplicable phenomenon. But this unchangeableness in the teaching of the Church does not infallibly secure the individual member of this great community against the errors of the unsteady multitude without. He is still liable to be swayed in many things by the prevailing spirit of the day, and we have in our time seen that the loss of faith is not unfrequently the consequence and the punishment of yielding to this influence. The work of fostering within ourselves and propagating among others the true Catholic spirit, which is the great work of our association,<sup>1</sup> primarily and necessarily implies a struggling against, a working in opposition to, the dominant error of the time. When, then, we inquire what that error is, we are not discussing a merely speculative question; we are

<sup>1</sup> This Paper gives the substance of a Lecture to a Catholic Association.

seeking a rule to guide us in our efforts, we are determining the precise nature of the work we have to do.

If we take a survey of the world outside of the Catholic Church and as distinguished from it, what will perhaps most strike us is the universal breaking up of the old religious organisations. By breaking up is not here meant a subdividing into subordinate and discordant sects—this would be no strange phenomenon in the history of error. By breaking up I mean rather a total abandonment of all positive religion—a denial of all truth held on the mere authority of faith. In some countries, as in Italy and Spain, men have passed from Catholicism to this dreary infidelity without passing through any intermediate state other than a course of intemperate luxury and sensual indulgence. In others, as in England and Germany, they have been brought to it by the slow but certain process of heretical teaching, which, successively denying or modifying the various articles of Christian belief, finally shakes the faith of its disciples in them all. In a few years the Evangelical Church will probably have ceased to exist in Germany, and we may safely predict that it will soon be followed to the grave by the sister institution in England. But on the ruins of these fabrics which once were called Churches must arise something which shall occupy the place they once held in the minds of men. Man cannot do without religion of some sort; something he must worship, even though it be a beast or a stone. It would therefore have been natural to expect that a system of belief should arise to take the place of the falling apostate Churches, and to occupy, if not to satisfy, man's inherent longing to adore. And behold! the new faith is taking shape and form, developing its theories, organising its apostolate, and, where it has the power, prepared like Mahomet to enforce its tenets by the power of the sword. The new faith is known by the name of Rationalism, or belief in the divinity of human reason. It gives to the reason of man the place which the teaching bodies of the Churches once held in the domain of human thought, and claims for the decrees of this sovereign authority the most absolute submission. Already this supreme teacher has made ample use of the powers with which it has been invested. Its mode of procedure is simple but effective. Before it are discussed the most momentous questions which regard the being and destiny of man. If it ventures on solving them, its decisions must be accepted with unhesitating faith; if it

admits itself unequal to the task, the subject of discussion is declared to belong to the region of the unknown or unknowable. Already all the great questions regarding the existence and immortality of the soul, the being and attributes of God, the source and binding power of moral law, have been reviewed by this supreme tribunal. Its decisions on these several points are various, and to those who are not sufficiently acute to understand its decrees, must sometimes appear contradictory. At one time, the soul is declared to be a myth, thought to be a "secretion of the brain,"<sup>1</sup> God to be "the idea of the world and the world the reality of God," and morality a peculiar form of the instinct of self-preservation. Again, God is the sum of all being, all things outside of him have no reality, they are but images of God "his being outside of himself;"<sup>2</sup> the soul is but an idea naturally implanted in the human mind,<sup>3</sup> and the moral law a self-imposed obligation, of whose origin we can render no account, and "whose unintelligibility alone we are capable of understanding."<sup>4</sup> These utterances of the high-priests of Rationalism must sound strange to ears unaccustomed to the vague and often unmeaning formulas of what is pompously styled modern philosophy. They will serve, however, to give an idea of the tone taken by the teachers of the new creed, and of the results at which they have arrived. Into the origin and historic development of this strange religion I will not now enter. This matter will form the subject of another conference. But I will here notice, for your warning as well as for your instruction, the latest phase of its development—the newest engine of propagandism which it has invented, and to the use of which it owes not a little of its success.

Rationalism in our day has allied itself to natural science, and has found amongst those who devote themselves to the study of physical nature its firmest supporters. A slight acquaintance with the literature of the day will discover to you the existence of a class of men professedly devoted to the study of the "law of nature," who believe, or at least profess to believe, that the sphere of scientific inquiry to which they have devoted themselves is the only one open to the mind of man. Beyond this visible world

<sup>1</sup> Carl Vogt quoted by N. J. Laforet in his work *Why Men do not Believe*, c. viii. p. 121.

<sup>2</sup> Fichte. *Werke*, 1 bd. s. 696.

<sup>3</sup> *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, passim.

<sup>4</sup> Kant. *Grundlegung zur Metaphysik der sitten*. *Werke*, 4 bd. s. 9.

which we touch and see, there may or may not be another ; but with that other, whether it exist or not, we have nothing to do. The means at our disposal for acquiring knowledge reach not to the supernatural, and therefore we had better confine our attention to objects which do not elude the scalpel and the microscope. This world may have had a creator, but whether it had or no we have now no means of determining, and it is therefore "alike our highest wisdom and our highest duty to regard that through which all things exist as the unknowable."<sup>1</sup> In the education of the rising generation, the upholders of these theories tell us, no time should be lost in vain speculations or meaningless instructions on the existence or nature of that life which men have fancied to exist beyond the grave. The energies of the mind must be wholly applied to the study of the physical world ; for, as Mr. Huxley informs us, "education is the instruction of the intellect in the law of nature."<sup>2</sup> All demonstrative piety must be regarded as an excess, and if men *will* yield to the natural longing which they feel to adore the power to which they instinctively attribute their existence, Mr. Huxley, who has undertaken to legislate in detail on these matters, will permit them a worship, "for the most part of the silent sort, at the altar of the unknown and the unknowable."

Having declared God, His attributes, and His providence to belong to the sphere of the unknowable, the next care of these philosophers, whom we ordinarily find designated by the title "advanced thinkers," is to uproot those systems of belief which pretend to rest on a supernatural revelation made by God to man. The traditional doctrines of Christianity are assailed with a fierceness which can scarce find a parallel in the history of the wars of the sects against each other or against the Church. Every department of science is called on to furnish weapons for the attack. The geologist and palæontologist study the formation of the crust of the earth, and pore over the monuments of long past ages which lie piled within its dark recesses, in order to demonstrate that the revealed history of the primeval creation is a groundless fable. The physiologist, after a prolonged investigation of the laws which regulate the development of organic life, assures us that the story of man's creation is a myth, and

<sup>1</sup> *First Principles*, by Herbert Spencer, cv. p. 113.

<sup>2</sup> *Lay Sermons*, iii. 32.

that we are in reality descended from an extinct species of animal, from which monkeys and men may equally claim descent. Again, the philologist brings forward, as the result of his careful inquiries, lengthened proofs against the Scripture narrative of the confusion of tongues and the dispersion of the human family. The antiquarian labours to confute the Scripture record of historic events by doubtful interpretations of Egyptian or Assyrian inscriptions. A vast crowd of men, who pretend to the title of scientists, are ready to prove to all who care to listen that the faith of Christ, as well as the older dispensation which it supplanted, are a sham and an imposture; and he who questions the theories of these learned unbelievers is pitied as a weak-minded devotee or denounced as a stranger to the enlightenment of the age.

Alone the Catholic Church boldly withstands this onslaught, and unflinchingly maintains the old rights of dogmatic authority. One by one the out-lying defences of revealed truth—the institutions which hitherto defended some particular point of Catholic doctrine are giving way. The English establishment has become “essentially and radically a rationalistic, sceptical, decent, reticent, and moderate institution.”<sup>1</sup> The leaders of German Protestantism, in their efforts to adapt their religion to the requirements of modern civilisation, have made it impossible to recognise in it the lineaments of Christianity.<sup>2</sup> The servile Church of Russia lacks the bold independence necessary to cope with such enemies, and is probably less concerned about the integrity of her dogmas than about retaining the favour of the Czar. Single-handed the Church of Rome engages in the contest, persistently proclaims the old doctrines regarding the divine and the supernatural, listens with attention when modern science has any real discovery to announce, but calmly pursues her own unchangeable path when the crowd of petulant scientists launch forth into crude and conflicting theories for which they would fain claim the name of science.

Nor are we here claiming for our own Church an honour which the enemies whom she thus combats are unwilling

<sup>1</sup> Pall Mall Budget, May 24, 1873.

<sup>2</sup> In the general assembly of the Protestant Association (Protestantenverein) held at Neustadt in 1867, was adopted Dr. Holtzman's proposition, that “we do not find ourselves in a position to give a common notion (Auffassung) of the person and significance (Bedeutung) of the historic Christ.” The Protestant Association was established for “the renovating of the Protestant Church, in the spirit of evangelical liberty and in harmony with the advancing civilisation of the day.”



to grant her. They themselves are not slow to confess that she alone is the real champion of Christian belief, that she alone is capable of resisting the spread of their theories which they complacently identify with the progress of science. "The Roman Catholic Church," says Mr. Huxley, "is the one great spiritual organisation which is able to resist the progress of science and modern civilisation." Her hierarchy and priesthood form yet a compact body, upon which the assaults of infidelity have made no impression. The difference between these well-trained soldiers of the faith "and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and dissent, is comparable," according to the same authority, "to the difference between our gallant volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's old guard."

Perhaps it may be permitted us at some future meeting to enter in detail into the reasonings of these princes of modern science, and to demonstrate to you how futile are the arguments with which they assail our venerable faith. Here I have but to warn you against what is undoubtedly the prevailing evil of the day—the rebellion of reason against the authority of God. I do so, not because I consider you accessible to the arguments of either the idealist of Germany or the materialist of England, but because I would have you to be on your guard against the spirit which both have tended to create. This is a spirit of half scoffing, half pitying contempt for religion and its upholders. It affects to regard practical piety as the mark of a weak and helpless mind, and faith as a substitute in the unlearned for the self-reliance produced by mental cultivation. Without the Church, this spirit finds copious expression in the insipid blasphemies of the newspaper press of the day. Within the Church, too, its influence is felt, and the signs of its influence are unequivocal. You may see it manifested in the lukewarm profession of faith and half-hearted allegiance to the Church, too common just now among that class of Catholics who are known by the name of *Liberals*.<sup>1</sup> You see it in the Catholic who dreads being considered a man of extreme views, and who affects a liberality which, while embracing all men, would at the same time make concessions to all opinions—in the Catholic who is fond of protesting that the Church must conform to the spirit of the age, who shudders at the re-

<sup>1</sup> Understood here chiefly in its Continental sense.

proach of ultramontaniam and eagerly joins in the outcry against it, who will not readily join a purely Catholic movement lest he might be thought illiberal or sectarian, who has a horror of being ostentatious or demonstrative in his piety, and therefore models his practices of devotion on those of his Protestant or infidel neighbours. In all these cases we have a yielding to, a compromising with, the evil spirit of the time, unworthy of our gift of faith. These manifestations do not indeed justify the gloomy presentiments of the speedy downfall of the Roman Church, in which many contemporary writers love to indulge. The stability of the Church has guarantees other than the attachment to her doctrines of particular individuals. But there is enough in them to justify extreme caution on the part of individual Catholics to whom the indefectibility of their Church is no pledge of final perseverance. They are sufficient to show that even good men may almost unconsciously become infected with the errors of the age; and this will be enough to put those who are jealously careful of the purity of their faith on their guard against practices which might otherwise be indulged in without remorse. We would no doubt be less bold and less hasty in forming opinions on the great religious questions of the day, and less obstinate in defending them, if we reflected that the right to pronounce upon such questions belongs to the Church alone, and it is only by a flagrant act of usurpation that human reason has arrogated to itself the liberty of discussing and deciding them. If we made beforehand this reflection, we would probably hesitate to avow our conviction that the loss of the temporal power is beneficial to the Church, that Church and State have distinct spheres of action which may be defined and separated without prejudice to either, that purely secular education is not perhaps, after all, an unmixed evil, and other like opinions formed upon subjects with which we become acquainted only through the disquisitions of the man who writes history or political economy for the daily newspaper.

Unqualified reverence for the teaching of the Church is to-day, if ever, the mark of the Catholic; and he who lacks this virtue would do well to examine if his inheritance of faith be still entire.

## JACK HAZLITT.

## A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

## CHAPTER I.

H AZLITT-VILLE, if not the most beautiful residence near the banks of the Shannon, above Balboro', is a house whose exterior inspires a certain genial feeling, and suggests taste, comfort, and competency within. The house is not immediately on the banks of the river, but on a fine day it can be easily seen looking over a green hill that, in most graceful curvature, adds to the attraction of the mansion, which it partially veils or hides from the passer by. In the old times of canal boats and Shannon steamers, travellers and tourists often paused to glance across at Hazlitt-ville; and if it were the summer time and the sunshine made Father Shannon look like a rich millionaire carrying a back-load of silver, and the trees blossom in light, and the shadows all alive on the grass, you could not pass by, we must repeat, without saying, Hazlitt-ville is handsome, indeed, and he is a lucky dog who is there on a long visit. And it would not be quite fair to Hazlitt-ville to suggest that the fair dwelling is in winter a whit less attractive; because if the ideas of flower-beds, shady walks, and fountains outside, and flashing carpets, shining furniture, mirrors, hangings, and so forth inside, send a message to the soul in the summer sunlight, it must be admitted that on a November evening a poor fellow passing by the said Hazlitt-ville, and looking at the laugh of the ruddy window-panes, and the warm, gathering folds of the window hangings, and the tidy security of gates and doors and sashes, would feel perhaps more the attraction of that "dream of home" which Americans don't understand, than even if the skylark, thrush, and nightingale sang him along his way. In fact, Hazlitt-ville was a very handsome place.

The horizon behind Hazlitt-ville far away is guarded by mountains, and though they are very separate when you are near, they look like one traversing along for miles when you are some distance away. The country is well wooded and well watered, as the Shannon most benevolently makes its way inland from time to time, to leave some of its life to green fields and some of its fish to the fishermen. The woods are made to half-circle the dwellings which are mostly looking southward; and you have numbers of good roads, crossing sometimes, and at others hiding their heads far away towards the hills, or down in some hollow where the trees seem to absorb them. We must add that the ground or the coun-

try in some parts affords capital hunting convenience or capacity ; and that the country gentlemen begin in October, and never stop till April, in showing how to value it.

Mr. Hazlitt was the owner of Hazlitt-ville—John Hazlitt. He was a man of five-and-forty just now, and had been three-and-twenty years of the time a married man. Mrs. Hazlitt was an O'Brien, kind, gentle, and beautiful as the greatest belle can pretend to be three-and-twenty years after she changes her name. We are quite aware that, even three-and-twenty years after a lady has changed her name, there are people to be found who mistake her age, and "guess that she is about thirty"—and moreover, we are aware that such mistakes give infinite enjoyment to some ladies of forty-two ; but we make no such mistakes, and ladies who enjoy them do not belong to our part of the country, so we have no temptation to go astray.

Mr. John Hazlitt was a character—quite. He was of the middle size, with dark, bright, but unsteady eye, and very nervous bearing. It was a moot question whether Mr. John Hazlitt had ever agreed in the opinion of any other man before or after a discussion ; or ever believed any thing right unless he had had something to do in originating it. If a day were to be named for a hunt, or an object selected for charity, or a book to be chosen for a winter night's reading, or a name selected for a baby, all people took care to be on their guard when treating with Mr. John Hazlitt. Quietly they should approach. Quietly they should guess, hint, and in the end appear to be led by him, Mr. John Hazlitt ; then, all went on fairly. We say fairly, because we cannot say "well." We cannot say so precisely, because Mr. John Hazlitt's habit of differing with every one, particularly if the person happened to be above him in station, was so inveterate, so constant, that no one could calculate on protracted peace—and peace itself sometimes bore marks of severe trial and punishment, notwithstanding the meek face it presented after the lessons to which it had been obliged to listen.

Now we feel bound in conscience to say that Mr. John Hazlitt got on very well with his lady, or may be, she got on well with him. Whether she made Mr. John Hazlitt imagine that he always had his way, even when she made him follow hers, or that she really contrived to follow his way in everything and always, we have not been able to discover ; but we have discovered that they lived peaceably, indeed happily.

"Bride, my dear," Mr. John Hazlitt would say, "you are an excellent woman ; but you have very little head, you know."

"Well, Mr. John Hazlitt, what do I want of head when you have so much of it ?" Mrs. Hazlitt would answer.

"Well said, Bride, on my honour, and you are a good old puss, so you are."

Mrs. Hazlitt then swept the dark eyes—dark hazel eyes (no pun permitted) right across the frontal of Mr. John Hazlitt, and round his left shoulder, until the last ray fell on the floor near his left

foot ; and Mr. Hazlitt felt very comfortable, electrified-like. "What a fine creature !" he thought with himself.

Ah, we should have said that Mrs. Hazlitt was tall, straight, queenly-looking. She had a brow quite Roman—low, smooth, and splendidly defined. Even at two-and-forty she was lithe, graceful, and elastic, and, with that sweep of the eye to which we have taken the liberty of directing attention, she was omnipotent. Her movements and her temper were all alike—no angles, no corners, all gentle curves ; and then she was good—so good to the poor—and so considerate that the whole country round said, "God is thankful to Mrs. John Hazlitt !"

Many a time we have heard the declaration, and many a time it has made our hearts beat warmly. There, is the poor man's description of God's love working in light and bounty for those who keep near Him. "God is thankful to Mrs. Hazlitt !"

Mrs. John Hazlitt was a devout woman, a well-reared Roman Catholic. Early in life she had been sent to a convent of the *Sacré Cœur* in Blumenthal, near Aix-la-Chapelle ; and she had imbibed all the tender piety of a country that even in modern degeneracy knows how to worship God. The pleasantest thing in the world is to meet a couple of hundred of the German or German-French inhabitants going in long line of pilgrimage to their sacred fanes, and making the skies re-echo with the psalmody that wraps together earth and heaven. And blessings upon the working men's heads ! to see them on the summer mornings going along the roads to their work, and the boys of the family gathered at either side, and the harmony of footstep, voice and souls uniting, as they counted their long beads, and said "Hail, Mary, full of grace !" Among this people Mrs. John Hazlitt was brought up, and the graces of her person—great they were said by all to be—never equalled the beauty of her mind when it came from the hand of this training. "Radiant," "angelic," she was called. It is a mercy we cannot see all the way before the children of high hope—all the way they have to travel.

Mr. John Hazlitt we have glanced at ; but we have said nothing of his training. He was brought up partly in Belfast and partly in Norwich. He had been taught to ride well, and to box a round, and to wrangle, if teaching in the last branch was necessary, and he had learned that the last consideration in the world ought to be what a man thinks about religion, or where he went to worship. This religious view, if view it be, was a very favourite one—indeed, so favourite, that he could hardly bear to hear religion spoken of. "Let women have it," he would say. "Bride has enough for herself and me, though she is a Papist. I hope, however, she will not worry Jack. Why should a young fellow be plagued between a thousand conflicting forms of faith ?" It must be added to his credit, however, that she, he said, might make what she liked of Nanny, Nanny Hazlitt, as it made no great difference in the world what girls thought about church or chapel.

Then who and what was Nanny? Well, Nanny was a charming child. She had just attained her nineteenth year, and she emulated her mother in everything that makes woman the illustration of an angelic message to man. She had had an education, perhaps hardly finished, but her mind had grown more rapidly than her learning; and though she played well and sketched fairly, and need not go astray on the Boulevards through ignorance of the language of *la grande nation*, it was certain that a year or even two years more at school would have been an advantage. Nevertheless, Nanny had the good sense of her mother, and nothing of her father's idiosyncracies, and she had derived from faith and nature a schooling frequently destroyed by conventionalism—that the truest road to happiness is the one from which you pick up all the thorns yourself, and that every bliss you bestow is a thousandfold poured into your bosom.

Nanny was not so stylish as Mrs. Hazlitt at Nanny's age. She was not so tall as her mother, and she had an *embonpoint* that modern belles seem to disrelish. But Nanny was so good! Her eye was dark, dark blue, and her hair was dark also; and she had quite a treasure of shining glory around a forehead pale and smooth; and her mouth wore a smile, natural and constant, and her rosy lip was half turned up, with a kind of piquant humour, that at once made the heart of an observer genial, and made little children doat upon her. Then Nanny knew how to dress. The finery which mocked simplicity and crowds a petite figure she knew how to shun; her dress was not any one's but her own, Nanny's; and the colors, cut and style were as though they came to seek her as their mistress. She dressed as the flowers dress; there was no putting on of a rose-hue on a tulip, or decorating a hawthorn with a fuchsia. Alas! for the tastes of many of our young people, in these days of barbarous innovation, when the hood which so becomes the Celtic countenance is replaced by the brazen shako or the shovel-bonnet! and innocence is transformed into impudence, as if one put an ass-collar upon a hind. Well, Nanny had a life of her own, mixed up with her mother's, and interwoven with her mother's thoughts and cares. She saw much to pain and much to warn her in the state of society around her; and she thought more than was good for her felicity on how things would be by-and-by with her father and her wayward brother Jack.

Jack Hazlitt was poor Nanny's preoccupation, and of course was Nanny's mother's also. He was twenty-one years of age, and, so far, no career seemed opened for him or cared for. He had his mother's benevolence and his father's indifference; and, in fact, whatever small impression her virtue and teaching were likely to make were torn up by the root when he listened to his father's latitudinarianism. With an opponent to his mother's faith, he was dogged and even offensive; but if any one questioned his father's belief or practice, he was equally ferocious. *Nil unquam tam impar sibi*, of which "every thing by turns" is an admirable translation, made the character of Jack Hazlitt a conundrum.

But Jack Hazlitt had strength of character and energy of will, in anything to which he finally determined himself. He might change, and did change often in a month, a week, or even a day, but for the time that his mind was constant, his vigour was a kind of necessity, and he wrought on with a wasting application. He was a magnificent sailor. His feats in the yacht were evening stories for the peasantry; and he was not only an excellent shot, but he handled the foils with a dexterity that showed he had claims upon the name of a swordsman as well as that of a rifleman. For a long time he was devout in his mother's way, but for nearly four years now he had picked up with his father's. He had seen the absurdity of self-restraint and the uselessness of churches and chapels, and any particular dogmas of belief; and yet, as has been remarked, he would fight for any side according to circumstances, and empty his pocket into the hands of a beggarman, if the beggarman happened to come at the proper time. If good and evil were equally balanced in man's nature, Jack Hazlitt would have gone through life with nearly an equal amount of folly and benevolence; but alas! the absence of guiding principle, or the principle which pursues its present object, only calculating the danger or the expense, has bad passion for its guide, and its career must be filled with wretchedness and sorrow. But better stick to our story.

The month was November—better not say the year, because it is not a long while ago—and Jack Hazlitt had left his father's house by a postern, and was making his way towards the interior of the country. The day was one of those ill-tempered ones of which dark November gives us a brood, most generally. When the sun shot a ray down it was in a quick passionate kind of manner, and had more of the look of cold than the very snow, if snow was on the sward. It was pale and fitful,—the ray was,—and as it withdrew over the half-withered leaves that still clung to the shaking bough, or swept along the wet grass, or ran along the cold flowing water, the ray made everything more chill and drear-looking, because decay and wretchedness seem only mocked by the sunshine that brightens without warming them. The fallen leaves were in thick layers or gathered up in small mounds on each side of the road; and one heard the constant fall of those yet clinging to the half-bare branches, as like drippings of rain they “ticked” “ticked” before, behind and on every side of you, the dead falling upon the dead!

Jack Hazlitt was approaching a small bridge which crossed the road about forty or fifty yards before him, and he could see the stream or half-torrent now tumbling down angrily, and now quietly enough making its way to the great river, above and below where the little bridge spanned it. A man appeared on his left, a considerable distance above the little bridge, and looked as if he would cross the torrent without descending lower. He looked active and powerful, comfortably clad and about the middle age. Jack looked and examined the new comer, and his hand closed tightly upon his rifle. He looked again, and he thought he re-

cognised the outline of the face and figure. While yet looking intently at the stranger, he saw him take a brief run—was he going to leap the torrent? In a few moments he seemed to move perpendicularly over the waves; just as if he had been shot from a projectile he landed on the other side. "Grandly done, by Jupiter," cried Jack Hazlitt, "grandly done!"

By this time the man approached nearer to Jack, though he still kept above Jack's line of march, and Jack soon recognised him quite perfectly. He was a man very brave, of very high principle, and, like many such men, not very fortunate. The stock had this year been attacked and the crops had been very short, and the landlord needed the September rent in November. That was the condition of the man who leaped the torrent; and who, strangely enough, was going in search of Jack Hazlitt.

Hazlitt had some presentiment of this, it would appear, for he changed his route and placed himself somewhat more in the road of the man with whom we are now concerned. The distance between them was shortening; but Hazlitt had apparently no intention of going directly to meet the stranger. At length, however, the stranger's eye was attracted. A moment after, he knew Jack Hazlitt, and with a clap of his hands and a cry he turned down to the spot where Hazlitt now awaited him.

"Why Hennessy! is it you?" cried Hazlitt, "what brings you this long way from home so early?"

"Master Hazlitt, my business and my thoughts ain't very pleasant," answered the man.

"Ah yes, I was sorry to hear you had a bad year, John, and I know that your landlord Sykes is not very indulgent."

John Hennessy shook his head.

"Is the sum large?" asked Jack Hazlitt, continuing the conversation with Hennessy.

"Well, a matter of forty or to fifty pounds."

"And he has you regularly served?"

"Oh regularly served; and when one's hand is in the lion's mouth, dragging it out is only tearing it."

"What do you mean, Hennessy?"

"I'll go."

"Go?"

"Emigrate."

"Why, man, you have a fine interest in your farm, and one bad year or two may straighten any man, don't think of leaving your beautiful spot."

"It can't be helped."

"It can."

Hennessy again shook his head.

After a pause, Hazlitt looked up at the sky, then right at the farmer who stood before him, and he colored.

"Hennessy," he said, "how soon must you have the money?"

Jack Hazlitt had got into one of his fits.



"After to-morrow evening at four o'clock."

"Fifty pounds?"

"Fifty pounds."

"And so much," continued Hazlitt in a dreamy kind of way, "so much only is needed to keep the fire warm on the hearth, and the jessamine blooming in the summer, and the garden singing its flower-song to the passing stream and—"

"John Hennessy," said he, "John Hennessy, I'll get the money for you."

A change came over the farmer's countenance—pain and passion struggled for mastery. He steadied himself a moment, and then looked fiercely at Jack Hazlitt.

"And so it is true!" said the farmer. A fire flashed from his eyes and he seemed like one with a strong grasp on his throat. He appeared choking.

"So it is true!" repeated the farmer; and there was another pause during which the farmer shook.

Quick as lightning he now sprang at Hazlitt. In a second he held the young man's rifle in his right hand, swung him round with his left hand as if Jack Hazlitt had been a baby, and held him at arm's length powerless, as if he had been pinioned.

"Come!" cried Hennessy, "come! have you been coming after my little girl? Come, Jack Hazlitt, answer me! come, breed of the Cromwellian black-breed, coming to an honest man's home, answer me! So you will give her father fifty pounds? Eh! Oh, you doubled-dyed villain."

And he raised the gun.

"No, no, you wretch! No! You have a mother! You have a mother!"

"Hennessy!"

"Villain!"

"Are you mad? I am not afraid of you. You have more strength than I have, but not more courage. Are you mad?"

"Silence!"

"I have done you or yours no injury."

"No injury! no injury! Why, you weak Spussaun, if I thought you did the injury *you think of*, your brains would be scattered on the road this hour! Injury! Wasn't it an injury to be looking after my daughter? How dare *you* meet her privately? How dare *you* hold conversation with *her*? Isn't your presence where she is, a sign of a bad heart in you, though she may be as innocent as an angel? Isn't a minute's conversation defamation of a poor man's house? And you know it! You know it!"

Hazlitt struggled.

"I defy you!" he cried. "I defy you!" he repeated.

"Come!" cried Hennessy, "swear! swear you will never see my child again. Swear!"

"No; I won't."

"Swear you will never see my Minnie again."

"Never."

"Swear," cried Hennessy, with a voice of thunder.

"No," shouted Hazlitt.

"Then your death be upon your own head," he exclaimed. He raised the rifle, shoved the unfortunate man away a pace, and fired! But the barrel of the rifle had been touched up from behind; the contents of the gun brought down a shower of dead leaves and some branches, and a young man stood between the assailant and the victim, and the young man was clearly able to hold his own. He, too, carried a rifle. I must add, that immediately after, two policemen arrived on the scene, and helped to make complications. They have great skill in that business—the police have. Fortunate for the trade, they had heard, while passing by, the firing which the fine young man, by his presence of mind, had rendered innoxious.

[*To be continued.*]

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## EUCHARISTIC ADAPTATIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

### I. THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

I. **C**ONSIDER how this poor sinner prepared himself to appear in the Divine Presence, making up by his humility what he lacked in sanctity, annihilating himself in the contemplation of his own unworthiness, and thus realising the Divine greatness—finding in himself nought but evil, in God nought but mercy. “Who am I,” he exclaimed, “that I should enter the house of God? I so evil, and He so good. I a miserable sinner, He the Lord of infinite Majesty. I a vile worm, unworthy to tread the pavement of His Temple. It is not for me to offer gifts to the Lord, for I am nothing, and have nothing. I have been a monster of iniquity, but His mercies are over all His works. I confide in His mercy, whom I have wearied by my sins. Miserable, unworthy as I am, yet will I go up to His house.” And then meeting a Pharisee, he humbled himself the more in the presence of one whom he looked on as a model of virtue, turning all things into occasions of humiliation.

Consider, when to-day thou goest up to the Temple, that it is not merely to speak to thy Lord, but to receive Him; not merely to enter His presence, but that He may enter into Thy heart. Sinner that thou art, how shouldst thou not abase thyself, not with the pride of the Pharisee, but with the humility of the Publican. Sound the depths of thy unworthiness, confess thy nothingness, and invoke the infinite mercy of God.

II. The Publican entered trembling into the Temple, as if he feared to see its very pillars fall on him. He who had wandered away in sin, stayed afar off in humility, choosing for himself the lowest place. Deeming himself the greatest of sinners, he did not dare to draw near to the Pharisee, far less, to God. He sought out a corner of the Temple, daring not to obtrude himself; and this even seemed to him too great a privilege. He would not look up to Heaven, against which he had sinned. He beat his breast to punish himself for his iniquities, and to rouse himself from his lethargy, calling on himself and on Heaven that both might be softened. “Lord,” he cried, “be propitious to me, a sinner, as Thou art wont to be to all who call upon Thee. Lord, with me is sin, with Thee is pardon. My misery is great, but greater still is Thy mercy. Let Thy forgiveness be according to the measure of Thine infinite goodness. According to the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my iniquities.”

Contemplate, O soul, this example of all penitents. If this Publican deemed himself not worthy to speak to God from afar off, how dost thou venture to approach Him? He prostrated himself at a distance, how darest thou go up to the altar? He did not

venture so much as to lift up his eyes to Him whom thou wilt receive on thy lips. He beat his breast in the sight of God, and thou dost presume to receive Him in thine. He humbly bewailed his sins. Shouldst not thou cry out to the Lord with far more reason, "Have mercy on me, who am the greatest of sinners. Lord, great is my confusion, Thy loving kindness yet greater. In me there is unspeakable misery, in Thee let there be yet greater mercy."

III. Wonderful power of humility! Behold how pleasing it is to God! There appeared to be nothing good in the Publican but his humility, nothing evil in the Pharisee but his pride; yet the one so pleased Him, that He raised him to Himself, the other so displeased Him, that He withdrew from him all favour. Pride cast down the Pharisee to the lowest place, humility exalted the Publican to the highest. Nor is there any thing new in this; for, as pride made angels demons, so humility makes sinners angels.

Now does he gaze for ever on God, who durst not even raise his eyes to heaven. That heart, which was filled with shame and confusion, is now overflowing with grace. He who was scorned by the Pharisee, is now honoured by angels.

The Publican has drawn down his Lord and his God to dwell within him by grace. He holds Him in his heart, wherein he adores Him in bliss, and possesses Him in joy. My soul, draw near in humility to the altar, where thy Lord waits for thee to receive Him. Offer no other homage to His greatness than the acknowledgment of thy unworthiness, and thou wilt receive His choicest favours. Exalt Him by annihilating thyself. Confess that thou hast nothing, and all things will be given to thee.

IV. How joyfully the Publican went home! He had gone out, bowed down with sorrow, and he returns filled with joy. He had asked with few words, but his thanksgiving was to last for ever. If before he had to confess his sins, now he had to magnify the wonderful works of God. His heart, which had been so stricken with sorrow, was now palpitating with joy. Without doubt, he did not return to his evil ways, but followed the straight road which leads to life eternal. Oh! thou who hast received thy Lord in Holy Communion, give thanks to Him like the Publican, and not like the Pharisee. Give thanks for the graces thou hast received, not for the virtues thou presumest in. Show forth His mercies, rather than thy own merits. Return from the Holy Table by a different road. Return not to the passions that lie in wait for thee. nor to the vices that are ready again to tempt thee. And if thou didst go forth in tears, come back in joy. Give thanks, since thou has gained pardon, and magnify the Most High, whose eyes have regarded thy lowliness.

M. Sr. L. D.

## INSULA SANCTISSIMI CORDIS.

COR sacrum IĒSU, suscipe  
 Donum tuo quod cultui  
 Se devovens in saeculum  
 Juvena fida consecrat.

O fons amoris fervidi !  
 O caritatis Victima !  
 Gens impia Te despicit  
 Elata belli gloria.

Ad leniendum quod probrum,  
 Acri dolore perciti,  
 Laudis, decoris, gloriae,  
 Pensum placens absolvimus.

Per saecula septem tristia  
 Sanctam fidem servavimus :  
 Mortem, flagella, vincula,  
 Interriti despeximus.

Tu *Nos* piamque *Patriam*  
 Devotionis pignora  
 Oblata fidis cordibus  
 Dignare nunc admittere.

Laus sit Patri, laus Filio,  
 Laus Flamini Paraclito ;  
 Perstetque sancta haec Insula  
 Devota CORDI Filii.

R. ff. W.

## THE DEVOTION OF ALL DEVOTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DOVE OF THE TABERNACLE."

**S**ACRED Heart of Jesus ! How sweet the very name, how full all divine virtues, how full of mercy, how full of love ! The Sacred Heart of Jesus is the means of our salvation, the fountain of our Redemption, the symbol of divine charity, the centre of all love and all our affections. We meditate on the Sacred Heart, and with the Apostle, we exclaim, "O altitudo !" "Oh ! the depth of the riches of the wisdom, and of the knowledge of God" (Rom. xi. 30), all centred in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We continue our meditation ; and the more we think, and the more we pray, the clearer we see, that the mind of man, nay, the mind of an angel cannot comprehend "the breadth, and length, and height, and depth" (Eph. iii. 16), of the divine treasures of this most adorable Heart. The Sacred Heart of Jesus takes in the whole scheme of salvation. It vividly brings to our minds the beginning and the end—the whole course of man's Redemption.

Redemption began in the Incarnation : "the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us" (John i. 14), and the first act of homage and love of the Incarnate Son of God was lifted up to the Eternal Father from the Sacred Heart in Mary's womb. Jesus lived on earth for thirty-three years, and every moment the Sacred Heart throbbed, and every pulsation was for the glory of His Father and man's salvation. The Patriarchs and Prophets sighed and prayed for the coming of the promised Redeemer. They petitioned heaven for the "Just One," "the desired of the eternal hills." They cried out in the beautiful language of the inspired text, "Send forth, O Lord, the Lamb, the Ruler of the earth" (Isaias xvi. 1). "O that Thou wouldst rend the heavens, and wouldst come down, the mountains would melt away at Thy presence" (Isaias lxiv. 1). And again, "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just : let the earth be opened and send forth a Saviour, and let justice spring up together : I the Lord have created him" (Isaias xlv. 8).

The prayer, so fervently sent up to heaven with sighs and tears, is heard. The Just One, the desired of the eternal hills is born ; the Lamb, the Ruler, the Saviour is in Bethlehem. The Sacred Heart is in the crib or in Mary's arms. The love of this Sacred Heart, though confined in the helpless Infant, is as boundless as God Himself. The mercy of this Divine Heart circles the universe—comprehends the redemption of all mankind, of generations past, present, and future ! Thus the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Bethlehem, as in Mary's womb, silently pleads for man's salvation. Sacred Heart of Jesus ! may we love Thee in the chaste womb of Thy holy mother, and in Thy Divine infancy.

During thirty years the Sacred Heart of Jesus is hidden and unknown. "He was in the world, and the world knew Him not" (John i. 10). We know the heart of Mary was full of love, and she loved the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The holy hearts, too, of St. Joseph, St. John, St. Elizabeth, St. Anne, St. Simeon, and some few more loved the Sacred Heart of Jesus; but who else? The Gospel is silent; very few, no doubt. "Verily Thou art a hidden God" (Isa. xlv. 15). During those long thirty years the world was being perverted, sin abounded, God was constantly offended; but holy love, silent reparation ascended to heaven at every moment from the Sacred Heart of Jesus to appease the anger of the Eternal Father.

Jesus begins to preach His heavenly doctrine; but His divine truths are rejected by many. His heavenly Father and He Himself are blasphemed. Each blasphemy pains His Sacred Heart. Jesus works stupendous miracles to confirm His teaching. He raises the dead to life, heals the sick, cures the blind. But insults only accumulate, and each insult wounds His Sacred Heart.

The Redeemer prepares to die, He goes beyond "the torrent Cedron," where there was a garden. He begins to fear and to be heavy, to grow sorrowful and sad; "my soul is sorrowful even unto death" (Matt. xxvi. 37); but where was the home—the seat of this sorrow, this fear, this sadness? In the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In pain and anguish He falls upon His face on the ground, "and His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down upon the earth" (Luke xxii. 44). Whence did this Blood flow? From the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Jesus is betrayed and denied by His own disciples. His Sacred Heart is full of tender mercy even to the traitor. Compassionately He says, "Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?" (Luke xxii. 48).

Jesus complains of the ingratitude of His friends. He says through the mouth of the Prophet, "If my enemy had reviled me I would verily have borne with it, and if he that hateth me had spoken great things against me, I would perhaps have hidden myself from him. But thou a man of one mind, my guide, and my familiar, thou who didst take sweet meats together with me. [My own body and blood]. In the house of God we walked with consent" (Ps. lv. 13). How touching and plaintive is this sorrow of the Sacred Heart of Jesus!

Many centuries afterwards He made a like sad complaint to His chosen servant Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. He said to her—"Behold my Heart, which has loved men so much that It has spared nothing, even to the exhausting and consuming Itself to testify Its love; and yet in return I receive from the greater number but contempt, coldness, ingratitude, irreverence. What is more painful, I receive this treatment from hearts specially consecrated to Me"—hearts like that of the traitor Judas. Sacred Heart of Jesus, preserve us from being of the number of the ungrateful, save

us from sin. "Howl, thou fir tree," says the Prophet, "because the cedar is fallen" (Zach., xi. 2). Apostles have sinned. Who will give us poor sinners perseverance, but Thou, O Sacred Heart of Jesus?

Jesus is scourged at the pillar, and crowned with thorns. What writhing agony, what exquisite torture of His Sacred Heart under the cruel lash and blows! Pilate's hall is purpled over with the Blood of the Lamb, the Blood again of His adorable Heart.

Jesus carries His cross on which He is to die. The precious Blood from His Sacred Heart streams on, and marks the road to Calvary. The meek Lamb of God dies on the hard bed of the cross; the blunt rough nails pierce through His sacred hands and feet. The precious Blood issues forth. He is lifted aloft into the air. The stream of blood from His four wounds is now more copious. During three hours of mortal agony the Sacred Heart of Jesus is wrung with the most excruciating torture. The supreme moment arrives—the Sacred Heart breaks in anguish, the last drop of blood issues forth. Jesus inclines His head, gives up the ghost, and MANKIND IS REDEEMED.

Thus, devotion to the Sacred Heart takes in the Incarnation, the birth, the life, the sufferings, and death of the Eternal Son of God. Meditating on the Sacred Heart of Jesus, what a vast region for pious affections opens up and expands before the soul! What a multitude of holy thoughts crowds upon the mind! The soul of Jesus is separated from the body by death; but in death and after death the Sacred Heart is never separated from the Divinity. We can love and adore His Sacred Heart in the sepulchre.

Nor is devotion to the Sacred Heart confined to our Blessed Lord during His mortal life. The love of the Sacred Heart is stronger than death. Though Jesus ascended to heaven, we have still His adorable Heart on earth. Here a new world of love, of mercy, of all divine perfections, unfolds itself to our bewildered view. The Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist! My God! how little man becomes, even in his own estimation, when he tries to speak or write on the love of Jesus in the holy Eucharist. The intellect of the brightest cherub cannot comprehend "the breadth and length and height and depth" of the love of God therein contained. "In the Eucharist," says the holy Council of Trent, "Jesus poured out all the riches of his love for men." (Sess. xiii. cap. 2).

On the altar, as in Nazareth, the Word is made Flesh. "Oh! venerable," cries out St. Augustine, "the dignity of priests, in whose hands, as in the womb of the Virgin, the Son of God becomes incarnate" (in Ps. xxvii.) On countless altars, in every clime, and every land, the Son of God descends from heaven into the unworthy priest's hands, as once He did into the chaste womb of Mary. The Prophet Malachias had long foretold it, "From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is



offered to My name a clean oblation ; for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts," (i. 14). On the altar Jesus is born, on the altar Jesus mystically dies, the Blood of His Sacred Heart is mystically separated from His body. Who can refuse to love the Sacred Heart of Jesus ?

Nor is this all. In the holy Eucharist we receive the Body and Blood, the Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ for our food and drink ; the blood from the Sacred Heart flows on our souls to wash away our sins, to give us strength in living, hope in dying, and heaven beyond the grave. "Take ye and eat," says the Redeemer, "this is My Body. Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood of the new testament" (Matt. xxvi. 26), the Blood of My very heart. And again Our Blessed Saviour promised, "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life ; and I will raise him up on the last day" (John vi. 55). The Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist is the pledge of Paradise. Writing on this subject, St. Bernard exclaims, "Rejoice, ye spouses, be in transports of joy, you possess the *pledge*, you hold the *earnest* of the Spouse to whom you will be happily united in the celestial country."

Possessing thus in the Blessed Eucharist the "tremendous mysteries" (as the Council of Trent calls them) of the adorable sacrifice of the Mass, and the most holy Sacrament of Communion, we might say, "Enough, Blessed Lord !" But the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is not yet satisfied. Jesus would not leave us orphans. He will be with us all days, even to the end of the world. In the most touching accents of love He says, "My delights are, to be with the children of men" (Prov. viii. 31). Jesus, though entertained in heaven by the sweet canticles of saints and angels, finds His delights among the children of men on earth ; and yet men offend Jesus so much, love Jesus so little ! Yes, on our altars, in the Ciborium day and night is ever present, Jesus the Son of God. From the Tabernacle, He says, "This is My rest for ever and for ever : here I will dwell, for I have chosen it" (Ps. cxxxi. 14), and He adds, "My eyes and My heart shalt be there always" (1 Kings ix. 3).

The Sacred Heart of Jesus is ever present on our altars, diffusing blessings upon His children, consoling the sorrowing, fortifying the falling, raising up the despairing, forgiving the repenting. "Come to Me," says the merciful Saviour, "all you that labour and are burdened, and I will refresh you" (Matt. xi. 28).

Jesus instituted in His Church sacraments possessing stupendous power and efficacy. They remit sin, they confer grace, they prepare the soul to meet her God. But whence come this mysterious power and efficacy of the sacraments ? From the Blood of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The priest absolves, the chains of sin are burst, heaven is rejoiced, the angels sing round the repenting sinner ; but it was the blood of the Sacred Heart of Jesus which flowed upon the penitent soul, and made her whiter than the very snow.

**Devotion** then to the Sacred Heart of Jesus comprehends the whole life and death of Jesus in the Flesh, the life of Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist, the power and efficacy of the sacraments—in a word, the whole scheme of man's redemption. We shall conclude with a passage from the life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque—a passage, like all the sayings of the saints, full of unction, but especially breathing the holiest love and the most tender devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. She says to her Novices, "The Heart of Jesus is an abyss where you will find all. It is especially an abyss of love, in which you should lose every other love. If you are an abyss of privation and desolation, this Divine Heart is an abyss of every consolation in which we should lose ourselves, without desiring, however, to taste its sweetness. If you are in abyss of dryness and powerlessness, go and bury yourself in the Heart of Jesus Christ, which is an abyss of power and love. If you are in an abyss of poverty and stripped of everything, bury yourself in the Heart of Jesus. It is filled with treasures with which It will enrich you. If you are in an abyss of weakness, relapses, and misery, go frequently to the Heart of Jesus. It is an abyss of mercy and strength, and will raise you up, and strengthen you. If you experience in yourself an abyss of pride and vain self-esteem, bury it at once in the deep self-annihilation of the Heart of Jesus, His humble heart is an abyss of humility. If you are in an abyss of ignorance and darkness, the Heart of Jesus is an abyss of light and knowledge. Learn from It above all things to love It. If you are in an abyss of infidelity and inconstancy, the Heart of Jesus is an abyss of constancy and fidelity. Bury yourself in It and you will find there a love which constantly loves you and seeks your good. If you are, as it were, buried in death, go to the Heart of Jesus. You will find there an abyss of life, and draw from It a new life, in which you will no longer see but with the eyes of Jesus Christ, no longer act but by His movement, no longer speak but with His tongue, no longer love but with His Heart.

"If you find yourself an abyss of ingratitude, the Heart of Jesus is an abyss of gratitude. Draw from It whatever you wish to offer to God for all the blessings you have received from Him, and beg of Jesus to supply for you out of His abundance. If you are an abyss of agitation, impatience, or anger, go to the Heart of Jesus. It is an abyss of gentleness. If you are an abyss of dissipation and distraction, you will find in the Sacred Heart of Jesus an abyss of recollection and fervour which will supply for all, and fix your heart and imagination by uniting them to Him. If you feel plunged in an abyss of sadness, bury this sadness itself in the Heart of Jesus. It is an abyss of heavenly joy, and the treasure of delight to saints and angels. If you are in trouble and disquietude, the Divine Heart is an abyss of peace, and this peace it will impart to you. If you are in an abyss of bitterness and suffering, unite them to the abyss of the infinite sufferings of the Heart of Jesus; and you will learn of Him to suffer and be happy in suffering. If you

are in an abyss of fear, the Heart of Jesus is an abyss of confidence and love. Abandon yourself to It and you will learn that fear should give place to love. In fine, in everything, and on all occasions, plunge yourself in this ocean of love and charity, and, if possible, do not quit it until, like iron in the furnace, or as a sponge plunged in the sea and penetrated with its waters, you are penetrated with the fire with which this Heart is burning for God and men."

T. H. K.

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## NEO-MYSTES: OR, THE YOUNG SOGGARTH AROON.

THE traveller who journeys over a desert, or through a vast forest, or across one of the trackless prairies, will set up at suitable stages marks that may serve to others following the same route as a caution against certain dangers, or as a kindly greeting to encourage them on their way. The peculiar heading of this page is sure to catch the eye of many a one who has but just reached the most important stage in his career—so recently "priested" (to use the more expressive word common among our people) that those who meet him in private fall on their knees to ask his "first blessing." Such youthful Soggarths as these may derive some pleasure, and perhaps profit, from hearing how others before them have felt at a similar crisis in their story.

For instance, if they met now this passage, which occurs in a letter from Father Faber just before he became Father Faber, they would take it home to themselves more than at another time—"Of course one's utter unworthiness to offer the Most Holy is so next to infinite, that the very difference between saint and sinner dwindles in looking at it. All you say of yourself is only a terrific *a fortiori* for me whom you have had for years to lug on behind by rebukes and example and secret prayer. I never think of saying Mass without throwing myself at our sweetest Mother's feet, and holding my peace even of my own indignity. She will give me over, or has done so, to St. Joseph."

Still more these words of a less distinguished Levite preparing for ordination—words which may safely be put here, because the writer of them, if he should ever read them, is sure to have forgotten them—"At last, after long years of waiting—not too long, not long enough!—I am going to be promoted to that high grade on which you have been standing from time immemorial. My reverence for the priesthood has not grown less in all the years of looking forward to it. The change that is wrought in a man from what he was at the beginning of the ordination-service to what he is at the end has, to my mind, no parallel on earth, though it is something like that other awful moment which can only be gone

through once, when we step from time into eternity. So, please say some prayers for me to support me in my passage."

Here are some graceful lines, unpublished even in their native country, supposed to be the expression of a priest's feelings on the day of his first Mass. They would be read with more interest if they could be marked with the author's initials; but under these might be recognised one of the most distinguished preachers of France.

*La Première Messe.*

Mon Dieu, dans ce beau jour de fête  
Vois l'extase de mon bonheur :  
La grandeur couronne ma tête  
Et l'amour inonde mon cœur.  
Ah ! dans le transport qui m'enflamme,  
Pour moi le ciel est ici-bas.  
Ton âme a passé dans mon âme—  
Ah ! désormais ne nous séparons pas.

Lorsque les paroles mystiques  
Montaient au céleste parvis,  
Du ciel on dit que les portiques  
S'ouvrirent charmés més et ravis.  
Mon Dieu, des splendeurs de ton trône  
Je t'ai vu descendre en mes bras ;  
Je le sens, le ciel m'environne :  
Ah ! désormais ne nous séparons pas.

J'ai vu sur l'autel de la vie  
Tomber le plus doux des agneaux—  
J'ai vu sur ma lèvre ravie  
Son sang couler dans doux ruisseaux !  
Il coule jusque dans mes veines  
Le sang que pour moi tu versas :  
A toi, doux Agneau, tu m'enchaines  
Ah ! désormais ne nous séparons pas.

Comment dire dans mes louanges  
Les charmes du banquet divin ?  
J'ai savouré le pain des anges,  
Et des anges j'ai bu le vin  
Loin de moi, charmes de la terre !  
Du monde, fuyez, vains appas !  
A toi seul j'appartiens, mon Père—  
Ah ! désormais ne nous séparons pas.

Hélas ! sur une terre aride  
Souvent j'ai vu sécher mes pleurs,  
Comme on voit la rosée humide  
Sécher aux brûlantes ardeurs.  
Puis-je demander une chose ?  
Mon Dieu, ne me refuse pas !  
Que sur ton Cœur mon cœur repose—  
Ah ! désormais ne nous séparons pas.

Contrast the tenderness and unction of these thoughts with Longfellow's "Hymn for my Brother's Ordination"—pale and unreal, as unworthy of the subject (if it were a true Ordination) as the poet's unattractive idea of Heaven—"that *school* where Christ Himself doth rule." Warmer and more touching associations cling round the reception of the great Sacrament of Holy Orders amongst the simple Catholics of the Tyrol. The "Pilgrim" who twenty years ago made so successful a tour in search of "Truth and Beauty in Catholic Lands," and who lately wrote so well of the "Life and Character of St. Joseph," has described this scene with a good deal of quiet force, while she tarries at St. Nicholas, Meran.

What is the stir in Meran? His first Mass  
To-day a new-made priest will celebrate :  
A peasant's prayer is granted for his son ;  
A mother's hope that her unfriended boy  
Might at his Master's altar minister.

The new-made priest  
Wept like a child with joy that he was set  
To rule the Church as the wise householder ;  
And then he offered Mass. His trembling hands  
Were ever stayed by an attendant priest ;  
His lips are watched for fear the awful words  
Might die in their first utterance. Old men looked  
And blessed him as their son. And now they pray  
More fervently, for high aloft his arms  
For the first time now elevate the Host.  
The cannon thundered, and the bells rung out ;  
The organ echoed, and the choir intoned  
A Gloria which might reach the outer courts  
Where saints sing alleluias.

The Pilgrim then describes the scene which followed the Mass of Ordination, while the Neo-Mystes "bestowed his blessing with his hand, not with his choking voice;" and how, when he pierced the throng, there was outside another line

Of kneeling suppliants on either hand ;  
He blest them as he went, and they arose  
Rich in the priest's first benediction.

But these glimpses of "Truth and Beauty in Catholic Lands" are already in print, whereas the purpose of this paper is to weave together thoughts of several priestly hearts which have for years lurked in manuscript. Here, for instance, is a pious word of comfort "to a Priest unable through sickness to offer up the Holy Sacrifice" :—

Oh ! it is good to stand each day,  
A trembling happy priest,  
And offer up the Victim-God  
And taste the heavenly Feast.

London : Burns & Oater,

But it is better yet to lie  
 Helpless, alone and still,  
 God's victim on a bed of pain,  
 A martyr to His will !

To feed on Jesus is the life  
 Of all the Angelic Host—  
 To suffer and to sigh for Him  
 No seraphim can boast.

E. V.

It is a striking incident—that which is told of St. Hugh of Lincoln (November 17). “The time approaching when he was to be promoted to priest's orders, an old father whom he served according to the custom of the Carthusians, asked him if he was willing to be ordained priest. Hugh answered with simplicity, out of the vehement desire he had of offering daily to God the holy Victim of the altar, that there was nothing in the world he more earnestly desired. The old man, fearing the danger of presumption and a want of the great apprehension which every one is bound to have of that tremendous function, said to him, with a severe countenance, ‘How dare you aspire to a degree to which no one, how holy soever, is advanced, but with trembling and with constraint?’ At this rebuke St. Hugh, struck with a holy fear, fell on the ground and begged pardon with many tears. The old man, moved at his humility, told him he knew the purity of his desires; and said he would be advanced not only to the priesthood but to the episcopal dignity.” Let me join to the foregoing this exhortation of S. Augustine, which applies to all, to priests indeed with greater force, but to every soul also to whom Jesus in the Eucharist comes to lodge within, promising “pour l'hospitalité d'un coeur celle des cieux.” “O priests, if the soul of any one whatsoever of the just is the seat of God, much more ought *you* to be God's pure and stainless temple. If the tomb in which His Body lay lifeless is glorious, much more glorious ought to be your bodies, in which Jesus risen from the dead deigns to dwell each day. If blessed is the womb that bore Jesus, blessed also ought the hearts to be from which the Son of God every day craves a lodging. Pierce, then, your very flesh with His fear, and look well to yourselves, lest the tongue which calls the Son of God down from Heaven should speak against that Lord Himself, lest the hands which are tinged with the Blood of Christ should be stained with the blood of sin.”

But exhortation of this kind, though a Saint's, is out of place in this little collection of fragments, which are supposed only to touch on the poetry of the subject. A contributor continues in the following lines (inscribed to the *Regina Cleri*), the train of thought suggested in the words just quoted from the Sermon *ad Fratres in Eremo*, regarding the affinity between the priestly dignity and the Divine Maternity.

Mother of God! in thy surpassing grace  
 The Christian Priest his glorious type may trace—  
 His functions study in thy life sublime,  
 And, blushing, sigh for virtues like to thine.  
 What Holy Orders to his soul might be  
 Was thy Conception's sanctity to Thee :—  
 A sacramental fount, a living well,  
 Whence all thy mighty stream of graces fell—  
 That purest love which in thy lowly womb  
 Made Heaven's great Exile find a royal home—  
 That thrill of rapturous joy when Jesus pressed  
 His infant lips upon thy virgin-breast—  
 That strength to bear thy more than martyr's sword,  
 And murmur still "*the Handmaid of the Lord!*"  
 Then, Lady, look with pity upon one  
 Who bears the priestly image of thy Son ;  
 By whose unworthy hands and trembling breath  
 The Victim-Priest renews His mystic death—  
 Whose functions bind him to thy highest care  
 While conscience cries : " Presumptuous man, beware!"  
 O Glorious Queen! thy lamp was kindled bright  
 In thy Conception—yet through all the night,  
 Waiting the King of kings, thy prudent toil  
 Trimmed and replenished it with purest oil.  
 My priestly lamp burns dim ; oh! pray thy Spouse,  
 Within my sluggish spirit to arouse  
 The grace the priestly character demands,  
 Pledged by the Pontiff's venerable hands.

T. E. B.

Sheil's famous burst about the devotedness of the Irish priest is familiar to most of our readers, and still more John Banim's poem, which has lent to this paper its title. But neither poet nor orator has risen "to the height of this great argument." There is more of the real poetry of eloquence in the one Celtic phrase, *Soggarth aroon*, even when translated into a colder idiom—"Priest dear!" Thirty years ago, at a great London meeting, O'Connell exclaimed : "Oh! if you but knew the luxury of being borne on the very breath of the people!" The Irish priest is borne in their very heart of hearts. Its truthfulness to this feeling, and its brevity, are the only merits of the rhyme which must positively be our last attempt at expressing the sentiments that animate the newly-ordained of Whitsuntide :—

The child-like love, the wistful awe,  
 Which used my breast to fill,  
 Whene'er the vested Priest I saw—  
 The loyal faith which will  
 For ever bind the Irish heart  
 To God's anointed Priest :—  
 Towards my own self must I in part  
 Feel thus : I am a Priest!  
 O God! Thy last and least.

## SOME NEW BOOKS.

**N**EW BOOKS! Books are not always the better for being new. But now-a-days it is piously believed that every one is familiar with every book that has been three months before the public. The judicious reader will rather be inclined to parody Sir John Suckling, and say—

“If they be not old for me,  
What care I how old they be?”

We shall, at least occasionally, consult for this wiser taste by noticing in these pages old books which are “as good as new,” and sometimes much better.

I. What is the dainty volume,<sup>1</sup> a veritable *édition de luxe*, which comes to us across the Channel? There are special reasons nevertheless for assigning to it this place of prominence amongst the new books commended in CATHOLIC IRELAND. The Rev. Henry Cary is not more emphatically the translator of Dante than Mr. D. F. MacCarthy is the translator of Calderon; and Ireland claims them both as her children. Nay, the translators of Dante are many, but of Calderon there is in English literature only one interpreter. Archbishop Trenchard and others have attempted to introduce us to some fragments of Calderon’s works; but Mr. MacCarthy has devoted to his naturalization amongst us many volumes and many laborious years, with an enthusiastic devotedness which must have been inspired and sustained in part by personal sympathies as it were with the great Poet-Priest of Catholic Spain.

In the present volume, Mr. MacCarthy gives us the two most celebrated of all Calderon’s writings—*Life is a Dream* and *The Wonder-working Magician*. As a testimony to the hold which the first of these still keeps on the mind of Europe, the author mentions that “so late as the winter of 1866–7, in a Russian version, it drew crowded houses to the great theatre of Moscow: while a few years earlier, as if to give a signal proof of the reality of its title, and that life was indeed a dream, the Queen of Sweden expired in the theatre of Stockholm during the performance of *La Vida es Sueno*.” When we return, however, to this volume (to which we can now direct only the attention of our readers without opening it out before them), we shall, for obvious reasons, dwell naturally with more interest still on the third of the translations which it contains

<sup>1</sup> Calderon’s Dramas. *The Wonder-working Magician; Life is a Dream; The Purgatory of St. Patrick*. Now first fully translated from the Spanish in the metre of the original. By Denis Florence MacCarthy. London: Henry S. King & Co., 65, Cornhill, 1873.



—*The Purgatory of St. Patrick.* Apart from the national interest of its name and subject, Mr. MacCarthy informs us that the highest Spanish authorities pronounce it “the representative piece of its class, namely, the mystical drama founded on the Lives of Saints;” and one of the most competent judges amongst foreigners, Mr. Ticknor, ranks it as one of the best among the religious plays of the seventeenth century, preferring it to the more celebrated “Devotion of the Cross.” Mr. MacCarthy has bestowed on the version itself and the notes and illustrations an amount of care and patient skill and research which few indeed will be able to appreciate, though the result must command the admiration of all. This part of the volume is (so to speak) consecrated by the following graceful and most appropriate dedication, “To Aubrey de Vere, whose ‘*Legends of St. Patrick*’ are among the most beautiful of English poems, this version of the celebrated Legend of St. Patrick’s Purgatory, as told by Calderon, is affectionately inscribed by the author.” In bidding good-bye for a short space to this very beautiful volume, we may interpret the feelings no doubt of our readers while we say that, however heartily we welcome the resolve announced on another page with a touching appropriateness as to time and place, we by no means regret those wanderings which have drawn closer the old traditional relations between Catholic Ireland and Catholic Spain, linking inseparably the names of MacCarthy and Calderon.

II. To those who care to get an insight into the peculiar character of the clergymen of the English Establishment, this book will be extremely interesting. The author’s acquaintance with the members of this body extends, he tells us, over a period of forty years, and during that time he has been received “in rural and urban parsonages, and even, if it may be said without ostentation, in episcopal mansions. In the first chapter of his work the author gives the opinion which his long experience as well as his study of the past history of Anglicanism has enabled him to form upon the “vocation” of the English clergy to the ministry in which they are engaged. The following extract will suffice to make known his views on this point:—

“If, then, as some would fain believe, the gentlemen who occupy the national pulpits, only to display what Dr. Wilberforce styles ‘extreme divergencies of doctrine,’ were specially and individually called and set apart by the Divine Spirit, as the theory of ‘vocation’ implies, to be His unfaltering witnesses to immutable Truth, either He did not think it necessary to qualify them for their office, or was perfectly indifferent how they discharged it. Both these suppositions are evidently inadmissible. They imply the reversal of a decree with which we are all familiar, and make God in the *image of man*. It seems more reasonable to conclude that the

notion of a call from God attended by corresponding supernatural gifts, is, in the case of our English clergy, either the agreeable delusion of self-love, or the pedantry of a technical theory; and that the Most High had so little to do with the matter, that, however skilful they may be in expounding their own views, they have no shadow of authority to interpret His." (chap. i., p. 47-48).

The next chapter is devoted to a description of the clergy at home. In this the manners, habits, and peculiar tone of thought of the orthodox Anglican clergy are described in detail. The most interesting portion of it is perhaps that in which the author gives his own experiences of the preparation for the ministry required by the English Establishment of the Candidate for "orders."

"Of the period preparatory to my own ordination, I will say nothing, because the most careful investigation of my past life fails to detect such a period. My university was antecedent to my pastoral career in point of time, but not preparatory to it. In these two epochs there was sequence and succession, but no more moral connexion than if centuries had elapsed between them. Nothing special was demanded of the young men who aspired to the clerical calling, nor was there anything, either in their studies or their habits of life, by which they might be even faintly distinguished from those who designed to be soldiers, lawyers, or merchants. Not a question was ever addressed to me by one of the college authorities, nor, as far as I know, to any of my companions. Though our tutors were all clergymen, they displayed a serene indifference about the whole matter. If the ministerial office required any preparation, which nobody seemed to think, we were evidently expected to supply it ourselves. Once during my academical residence, I was invited to attend the 'lectures' of an amiable gentleman who was 'professor' of something or other more or less remotely connected with the Christian religion; but as he only read to us a few pages from *Pearson on the Creed*, an excellent book, which I then thought, and still think, we could have read with equal advantage in our own rooms, he cannot be said to have afforded us much assistance in the study of theology. And so we arrived at the momentous period of ordination. Preceded by an examination, and followed by a dinner, the ceremony itself was compressed, a minute and almost imperceptible incident, between those two entertainments" (p. 66-67).

Before quitting this part of this very interesting book we venture to give an extract from the writer's description of the opening of his missionary career:—

"My first ministerial act was to baptize about thirty children, in a London parish church. I sincerely hope that they profited by it, but as no one had ever offered to me the smallest suggestion as to the administration of this initial sacrament, there may have been involuntary defects or omissions. The parish clerk was so good as to give me a lesson in the vestry, without a fee, using

a folio prayer-book to represent an infant. I thought the resemblance incomplete, but abstained from a remark which might have savoured of ingratitude. It occurred to me also that the Church of England might have appointed another instructor for her youthful clergy, and that there was too brief an interval between the lesson and its application. But it is due to this functionary to say, that if his grammar was slightly imperfect, his tuition was practical and paternal, though most of his time was given to the business of an undertaker, in which capacity I never had any occasion to employ his services" (p. 69).

Our space does not permit us to give any extracts from the succeeding chapter, "The Clergy Abroad." To the reader who has visited the Catholic cities of France and Italy, and prayed at the shrines of their favourite saints, this chapter will be peculiarly interesting. It will recall forcibly to their recollection a scene which they must often have witnessed—a crowd of devout and silent worshippers on their knees before some favourite altar, praying to their *Notre Dame* or their *Madonna*, while the English visitors to the church are pacing up and down the aisles, commenting on the architecture, despising the piety of these demonstrative foreigners, and evidently congratulating themselves on belonging to the dignified community known by the name of the Anglican Church.

We would willingly be diffuse in our extracts from the last chapter of this work, "The Clergy and Modern Thought." It is not indeed flattering to the clergy of the Church of England who cheer Mr. Tyndall "by coming forward to prepare the public mind for changes, which, though inevitable, could hardly, without due preparation, be wrought without violence." But it is still less flattering to the "advanced thinkers" of the time who have undertaken to introduce these "inevitable changes." We recommend it to our readers, as an antidote against the infidelity which the scientists of the day seem to consider it their mission to preach.

III. Amongst the incredible accomplishments attributed to the heroine of a comic song wherewith Lady Dufferin enlivened the drawing rooms of our grandmothers, one was thus expressed—"I'm told that she solved a problem in Euclid before she could speak." It would be too much to expect a literary journal to review immediately after publication a book published some months before it was born; but on the other hand there is a certain incongruity in criticising a volume, of which the editions outstrip the number of the months since its publication. This is the happy fate of the modest little work which bears the fanciful but distinctive and significant title given below.<sup>1</sup> The fifth edition is announced, though the beautiful preface by which the Archbishop of Cashel introduced it

<sup>1</sup> The Dove of the Tabernacle : or, the Love of Jesus in the Most Holy Eucharist. By the Rev. T. H. Kinane, C. C., Templemore. Dublin: J. F. Fowler, 3, Crow-street, 1873.

originally bears so recent a date as the twenty-eighth of last January. Its diffusion must henceforth be still further increased by the authoritative testimony borne to its solid merits by no fewer than twelve of our Bishops. There is one point only to which we would call attention—the very commendable fulness and accuracy with which the Scripture arguments for the Real Presence are expounded in what is meant to be merely a simple popular treatise of devotion. As a parallel instance of what might be called dogmatic unction, we might refer to a certain chapter of Father Arnold's *Imitation of the Sacred Heart*, in which Christ's exhortation to the Christian soul on the subject of Confession is skilfully turned into a striking proof of the Sacrament of Penance from the testimony of the Fathers and Councils of the Church, century by century. The success of Father Kinane's book, a fit reward for such a work of zeal achieved amidst the labours of a rural parish, is a happy augury for the success of an Irish Catholic Magazine dating in its conception from the same event which has manifestly promoted, in no slight measure, the circulation of the *Dove of the Tabernacle*—the consecration, namely, of the Irish nation to the HEART of JESUS.

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# CATHOLIC IRELAND.

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AUGUST, 1873.

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## MAIDENS OF MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," "IRISH HEARTS AND IRISH HOMES," &c.

DEEP in the glowing heart of summer, just midway through "munificent August," comes that very gayest of the Blessed Virgin's Festivals, which is sometimes known as Lady Day in Harvest. Let us begin with a kindred theme. If we may not speak of Mary herself, let us tell how first we became acquainted with some clients of hers who, for love of her name, call themselves "Maidens of Mary."

We had left Berlin far behind us, and patiently endured the long hours as the train slowly dragged its length through tracts of sandy wastes, half-cultivated fields, and low stunted brushwood. A more uninteresting, depressing line of railway could hardly be found; and great was our joy when at last our destination was reached, and we found ourselves in the ancient city of Posen, with a feeling of exultation that we had at last outstripped the "British tourist," and arrived at a spot where he was not likely to follow. Posen is a place of considerable political importance, being a large fortified town on the frontiers of Russia. It was once part of Poland; but since the dismemberment of that unhappy country, has passed under Prussian dominion. It is a melancholy-looking town, though gay shops, boulevards planted with trees, and large hotels try their best to enliven it; but it is the capital of a conquered province. The people feel and know that their rulers are alien both to their race and creed. The gloom which pervades so many hearts makes itself felt. There is a large Jewish

population in Posen, keeping together according to their wont, in one quarter of the town. Their costumes are most picturesque, and would make us almost think we were transported back to the days of Abraham. One figure especially struck us—he was dressed in a long robe of snowy whiteness, his turban being the same, and he glided about like a ghost—a shadow of by-gone ages.

One of our first visits was to the Archbishop's palace, as we had to present our letters of introduction. The palace is a noble building, facing the Cathedral. We passed up the great staircase into a suite of rooms which seemed interminable, and, the servant having disappeared, we stood on the polished floor, uncertain where to go, when we saw a tall majestic figure, in purple, advancing towards us with a smile of welcome. A more noble face and form can be rarely seen, than that of this great prelate. His voice also is of silver sweetness, and he addressed us in the purest French, and with the most fatherly kindness. He was at one time Nuncio in Belgium, and we were told that he holds very high rank in Rome.

We then went to visit the grand old Cathedral of St. Stanislaus, built in the Italian style, and richly decorated. We wandered amidst its beautiful chapels, and gazed on the bronze statues of the Kings of Poland, and on Sunday we attended the High Mass. We were disappointed in the music; and the sermon being, of course, in Polish, was unintelligible to us; but the whole scene was most striking, and, to some degree, brought Catholic Ireland to our thoughts. In no other country had we seen such warm devotion in the people. The peasants dress in every imaginable colour, and seemed to vie with each other in variety of hues. The chief which covers the head was the brightest shade of yellow, or blue.

The deep and simple devotion of the men in particular, so rare on the Continent, called Ireland vividly to mind. The Cathedral was, of course, not half filled, for it would contain a vast multitude; and confessions were being heard in the nave. The confessionals are so open, both priest and penitent can be plainly seen; and we were startled by seeing a penitent suddenly fall prostrate on the ground. We thought he was ill, but the priest, unmoved, gave absolution, and we soon found out that entire prostration was the customary attitude in which to receive pardon from on high. When the consecration bell rang out, the whole crowd fell prostrate, and lay motionless on the ground in

profound silence. God had come down upon earth, and His creatures lay before Him in mute worship.

We paid a visit to the Sacred Heart Convent at the other end of the town. Its school is greatly valued by the Poles. We had felt so transported back to the middle ages in the old Cathedral that it seemed strange to be brought back to modern life, when we found the nun who received us had been a companion, in her Paris noviciate, of many an old friend. We are speaking of August, 1869—for this present month was precisely the month of our pilgrimage—before any rumour of war had disturbed the country. When the war came, Poland's best blood was freely poured out in Prussia's quarrel. What has her reward been? Insults many and deep have been showered on her religion, her great Archbishop threatened with imprisonment, the Jesuits driven from her midst, and this very Sacred Heart community ordered to disperse. When the first rumour of this rash act of tyranny was bruited, the time for the holidays was at hand. The children had formed many a plan for them, or were longing for home as children always do when this holiday month of August draws near; but when they heard this terrible news, they said, "No, we will not go; you will be more safe if we remain." Alas! even the generous shield of child-like hearts availed nothing, and the Convent either is, or soon will be, empty.

That same day we had the happiness of being presented to M. Edmund Bojanowski, founder of the "Servants of the Mother of God," or, if we translate literally from the German, "Maidens of Mary." If one of the ancient saints sculptured on the walls of our cathedrals were to step from his niche and speak and breathe, he would give a fair idea of this remarkable man. He was exceedingly tall, but wasted to a shadow; and his deep-set, spiritual eyes told of one who lived more in the world to come than in this present life. The Poles are naturally full of life and gesture, but about him there was a profound calm and recollection. We had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion at the same time that he did, in the private chapel of a boys' college where he was staying, and as we looked at him we felt we were in the presence of a saint. Later in the day we went to see him, and as he did not speak French we were joined by an interpreter, a young ecclesiastic, of one of the noblest families of Poland, who had learned English (which he spoke most fluently) at Stoneyhurst College.

The day following we set out for the Mother House of

the "Maidens of Mary." We had an hour's journey in a train still slower than the one which brought us from Berlin, and then a long ten miles' drive through the same sandy, desolate country. It had the wild desolation of Connemara, without any of its beauty. An indescribable melancholy seems to hang over Poland. Here and there amidst the sandy waste rises a dreary-looking poplar-tree, and then comes a tuft of brushwood, a field which a few peasant women are cultivating, and then a wretched-looking village.

At last we reached a village of some size and importance. In the midst rose the church, surrounded by a green churchyard and shaded with trees. Exactly opposite was a simple, two-storied cottage, with a little garden before it and a porch over the door. It was newly-built, and over the porch was a coloured picture of the Virgin and Child. We knocked at the door, and were soon welcomed with the tenderest kindness by the Mother-General.

The foundation of this Congregation was in this wise. Edmund Bojanowski was one of those souls who live for others, and his one thought was, how to benefit his native country. The population of Poland is scattered widely in villages; its towns are few and far between. By the Government regulation every child above seven must attend school, but up to that age it is free. When the peasants fall sick, it is utterly impossible to take them to the few hospitals in the large towns. M. Bojanowski saw that every village needed a convent, but how was it to be done? It was difficult enough to support the Sisters of Charity in the towns. He looked around him on the young girls of the village longing to give themselves to God, but too poor to enter existing convents. They earned their own bread, and led lives of prayer and purity, and he resolved to band such as these together. The Archbishop approved, and he began with three; he placed them in a cottage on his own estate, and gave them land to cultivate. Their simple wants were soon supplied, and they found time to teach little children and to nurse the sick. They exercised a strong moral influence in the village. God blessed the work, and it grew apace.

In course of time a noviciate house was built; and at the date of which we are speaking, the Congregation, after twenty years of existence, numbered over three hundred subjects (distributed into three provinces), and had been blessed and approved of by the Holy See.

The Mother House bore a close resemblance to our



idea of the cottage at Nazareth. Perfect cleanliness and austere poverty reign throughout, while silence, recollection, and the strictest charity characterize the sisters. There is a large school-room filled daily with little ones. The parish church standing opposite the Convent gates is under the Sisters' care. They guard the Blessed Sacrament, they tend the altar and keep the church clean, they nurse the sick in the village, and are the general resort in suffering and trouble of all kinds. They are supported by the work of their own hands—some cultivate the land belonging to them; some are busy in the laundry, some mind the cows and poultry. When winter comes, they spin linen and take in needlework from great houses; they make scapulars and rosaries; and the grateful peasants whose children they have taught, whose sick they have nursed, bring offerings to their door.

We rose with the community at four a. m., and never shall we forget those mornings—the sun just gilding the sky, the soft clouds of pink fading in the horizon, the perfect stillness of nature, the long train of white-veiled Sisters crossing the road to the church to adore the Blessed Sacrament; then the prayers in the quaint, soft Polish tongue, the long silent meditation, the old gray Church, the quiet dead around, all made up a wonderful picture.

The Curé was lately dead, and for the moment there was no resident priest, and so no daily Mass, but when Meditation was over, a vehicle of the roughest description and perfectly guiltless of springs, drawn by a stout pony, came to the door. A peasant drove, and we, with Mother-General and a Sister, went to Strem, a small town a few miles off, where the Jesuits had a church. It was the smallest church we had ever seen, and one of the loveliest, a perfect little gem. Formerly belonging to some monastery, it had fallen into ruins, had been restored by the excellent Count P—— and presented to the Society.

There were frequent Masses and a devout congregation. After Mass we passed through the sacristy into a parlour where we were received by the Father Minister, and had breakfast. The blackest of coffee was served in small covered cups of dark brown ware, and milk and sugar only brought in, in condescension to English taste. We had a letter of introduction to the Father Rector from an English Father who knew him, but unfortunately he was absent. The Rector of another house, who had just given the retreat to the clergy at Posen, came in. He had during his novi-

ciate made acquaintance with the late Father Jones, S. J., so much loved and lamented in the Irish province.

The Fathers told us what a blessing the "Servants of the Mother of God" had proved to the country—what incalculable good had been wrought among the children by them, how much their influence tended to preserve the faith in a Catholic country ruled by Protestants. We little thought, then, how soon that country would be put upon its trial, and have to make the choice between faith and persecution.

The noviciate house was under the direction of the Jesuits, and one of the Fathers from Strem was the ordinary confessor; their rule has been adapted from that of S. Ignatius. Thus this lowly plant in the garden of the Church has grown and flourished under the shadow of that mighty tree whose branches have spread into all lands, whose flowers have been heroic deeds, and whose fruit martyrs and saints. What wonder if it has caught a spark of living zeal for souls?

We returned to the Mother House at sunset that day. Well do we remember when school was over and we went to call home the cows, which were pastured beyond a little river which was on the other side of the church. We sat on the bank and said our Rosary; and as the cows one by one forded the stream, we longed for the artist power to retain the scene; and then we went into the churchyard to the spot, sheltered by trees, where rest the bodies of some of the community who had finished their course and entered into their rest. Beneath the altar was the crypt where the coffin of Count P——, a great benefactor to the congregation, was lying. Lights were kept constantly burning, and the Sisters went daily to pray by the corpse.

One day, accompanied by Sister Theodora, we set out in a carriage lent to us by Countess P—— to visit one of the branch houses, some twelve miles distant. After a long drive through the dreary country the scene changed. We were entering the well cultivated and wooded domains of General —— . We were brought back to the middle ages again presently, when, after driving through pasture lands and woods, we came out in front of the old chateau. As Sister Theodora knew there would not be room for us in the tiny convent, she asked hospitality for us from the General, who, with his brother, Count ——, was then at home. The General's wife was dead; and his son's wife,

who was the mistress of the house, was absent with her husband. A charming housekeeper who spoke French came to receive us, and the beautiful spacious rooms, luxuriously furnished, that she gave us, proved a curious contrast to the poor convent we had just left.

The chateau was a magnificent one, with suite after suite of stately rooms, richly appointed; old family portraits looked down from the walls, telling the history of by-gone days. The windows looked out upon the grounds. On one floor a door opened on a balcony, whence steps led into the flower garden. Roses in wild luxuriance were climbing around the stone steps; one could wander into the woods and find shelter beneath the magnificent trees, or down to the lake where seven or eight swans were gracefully gliding on the surface; we might linger by the flower beds or sit in the various summer-houses; it was a fairy-like place, and in the midst of all the beauty rose the little Gothic chapel. We entered, and saw it belonged to a family who made God their first thought. No pains had been spared to render this chapel worthy of its Divine Guest. But the most striking and touching part of the whole was, to see the way in which the poor thronged to that castle door. There was no stern lodge-keeper, no gates divided the grounds from the village. The peasants were looked upon as so many children, and when they wanted anything they came fearlessly to ask for it. We crossed a bridge over a little brook, and there, hardly a stone's throw from the castle, we found the miniature convent. General —— had built it, and placed the Sisters there, that the children of his poor might be taught and the sick of the village nursed.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

## EPHESUS.

It seemeth to me not out of place to set down in speech, to describe and shadow forth, as in a picture, those last scenes in the life of the Holy Mother of God which have been, with such care and vividness, handed down, as the saying hath it, from father to son, even unto our day.—S. JOHN DAMASCENE, Homil. II. in Dormit. B. V. M.

## I.

OLD town that lookest on the blue Levant,  
 With thy flat roofs, and rugged narrow ways,  
 Fain would I sing thee, in no measure scant  
     Of reverent praise :  
 For thou hast been to me in cheerless days  
     A refuge whither, fancy-led, I've flown  
     Far out of reach of the unceasing moan  
 O'er Sin—God's triumph still delayed,  
 And our own faithlessness—to the cool shade  
 Of broad-leaved fig-trees by thy crumbling wall,  
 Loving those ancient summers to recal,  
 When stately domes were mirrored in thy bay,  
 Ere yet the Turk had doomed thee to decay ;  
 When thou didst see the glorious Mother-Maid  
 Walking thy ways in lowliest garb arrayed,  
     Meek and unknown.

## II.

Oft hast thou seen her, on some solemn feast  
 Of Artemis, marking the shouting throng  
 That choked the streets—the victim and the priest,  
     And festal song.  
 Lo ! as the mixed procession files along,  
     Come strange reminders of some past sad scene—  
     A Roman guard perchance—a Jew—a Nazarene—  
 Or swarth Egyptian. See her pitying gaze  
 On those loud hymners of Diana's praise,  
 For whom Christ bled, whom dying He did leave  
 As children to her on that Dreadful Eve.  
 Ah, foolish singers ! Turn to her that song—  
 Greatest of womankind—to her belong  
 The praises of that rapt Ionian strain—  
 Chaster than Dian, Mother without stain,  
     And peerless queen.

## III.

Oh ! but thou saw'st a far more glorious rite  
In some lone suburb stretching by the sea,  
There in the dawning morn's uncertain light—  
Great mystery.  
There is the Loved Disciple—there is she  
Who stood beside him on that Day of Woe.  
The words of priestly power are said, and lo !  
The Christ is come. Ah ! he alone might dare  
The marvels of that meeting to declare,  
Who wrote the dread Apocalypse. Yet he  
Is mute ! O men of Ephesus, ye see  
No train attend her : yet the angels wait  
Upon her steps, as through the Sardian gate,  
At eve, to yonder hut beneath the palm  
She brings to sorrowing sickness priceless balm,  
The tale of Deepest Sorrow's Blessed End,  
Foiling when most he pressed—like truest friend—  
The crafty foe.

## IV.

Thou Bethlehem of the nations, far more blest  
Than David's city, when, at eve, foot-sore,  
She knocked upon thy gates, thou gav'st her rest.  
The sons she bore  
In Gospel-birth, did thrive along thy shore.  
From out thy port—so silent now and lone,  
Its rotting piers with slimy weeds o'ergrown,  
But glittering then with many a snowy sail,—  
Westward they steered to tell the blessed tale  
Of Mary and her woes. Thou heard'st the loud acclaim,  
What time the Fathers met, with highest name—  
MOTHER OF GOD—thine ancient friend to crown.  
What though thy day be past, old Asian town,  
Thy memory liveth ever in the song,  
Unceasing sung by the immortal throng  
Circling her throne.

J. S. C.

## THE TWO MULETEERS OF MOLLARES:

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY, M. R. I. A.

[THE story of which a translation is given in the following chapters is one of the most interesting of those comparatively shorter pieces which the author has collected under the title of *Cuadros de Costumbres*, or Pictures of Life and Manners in Andalusia. She calls the tale *Vulgaridad y Nobleza*, a name not very attractive in itself, and difficult to be translated with the same brevity into English. In calling it *The Two Muleteers of Mollares*, I draw attention to the most important incident in the story, an incident which, I think, cannot easily be forgotten by any one who takes the trouble of reading this simple but affecting narrative.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that FERNAN CABALLERO, a name already famous, is the assumed masculine *nom de plume* of Doña Cecilia Arrom, a Spanish lady, though of German descent, whose numerous works of fiction, from their strong national colouring and character, as well as pure Catholic tone and sentiment, have obtained a wide popularity, not only in the Peninsula itself, but throughout France, Germany, and America. Translations of two of her larger works have appeared in England—*La Gaviota* (somewhat abridged), by the Hon. Augusta Bethell, 1867, and *La Familia de Alvareda*, by Viscount Pollington, a novel previously translated under the title of "The Castle and the Cottage in Spain," by Lady Wallace. The chief tragic incident of the following story, though the source whence it is taken has not been mentioned, is given in Lady Herbert's "Impressions of Spain in 1866." With this exception, I am not aware that any portion of the tale has previously appeared in English.

In March, 1869, during too brief a visit to Spain, it was the happiness of the translator to be received by the distinguished lady known to the world as Fernan Caballero. She was then residing in the famous Alcazar of Seville, a fit abode for one whose genius sympathises with all that is

noble, elevated, and pure, in the traditions and actual life of Moorish and Christian Spain.—D. F. M. C.]

CHAPTER I.

“El cuerpo lo viste el oro,  
Pero al alma la nobleza.”—

CALDERON.

“Of gold may be the body's dress,  
But the soul's robe is nobleness.”—

D. F. M. C.

AFTER passing through Córdoba, the Guadalquivir sees the railway approach its banks, and bound over its waters in its restless career of traffic; but the river, without noticing the intruder, leisurely pursues its course along the valleys with a sort of gentlemanly indifference, winding at its own sweet will through the sloping meadows, as if only for its amusement, until it comes in all the majesty of its greatness to the Vega of fair Seville.

On the left hand, and as an introduction to the eventful story which Seville narrates in its public edifices, the river first encounters the magnificent Convent of San Jeronimo, which, abandoned and deprived of the care so long bestowed upon it by the monks, is crumbling to dust, like a human body in which the glowing heart no longer beats. Further on, upon the right, it meets with la Cartuja, buried amid its groves of orange trees, as if it sought their shade, in addition to the solitude and silence that reigned around it. Then, after bathing the firm-set feet of the beautiful stone and iron bridge that spans it, the river draws nigh to the gardens *Las Delicias*, whose leafy trees it reflects in its waters as in a mirror; and turning still farther to the right, creeps through whispering osiers towards S. Juan de Alfarache, seated at the foot of a sloping mountain, which, with others of a similar character, forms a magnificent boundary to the plain of Triana.

The sides of these hills are clothed with a warm covering of olive groves, as merino sheep are with their thick and curling wool, while little white villages gleam upon their tops, as if these pigmy mountains wished to imitate the snowy summits of the Alps.

Between Tomáres and Castilleja de Guzman is si-

tuated the most considerable of these villages, Castilleja de la Cuesta, through which the road leads to Aljarafe, that region so fertile, so beautiful, and so rich in vineyards.

It may be interesting to mention here, since we find ourselves at Castilleja de la Cuesta, that the *Pedro Jimenez*, that wine which at this day is the most precious product of the famous vineyards of Jerez, was transplanted thither from Castilleja, where first the vine that produces it was climatized by a native of that village, called Pedro Jimenez, a soldier of the army of Flanders. This man, who was industrious and provident, had brought with him, on his return home, some vine-shoots from the banks of the Rhine, which, losing in the more genial soil and under the warmer sun of Spain, the acid savour of their juice, exchanged it for the sweet and mellow flavour of that generous wine which is known at the present day throughout the Peninsula by the name of its introducer.

We should also not forget that it was in this village Hernan Cortez died, and that the house in which so great and famous a man breathed his last has been purchased and restored by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, with that perfection of good taste, and that zeal for the glorious and religious recollections of our country, which have made the brother-in-law and sister of our sovereigns the guardian angels, as it were, of our sacred historical ruins. If in the sad and unsettled era in which we live, a more generous love of country was diffused, a deeper feeling of gratitude would be cherished for those who honour it, and exalt it, by preserving the evidence of its by-gone glory; and statues would have been erected to princes so admirable and exemplary in every respect. But the coming time will take upon itself the duty of repaying with interest the debt that the past has neglected to discharge.

At Castilleja begins the before-mentioned district of Aljarafe, called by the Romans the *Gardens of Hercules*. This extensive region is covered with numerous villages, which almost entirely owe their comfortable condition to the cultivation of the vine. The immense quantity of the grape which is absorbed by Seville, as well as the equally abundant supply of the must, are the sources of their modest prosperity.



Some years ago, however, at the period when Spain found itself in that state of prostration and exhaustion which was the natural consequence of the heroic war of independence, in which the whole nation, like those great and noble cavaliers who went to the holy war, abandoned everything to preserve its freedom, and proved, by conquering, that

“ When for God and king we combat,  
When for hearths and homes we fight,  
Every man becomes a soldier,  
In one host we all unite.”

Some years ago, we repeat, these rural properties, like all others, were abandoned, their buildings destroyed, their plantations untended, and everything about them left to utter unproductiveness and neglect. Their owners, ruined like their estates, were unable, at the time we speak of, to make that costly outlay for their renovation which the plantations and buildings required, and which, in the language of the country they *asked for*, since that land of God is so fertile and agreeable, that it only requires from man the labour of his hands to cultivate the plants, that are, as it were, its children, in order to fulfil the mission which it has received from God, to load him with its benefits.

It was at this period, for we are referring to events that occurred some years since, that these ruined estates were sold, at a low price, and that a man of the humbler classes, but who had realised in America a considerable fortune, returned to the Peninsula, and having selected Seville as his place of residence, determined to purchase some property in its neighbourhood. Among the lands which were offered for sale was a vineyard in a village of the Aljarafe, which he accordingly determined to visit, in company with the agent who had proposed to him its purchase.

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## CHAPTER II.

THIS vineyard was situated at the entrance of the village, and the substantial house which stood upon it, thanks to the solidity with which it had been built, still maintained an erect position in its struggles with time, like a gladiator who neither bends nor yields, nor falls except it be to die.

On these walls, still standing so upright, were to be seen the wrinkles which age had impressed upon them, and that indescribable colour which the weather imparts to buildings, as well as to the faces of men who habitually live in the open air.

The porch stood erect and entire, in all the completeness of its imposing proportions, as if it wished to conceal from the eyes of the passers-by the neglect and ruin that lay behind it; but the door itself had yielded, and through its broken panels, in spite of itself, allowed the desolation within to be seen by all.

Over the door of the porch had been formed a niche, in which, behind a trellis of copper wire, still stood a small sculptured figure of the Virgin, from whose epithet of "Peace," the little estate had had derived its name.

The upper storey of the house was uninhabitable, owing to the numerous leakages in the ceiling, while the lofts and the apartment in which the wine-press stood remained as if they had been roofed with sieves.

In the lower room lived, with his numerous offspring, the son of the man who had been overseer or steward of the vineyard, when it was worked, who, although he received no salary, had the advantage of living in the house without rent, in return for his care.

The clay walls that stood round the court-yards, like sentinels, feeling that there was really nothing worth guarding in this abandoned edifice, had opened, in order to oblige their friends the lizards, various crevices and crannies, which gave them a secure shelter, of which, too, the beautiful parasite plants availed themselves, spreading and flowering with the utmost luxuriance, and flinging their festoons and draperies on the walls, with a natural grace and freedom which the art of the decorator attempts to imitate in his tapestries, but without success.

Within these court-yards had grown, just as they pleased, wild fig-trees, brambles, night-shades, bog-roses, the lentisk, and other natural produce of the soil, which formed a sort of rustic orchard, where song-birds twittered, anxious hens pecked and cackled, and timid and silent rabbits enjoyed themselves immensely—the whole colony, in fact, leading the lives of princes.

At the back of the house, the climbing vine, which had lost the support of the trellis, had seized upon the bars of a window in order to clamber, without fear of the pruning-knife, like an acrobat to the roof, whilst it allowed another of its branches to fall pendant like those of the willow, on which the smaller birds rocked themselves to and fro, their tails serving them as a sort of balance. Its lesser branches threw a pleasant shade over the nests of the swallows, which, in return, gratefully narrated with their usual loquacity the wonders of strange lands. The mallows grew everywhere, offering their sweet and gentle services like Sisters of Charity. The poppies, to whom the wind came and said, "Do you love me?" bowed their blushing heads, and answered, "No, oh! no."

The sparrows fought with each other incessantly, and clamoured with their insolent little voices in the presence of the peaceful and gentle pigeons that fled scandalized to the roof. The rabbits sat in a circle, like guests at a banquet, around the vegetable fragments of the olla which the good woman of the house had thrown away. The hens hastened, responsive to the call of the cock, when he had discovered a mine of gold in the sweepings of the stable.

Among the brambles grazed silently and gravely a white ass, that was the eldest member of this community, without appearing to notice the freaks and gambols with which its merry little foal enjoyed by its side the brief pastime that is granted to the miserable existence of this inoffensive, gentle, patient, but too often unhappy animal.

A number of children who had come to join those of the caretaker laughed, played and sang without restraint and at perfect liberty, just as the plants grew about them, without disturbing or being disturbed by any one.

The whole place, in a word, was a picture of the most complete disorder, but not of that moral disorder which constitutes in ordinary life a vice—a vice which indeed is as small apparently as the moth, but which, like it, is the

source of great ravage and ruin in the cabin as well as the palace ; which is as fatal to business as it is an enemy to the logical arrangement of ideas, and to good sense, but which in nature adds to its very charms a new enchantment, just as in children a certain grace arises from the imperfection and confusion of their thoughts.

But the most beautiful fellow-inmate of that place was a magnificent mulberry tree. This noble tree, royal in its bearing as a king, lofty and majestic as a patriarch, rich, prodigal, luxuriant and airy as a young cavalier, dignified and firm as an ancient hidalgo, stood beside a wall, the stone parapet of which had fallen upon the ground. By this fall a bed had been formed for the solace of the ivy, which, climbing up the trunk of the mulberry, had interlaced its glossy leaves with those of its supporter, forming a dark thicket in which the nests of the birds were concealed.

The caretaker and his family formed in the centre of this inclosure a peaceful hive. Thus it is, that he who saw how that colony thrived, that hive, and that orchard in the midst of that lost and neglected domain, could convince himself that God and nature do not recognise what weak, inconstant, cruel and inexorable man has created for himself and called . . . abandonment.

[*To be continued.*]

## TWILIGHT MUSIC.

A GRAY mist settles o'er the town,  
 The street lamps glare like angry eyes ;  
 And full of shadows ripely brown,  
 In rich repose the chamber lies.  
 The hearth outpours its ruddy streams,  
 And floods the walls with dusky red ;  
 The nooks are wrapt in sheltered dreams—  
 A halo hovers round the head  
 Of one who in the firelight plays,  
 With music heaving 'neath her hands :  
 A vague appeal for other days—  
 A vague reply from other lands.

I lie upon the carpet low  
 And rest my head upon my arms,  
 And see the wavering shadows go  
 Like weird enchanters weaving charms.  
 And oh ! that all the world were white  
 As yon pale mist upon the earth !  
 And oh ! that all the world were bright  
 As this red shine upon the hearth !  
 My soul with rapture sweet and wild  
 Goes forth upon the music's breath,  
 As glad and free as happy child,  
 Not fearing life, not knowing death.

A swaying figure dark and slim  
 Seems beck'ning on bright angel bands  
 From lurking places sweetly dim,  
 From gleaming shades and mystic lands.  
 The lamplight flitters o'er the sash,  
 The small hands patter down the notes ;  
 With rippling trill and merry crash  
 The music bounds, or laughs, or floats.  
 Sweet fancies saturate my soul,  
 With hopes unbreathed the moments teem ;  
 Life seems one bright, delicious whole—  
 One long, unbroken, fairy dream.

Not now. That wail was full of pain.  
 Ah, hush ! the dream is all undreamed.  
 Three single notes, one cruel strain,  
 And where are all the lights that beamed ?

For life is sorrow, woe, and want,  
And hearts are made for ruth and wrong.  
The echoes of a struggling chant  
Are calling round me loud and long.  
Oh! selfish heart that shrinks from hurt,  
From murmur of a tale of grief,  
How strong and brave erewhile thou wert—  
Now shaken like a wintry leaf.

The air is thick with human storms,  
The music lifts and shakes the gloom ;  
And pallid faces, trembling forms,  
Unbidden crowd the dusky room.  
And sobs break thickly from the notes,  
And weary sighs die into hush,  
And gasps break forth from parching throats,  
And threats come down with angry rush.  
My soul with anguish dark and wild  
Goes forth upon the music's breath ;  
And tearful, sad as grieving child,  
I bow my head and think of death.

A sea of sorrow, wave on wave,  
Is rolling over all the earth—  
Is washing many a hidden grave  
And beating many a darkened heart.  
A swaying figure slim and dark  
Seems ruling o'er that awful sea—  
Seems pointing to the saving ark  
That rides the waves secure and free.  
Oh, who is saved, and who is lost ?  
Whose lot is hope, and whose despair ?  
Whose boat is on the waters toss'd,  
And whose is moored with happy care ?

In mercy let the storm be stilled,  
And sound some dear old wistful tune ;  
So let my soul with light be filled,  
Like sunshine after rains in June.  
The gray mist hangs above the town,  
The street lamps glare like burning eyes ;  
Still full of shadows ripely brown,  
In rich repose the chamber lies.  
And oh! that all the world were white  
As yon pale mist upon the earth!  
And oh! that all the world were bright  
As this red shine upon the hearth!

## OCCASIONAL SKETCHES OF IRISH LIFE.

## NO. II.—THE VAGRANT.

IT is told by the veracious biographers of the great Pythagoras that, being asked by one of the princes of his time what his profession was, he replied that he was a philosopher. The monarch, who had hitherto had no acquaintance with gentlemen of this calling, requested him to be more explicit. The sage's answer, upon the precise words of which learned commentators are not yet agreed, was to the following effect: "You have seen how varied is the crowd which assembles at the Olympian games, to which men come from all parts of Greece. Some there are who come to contend for the prizes—to run, to wrestle, and to throw the discus. A few there are who come merely to be spectators, and who take no part in the contest for athletic honours. So it is in life. Nearly all those who come into the world enter heartily into the great contest for the prizes of earth, which is continually going on about us. A few there are who come hither merely to be spectators of the struggle. These lookers-on in life are called philosophers."

I am glad to accept this definition, as it gives me a place in the class which it defines. I, too, am but a looker-on in the world, and have no personal interest in the games which are played in it. But my sympathy with the competitors leads me to observe their movements with attention, and the desire to observe makes me love the places most favourable to this kind of observation. For this reason I love the great centres of human activity, where humanity is to be seen in its most varied and most interesting forms. For this reason, too, I am particularly given to solitary rambles along the roads which lead from the town where chance has, for the present, fixed my abode. On the bleak highway—the only place where wealth and refinement have not placed a barrier between themselves and the vulgar poor, and where the very locality to which they are restricted does not remind the indigent of their poverty—are to be met the strangest varieties of character. There, may be encountered the waifs and strays of society—those who have been beaten in the struggle for the prizes of life, and have given up the contest in despair; and there, better

than in the noisy crowd or busy thoroughfare, can we stop to inquire into the strange history of their existence.

Not long since, in one of these solitary excursions, I was addressed by an urchin of about ten or twelve years old, who begged an alms in the piteous tone peculiar to the professional and practised beggar. The appearance of the supplicant was neglected and uncouth. His unkempt hair straggled into his eyes, and his face was begrimed with dirt of many weeks' standing. His dress was of that nondescript character so frequently to be seen in the gutters of our towns and villages—a number of mutilated garments of various structures and colours oddly patched together, the whole giving no indication whatever of the sex of the wearer.

The hope of a sixpence, which my reply to his petition led him to conceive, induced him to relinquish his previous occupation of pelting a dirty-faced companion with mud, and to accompany me in my walk. He was by no means of a reserved turn of mind; he communicated freely his experiences of the world, which were neither few nor uninteresting. He was, on the whole, an agreeable companion, and our conversation, though occasionally interrupted by his stopping to fling a stone at the curs by the wayside which barked at him as he passed, was highly entertaining. We had been walking some time together when a turning in the road brought us face to face with an individual whom my ragged friend saluted with easy familiarity, and to whom he introduced me, by observing in an elevated tone, "That's dada!"

The gentleman who was the subject of this latter observation was a remarkable specimen of a remarkable class. He was a slim, sallow-faced man, of about five-and forty. He was attired in a suit of grey, which seemed to have been originally constructed for a form somewhat slimmer than his own. A profusion of straight, black hair descended from beneath the upturned brim of his hat, which belonged to that genus of head-dress which the rural population of the district denominate "Jerries." His cheek-bones projected sharply over two cavities, which want or dissipation, or the combined action of both, had hollowed in his cheeks, and the monotony of sallowness in his features was relieved by a profusion of purple spots distributed regularly over his face. On his back he carried a box, in which were stowed away the instruments peculiar to his profession, and from the pocket of his scanty coat protruded a whip, for the



presence of which the observer was at first totally at a loss to account. His legs were encased in a pair of grey trowsers, alarmingly close-fitting, and met below the knees by a pair of old leggings, which concealed from the too curious eye their further progress downwards.

His tight-fitting trowsers and leggings would induce the beholder to set him down to some of the "horsey" professions—a conclusion further warranted by the presence of the whip before alluded to; but a glance at the wooden box on his back brought so strongly before the mind a distinct range of his acquirements, that it was next to impossible to form an incorrect estimate of his character. In fact, Mr. Browne, such was his name, was primarily and principally a tinker. But, though his energies were chiefly devoted to repairing cracked pots and leaking cauldrons, yet could he spare time from these avocations for lighter and less serious subjects. He was conversant with most of the topics on which "fast" young men love to discourse. He prided himself on knowing the good points of a horse, could give a reliable opinion in the matter of game cocks, and had a quick eye for discerning the fighting qualities of terriers and bull dogs. On any of these points, he expressed himself with a clearness and a confidence which at once impressed the listener with a conviction of his thorough acquaintance with the subject on which he spoke. He was listened to with respect by the dog-fanciers and grooms with whom he ordinarily consorted, and it was well-known that huntsmen, and even jockeys, rarely ventured to dissent from his views. This rather detailed account of Mr. Browne's attainments was communicated to me by his son, who seemed not a little proud of so accomplished a parent.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to learn something of the earlier life of this remarkable individual. Even in the distant days of his prosperity Mr. Browne had been a tinker. But amongst the members of this profession there are higher and lower grades; and Mr. Browne's social standing had once been very different from what it was at the period of my acquaintance with him. There had been a time when he was proprietor of a shop lined with rows of shining saucepans and teapots, and when his waggon, laden with culinary ware, attracted a large share of public attention at the fairs of the neighbourhood. But a day came when Mr. Browne, either tired of the caresses of fortune, or supposing that he was already rich enough to spend the remainder of his days in idleness, bade adieu to

industry and tinkering, and gave himself up to the luxury of indolent repose. His treasure melted away with marvellous rapidity, and, at the end of a few months, he found himself obliged, in order to support the new style of life which he had adopted, to sell the house in which he had hitherto lived and laboured. On the proceeds of this sale, added to the money raised by disposing of his pony and waggon, he contrived to maintain for a time the state of parlour-boarder at the village lodging-house. But even this second-class condition of gentlemanly ease was of short duration. His resources failed him once more; and, at last, with a whip—the relic of his prosperity in the past, and a box of tools—the means of procuring a subsistence in the future, he set forth upon his wanderings, the houseless victim of improvidence and dissipation.

His itinerant household was oddly constituted. It consisted of the boy already described, a dog which, he assured me, weighed just one pound avoirdupois, a cat, whose sagacity would have delighted Mr. Darwin, and a tame pigeon. With these companions of his wanderings he shared the garret in which he lodged, and the morsel of bread which he earned or begged; and when bread could not be had either by working or begging, they all fasted together.

Reader, the picture here drawn is not by any means a fanciful one. I have endeavoured to sketch it such as I saw it, without adding to or taking from it. If you yourself can find pleasure in the study, and have enough of Mr. De Quincey's philosophical spirit "not to hold yourself polluted by the touch of any creature that wears human shape, and to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings that chance may fling in your way," you can enjoy the pleasure of studying, in your solitary walks, pictures as interesting, and may be able, too, by your sympathy or your aid, to brighten the dark shades which predominate in most of them.

T. F.

# THE HUMAN AFFECTIONS IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN TIME; OR

THE EREMITA AMBROSIIUS HIS EPISTLE UNTO MARCELLA. A.D. 450.

By A. DE V.

**K**NEW I not, O Virgin, or ever thy letter came unto me, how it fared with thee? For nine years (which is thy life half-told) thy feet failed not, following the precept of thy Mother, to climb, well nigh daily, these crags. Now and again hath the sunrise greeted me first from thy white garment. When thou camest not, I said "One from the valley hath found her, and detained her in the path of flowers." The snows also on yonder ridge, burn they not twice in the day with celestial roses? O roses of earth, on you, too, descend the dews of heaven! To you also hath God given a breath of sweetness; and in the yearly renewing of your beauty Time maketh unto himself an image of Eternity. In your fruitful bosoms Immortality is quickened—but not the Rest of Immortality.

Thy letter is spread before me on the rock, and in it thou desirest of me the continuance of my prayers, and ghostly counsel how thou, a maid and a child, shalt walk well and trip not in the novel regions of womanhood and terrestrial life: and "is this lower?" thou askest. And again, thou demandest, as in an afterthought, is it superstition to give ear unto thy old nurse (now blind) when she prattleth of a certain flower, which, being gathered before sunrise, hath virtue to preserve unto a woman the love of her husband for ever? "For ah," thou sayest, "how many women were loved well that are not loved! Is this a punishment because they loved earth, or a discipline to raise their hearts unto heaven? Or is it the seasonable work of Nature, despoiling them, before she lulleth them asleep, of things most precious, even as she despoileth them of youth and loveliness and the magic of winning grace?"

For my prayers, thou hast not mine only, but the prayers of all to whom piety and innocence are dear, and the youthful aspiration which, even if it lengtheneth its way, misseth not its goal. "Is this lower?" thou demandest. Blessed is the tender scruple that feareth to have offended. Though it were lower, yet were it not low. Who knoweth if it be lower? None hath ascended and touched with his hand the summit of Contemplation: none hath descended, and touched with his foot the depth of Human Love. On all sides Infinitude doth gird us in; and all virtues are infinite. By nature the terrestrial life is the lower; but grace consecrateth nature, and raiseth the low. He that came from on high came in perfect Humanity. No bridal was His: yet at a bridal feast was He a guest; and there He wrought His first miracle. At the saying of her who was both perfect Purity, and perfect Charity, he changed the water into

wine, signifying that by His presence the elements of lower earth were elevated into the sacraments of the Life Divine. The excellence of that which thou *leavest* be unto thee the measure of the excellence of that whereunto thou attainest. The single life doth emblem, in a mystery, the Unity and Integrity of God: the marriage bond of Christians sheweth forth the union of the soul with her Maker, and of the Church with her Lord. Grace raiseth us above terrestrial things; and again, grace sanctifieth terrestrial things. Religion buildeth new temples; and again, religion subdueth to a blissful rite the temples of the idols. Faith keepeth vigil on the mountain; and again, in the valley Faith lieth down and taketh her rest, because the Lord sustaineth her. From innocence thou goest, but unto innocence. Thou advancest from virtue to virtue—from the virginal honours to the matronly—from the heart placid within its zone, to the heart that compasseth a world as large as the earth—from the straiter commune with God, to the wider commune with God. Singleness, with penetrating beam, shineth as a star: marriage dispenseth a more various light, colour-eth all things, quickeneth the world. In Eden marriage was ordained: in the world marriage was abused: in the second Eden marriage was ordained and restrained, that it might be in elevation sustained.

If then thou demandest how thou shalt walk well and trip not, remember that, as the marriage of this world would be to thee as nothing, so the marriage of the first Eden is now to thee, and to all, impossible. But in the second Eden (which is the Church) there is a lower depth, and there is a higher height: and in it affections, by their nature perishable, are kept alive only by that which raiseth them unto imperishable ends. The ties of mortal life image the ties of the life immortal—for what else mean we when we say that God is our Father, and Christ our Brother? If they be thus entertained, the bonds which should otherwise have subjected us to this earth, being transferred, do bind us unto the supernal sphere. It was then not by a chain, but by a new dignity imparted to it, that marriage was restrained in the second Eden. "The time is short: henceforth let him that hath a wife be as he that hath none." And why restrained? Because in a world where evil hath a part, there too must sacrifice have a part. Without sacrifice there can be no sacrament. Without sacrifice aspiration offendeth through pride, and fainteth through weakness.

At first, and that the perfect life might be known beside every hearth, the mercy of God added unto the Church persecutions: and not hard seemed it to "have all things as though one had them not," when at the frown of the Prætor, all things might in a moment vanish, except the axe and the stake. Truly when eternity was ever at hand, easy was it to feel that time was short: But the Church conquered the world, and was, in part, conquered by that which she overcame. Arduous appeared it then to see in power but service, in wealth but opportunity, in wife and child

and sister but things immortal in a sweet disguise. At that time, not in scorn, but in reverence, of human ties, there was added to man's life the vow monastic : yea, as the birds of the air have leave to build in the eaves of the temple, even so, through a converse charity, it was beside hearths made pure that conventual aspirations first felt the breath of heaven come in under their wings. Then arose convents, like rock-built citadels of ancient virtue, surviving in a region reconquered by a savage race. Yet if all had fled from the world, Christ must have died out of the world. In it then there remained not alone the worldly, but those also by whom God was willing to keep the world from corruption. Still do those children of eternity mingle with the children of time : and theirs is a twofold vow ; the marriage vow in deed and in truth ; the monastic vow in spirit. For them self-sacrifice doeth what persecution did of old ; and possessing all things (yea, and they alone possess them), they abide by all things mortal unpossessed. They walk as a spirit, while yet in the body, above the waves of mortal change : they walk and sink not. She that is of their number cleaveth unto her husband, without equal or second, in all love, loyalty, and service ; and yet, keeping ever the first commandment (which is the root of all), preferreth infinitely the Creator to the creature, and holdeth by Him as one tenfold nearer.

Wouldest thou, O Virgin, that the love between you should last ? Let it make large your hearts. Let the chief of human ties lead you far on into the bosom of the humanities. It was given unto men to break down the prison of self-love. If the heart grow, then shall that love which is in the heart grow also. When it ceaseth to grow, then beginneth it to decay : then slackeneth its grasp daily, yea, though it clutch fiercely what is little and near. Affections wither when they discharge not their appointed tasks. For the sake of that love ye bear each other, love all that bears the Divine image : for the love ye bear your children, love the children of the poor : for the love ye bear the Church of God, love also your country, which cometh next to her in greatness. There is a love that maketh large the heart : and there is a love that maketh it small. The love that enlargeth it cometh from God, and rendereth us benign to all : the love that contracteth it cometh from self, and returneth to self. An evil gift to him that is beloved is this love.

See also that the heart which is large be strong also ; for together ye carry one Cross up the heavenly hills. Virtuous labours and noble cares make it strong ; and then it is not a roseleaf rolled up that can ruffle it, nor the sting of every insect that can inflame it. They that live but for each other love amiss ; and, even if their love abide, yet the gladness of love is gone. Rejoice rather than lament that the petty cares of mortal life rebuke its petty enjoyments, and force the spirit upon its freedom. If thou striketh a root into time, let it enter deep enough to pass through time into eternity.

Love thou thy husband, not for that in him which flattereth thy choice, but for his virtue, and in that he is thy husband. Yet

forget not, in thy reverence, that thou art the helpmate of his soul. Thou must either be the weight that retardeth him, or the Angel that goeth before him, shedding light on his paths. Henceforth thou voyagest no more alone. Be careful of a slender barque that holdeth twain. Inseparably are ye united, whether in presence or in absence; for your union, which is in God, is of the heart, and of the will, and of the vow. More near shall ye be drawn by sorrow than by joy, by trial and by proving;—most near by Death.

And thus, O Bride, shalt thou find, while seeking after a gift more exalted, that talisman also which conserveth affection. How shall that husband surcease from rejoicing in his wife who findeth in her, not a conspirer with worldly temptations, but the health of his soul, the strength of his life, the glory and the peace of his house, the music that re-awakeneth their youth in his nobler thoughts? How shall the dust gather upon her who, bathing perpetually in fresh fountains of grace, exulteth, lily-like, each morning as in the dews of a new baptism? Inexhaustible is she whose spirit is wedded unto things incorruptible and eternal. As soon shall spirits forget to love in heaven, as such spirits to love and be loved on earth.

Such was Saint Cecilia, whose husband, Valerian by name, when he had wondered at her long, received at last such grace that, his eyes being opened, he discerned that garland of “angel-tended flowers” which from her brows did ever disperse celestial odours through his palace. At that sight, being instantly converted to the Galilean Disesteemed (and his brother with him), he so persevered that finally, with the Saint, he was honoured with a most happy martyrdom, and retaineth by merit the suffrages of all the churches. The youth that taketh thee to wife serveth not the false gods, thou writest unto me, but serveth the one God, and goeth forth now unto the command that he holdeth, accompanied by thee. So accompany him that benediction may accompany both! What is good make better; for the nest that thou raisest, the same shall sustain thee on high; and the nest that thou warmest, the same shall keep thee warm. Where most is to be gained, there also is most to be lost. Ah me, how great is that loss! A bewildered light leadeth on into the marsh, and vanisheth. The foot sinketh in what is soft. In sloth is sought content. Aspirations wither and drop as plumes of a moulting wing. Perforce the sympathies cling to what is near. In self-defence, the soul forgetteth what it prized of old. The larger charities it banisheth: the loftier hope it rebuketh. Such is the way downward; yet, through God’s high mercy, no step is there on that downward way, beside which there goeth not forth that narrow path which leadeth again into the perfect way.

While fall the ruins of the Empire daily, and the barbarians lay waste even the Holy City, thus have I written unto thee, less as worthy to instruct than as willing to detain thee. For so, on that first morning when thy Mother led thy childish steps up to this

cloister of lonely Apennine, didst thou stand, with dark devout eyes in attention raised, nor thinking to withdraw them till all was said. Such remembrances haunt age. Now writeth my hand no more—not chilled by age alone, but also by the evening wind that sigheth past the rocky summits. So passeth life as a sigh. But cast thou thy wings thereon, and lightly shall it bear thee aloft ! The sun sinketh, and Soractè, as a dial, flingeth its shadow far across the plain. Swan of the mountain-lake, that didst in solitariness stem the black water under the granite peak, float thou never upon yellow Tiber; for Clitumnus leadeth also most placid and pure waters through the peaceful mead; and beside it grazeth the milk-white steer, and the bird singeth, and man doth build.—Farewell !

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## THE ISLAND OF THE SACRED HEART.

SHE loved Thee through the awful years  
 That wrung her soul, O Sacred Heart !  
 This faithful land, this land of tears,  
 Has chosen, Lord, the better part.  
 When did her sad forbearance fail ?  
 When did her love-strong spirit quail ?  
 And shall she now prove false and frail ?

The gift that Patrick asked of old  
 Thou grantedst, Lord, and she has proved  
 Nor grief, nor joy, nor wealth untold,  
 Could tempt her from the Faith she loved.  
 Look to the past, O gracious Lord !  
 Reading its tales of fire and sword—  
 Say, shall her truth find no reward ?

Those days of strife and woe are past ;  
 But Erin sees, with startled eyes,  
 A fiercer struggle than the last,  
 In hell-assisted strength arise—  
 A darkling cloud 'twixt us and Thee ;  
 She looks around, and groans to see  
 The march of Infidelity.

We love her, Lord, as dear as he  
 Who trembled on her cherished soil,\*

\* We read of St. Columbkille, that the cause of his first starting for Iona, in which he afterwards shone as a light before all Europe, was a penance enjoined by his confessor in atonement for his sin in stirring up the Hy Nialls of the North against King Dermot, then Ard-Ri of Erin, thereby causing great strife and bloodshed ; namely, that he should leave Erin, vowing never to look on her again. His grievances against King Dermot are well known ; the unfavourable decision with regard to the copy of St. Finian's Psalter, and the slaying of the prince of Connaught, to whom the saint had extended his protection. This vow he kept in all its severity, selecting Iona as a spot from the highest point of which no palest blue line of the hills of Erin could be descried. However, in the year 573 we find him called to an assembly of Irish princes and prelates, convened by King Aedh the Second, to discuss two important questions, which imperatively demanded his presence ; first, the relations of the Scottish colony, of which he had charge, with Ireland ; and, secondly, the proposed decree for the abolition of the bards. And it is touching to read of the heroic self-denial with which he caused his eyes to be bandaged, lest he should look upon that land of which he said, that the breezes that blew on the fair hills of holy Erin were to him as the zephyrs of Paradise. We are further told that his frame shook with emotion when his feet first touched her soil after so long an exile.



When duty called across the sea,  
To blest Iona's isle of toil.  
Then did he come with shrouded eyes :  
He dared not see her blue hills rise,  
Dared not his awful vow despise.

For "Holy Erin" is she still  
As then, when from the distant west  
A light went forth to spread, and fill  
The stormy world with peace and rest.  
We cannot bear that Erin, too,  
Should slight her Love and prove untrue  
After the woes she's struggled through.

So lay we at Thy Sacred Feet  
This native land we love so well :  
Let not Thy Holy Spirit fleet—  
Here has He ever loved to dwell.  
Grant to our land to stay with Thee  
E'en when the stronger, prouder, flee,  
For she has suffered faithfully.

And so we rest : for who shall say  
That Thou wouldst e'er Thy grace withhold  
From those who cast their fears away,  
To trust in JESUS as of old ?  
Our strength, our wealth, our Lord Thou art,  
And never Earth or Hell shall part  
Our Country from Thy SACRED HEART.

J. M. M.

## JACK HAZLITT.

## A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

## CHAPTER II.

SHOWING WHO IT WAS THAT SAVED JACK HAZLITT, AND HOW JACK HAZLITT BECAME AN A.M.

NOT far away, but on the opposite side of the Shannon, was another residence, called by the peasantry "The Great House." It really had some pretensions to the name, and at one time must have presided with great dignity over the residences of all the country side. It was a square mansion, built entirely of stone; and it had its stone balustrade, and its great stone vases on the four corners, that looked like servants in waiting upon a pile of great stone chimneys, which shot up in a very bold manner from the roof. The window-sills were deep and massive, and the moulding was chastely carved; while a stone porch hooded a stately hall-door, which gave the world notice that the people who dwelt inside either belonged to the "ould stock," or ought to belong to them.

We may as well add, as it will save time hereafter, that the "Great House" was in the centre of a lake, and had a handsome bridge connecting the front with the land. Between this bridge and the mansion, all around were flower-beds, and there were walks running among them, and ever so beautiful yellow pebbles rolling along between the fringes of heavy box-wood, and ever so many statues admiring the flowers—all of them coolly dressed for a November day, but well enough for July or August. Beyond this residence, as if all had retired to a respectful distance from the "Great House," was a circling wood of noble trees—looking as if they would like to embrace the chateau, and were crowding down for the purpose, if they dared. They were artistically planted or cleared at the extremities of the curve, and gave you glimpses of green upland, and hills far away, and spreading verdure nearer, with the figures of comely women sometimes, and stalwart men, who, like fairy apparitions, passed to and fro in the perspective. It was more dreamy to look at than Hazlitt-ville, and had more assumption of old aristocracy; and nothing is more sure than that the good folk within quite justified the position assumed by the family dwelling, and deemed all the Hazlitts—at any rate on the father's side—a people who would look very well and becomingly accoutred

if they were decorated always with a soldier's canteen and a linen wallet called a "haversack."

The writer has no notion whatever of raising questions which should be discussed only by antiquaries, or by that tribe who wrap themselves up in a garment of ontologies, that turns them preternaturally into fossils. But he may be allowed to remark the matter as interesting to modern inquirers, that a canteen of tin, a drum, a linen wallet, heavy boots of untanned leather, and a big nose, are the traditional appendages of a "Cromwellian" among the "ould stock;" and that when they see one of the "Cromwellians" at hunt or meet, or on bench or highway, the "canteen" and the wallet, or haversack, come to their minds as things the "Cromwellians" ought to have with them. We are not sure whether this remark is to be succeeded by any warm discussions on the merits of the case, but if so, we declare beforehand that we shall not have hand, act, or part in the same.

In the house aforesaid there dwelt, eight years ago, O'Connor Moran—the father of Frank Moran—precisely the young man who saved Mr. Jack Hazlitt's life. In the house at present—that is, the time of the events detailed in this part of our narrative—were Mrs. O'Connor Moran (*née* Moore) and Lelia Moran, of whom we shall have much to say by-and-by—dear Lelia, the very ideal of a beauty which painter never caught or chisel never traced, because they never have caught the morally incomprehensible of a whole life and soul, past, present, and future, in one face and figure, in what may be termed transparent being.

We have said there dwelt, eight years ago, in that house Mr. O'Connor Moran; and we might have said that he died about that time. He left after him young Frank, just twenty years old, a dashing young fellow, great at a rowing match even in boyhood, well accustomed to arms, and already a general of division in his dreams and his nurse's prophecies. Frank was destined for the army—his father liked the army because *his* father had been an officer, before he "came in for the property," and he thought that, in that long time which he, Mr. O'Connor Moran, gave himself to live, Frank might carve his way—amass some means—and then "come in for the property," more richly to dower the charming Lelia, and prepared at all points, even in the vulgar one of money, to "hold his own" against the many pretenders to respectability whom trade, commerce, and England had taught to contest the palm of social position with the natives. When we employed that word, "hold his own," in relation to Frank Moran, the day he stood behind Hennessy the farmer, we had the honour to quote the mind and maxim of his venerable father, Mr. O'Connor Moran himself.

We have a single word to say about the "social position of the natives" in Ireland. We do not want to be in the smallest degree political—"CATHOLIC IRELAND" would not permit us, and our object can be accomplished without even political bias. That object is to remind all parties concerned that no amount of legisla-

tion can make a people *free*, if the use, advantages, and position of freedom be impossible to them. You cannot legislate a lame man into freedom for a foot-race, or a man who has not learned to read into freedom for competing with a university class of senior wranglers. And you can never make a people who have been for centuries off the rail—out of the groove of progress—free to advance, unless you put them *in* the groove or *on* the rail once again. The only real “freedom,” so far as social status is concerned, must be found in giving people what you have taken away from them; for, if you merely declare them *qualified*, while you take care that all the results of qualification are enjoyed by others, they are practically what they had been the time they were duly branded. “What’s in a name? a rose,” &c., &c., is an exceedingly apposite quotation, only too well-known and too trite for the story of Jack Hazlitt.

Well, if the reader think that Mr. O'Connor Moran was a mere enthusiast, we hasten to correct the thought, because Mr. O'Connor Moran was no such thing. He, Mr. O'Connor Moran, had no very large property, not more than a thousand a year; and of that thousand a third and more was duly paid off in interest on mortgages which preceding O'Connor Morans had found convenient, in times past, when all good fellows were better than every other good fellow, and far better than the income their fathers left them. Mr. O'Connor Moran came into a world of growing common sense, and, alas! that we should be obliged to say it, of growing selfishness. The remnants of the rampant good-fellowship that beggared so many families and burdened his own, were very disgusting to him; and, from the time he “came in for the property,” he “made the two ends meet.” In fact, he was a very sensible man, Mr. O'Connor Moran was; and a well-read man, moreover; and if the names which he inherited from forty generations made him toss his head a little, and, from a height of six feet, where his head stood upon his broad shoulders, look down somewhat proudly upon the “recent importations” of two hundred years or over, it was no great fault, and never made his heart the harder. Mr. O'Connor Moran had fine grey eyes, of strong, steady light—just like Frank’s, at this time of which we are writing—and strongly and steadily he employed them when he would enforce a command or censure an evil-doer. Then he had grand principles, Mr. O'Connor Moran had; and he took great care to rule the household by them—stranger than that, however, he ruled himself by them. He liked athletic exercises for young men, and he sometimes showed Frank and Lelia that a middle-aged man could practise them. He was a fine shot, crossed the country nobly, even when he rode fourteen stone six pounds; the yacht seemed to know him when he touched a cord or a tiller, and the dogs, when he came in their direction, seemed to lose whatever little sense they possessed, and to go mad for joy. They all, however, recognized the claims and position of a great brute, who always followed Mr. Moran, a Newfoundland dog, of singular frontal development; all, except, perhaps, the terriers, for that cross-

grained race, like many a one of a higher breed of animal, made it a *casus belli* if any dog ever appeared more fortunate than themselves; because, of course, they thought no dog could ever be so deserving. That is the real theory of snarlers in general.

As we have said above, Mr. O'Connor Moran was a man of high principle; a man who might at any time oppose you, but who never would deceive. "Diplomacy" and "management" he always called "lying;" and he remarked that they were masks made by the devil to give sin an honest exterior. He always called such things "cowardice," because he contended they were subterfuges, always, to which only fear had recourse; and hence any appearance of insincerity was the last appearance Mr. O'Connor Moran allowed a man to make before him, if he could; and his appearance—we mean the man's—was sure ever after to be dispensed with at the great stone mansion with the draw-bridge before.

We give Mr. Moran's character at goodly length, because Mr. Moran's character had a deal to do in shaping this present story.

Little Lelia was only ten years old when she lost that grand stay and guide. Frank was nearly double her age. The people from the other side of the Shannon often crossed by sail or oar; and Jack Hazlitt with Nanny often gambolled over the green, or ran around the gardens with Lelia and Frank, in that happy season when the flowers have a soul for the young, and the odorous air has a sensible lovingness. We have not at that period departed far enough away from the Paradise of innocence, and all nature speaks to us like a friend, as it speaks to the jubilant lark or the thrush swelling with its summer melody. A time comes, comes too often, when "hearing, we do not hear, and seeing we do not understand;" and the luminous power by which "light is seen in light" works for us no longer.

Frank was more than five years older than Jack, and hence Frank was a "big boy" when Jack was eleven. Nanny was quite a child, and Lelia was not much beyond the dolls and Swiss cottages either. Of course the usual infantine "courtships" gave their roseate hue to the intercourse; and both the little ones—the little ladies—had a beauty that touched the hearts of their mothers, and often sent the blood with a dash of delight to their mothers' cheeks. They thought of the glorious lights that would shine around them when the shadows of the hoary years would begin to dim the homes of half a century; and the thought made them young again and happy. What mercy it is that knowledge is forbidden to deface the pictures of a happy ideal! We are spared the double death!

Very early in the young people's intercourse the divergence of taste and training began to be obvious. The old people of the stone mansion observed it frequently; and, indeed, it finally brought about a coolness between the two sides of the Shannon, as cool as the Shannon itself in November, and it prepared for that condition of affairs which requires an explosion, in order to make a permanent and normal state of living possible. A thunder-cloud must burst.

We ought to say that the girls had little to do with the cooling

process. They loved with girlish devotion until they parted—one for her convent in the south of Ireland, and the other for the favourite haunt of the Emperor Charlemagne. There was no end of vows of constancy, and reams of letter-paper were packed in their portmanteaus, all for the constant correspondence which should never, never be interrupted. And who would wish the vain hope of a changeless affection to be dead and buried, and duly celebrated by verses on the tombstone? Alas! we are not to fight with the unreal in this world of fancies, or we shall never have a peaceful hour!

In the garden, one day, all the children were assembled. Lelia's dark brown hair fell nearly to her waist, and the ringlets trembled or floated in the daylight like those of an angel moving rapidly. Her arched brows were a little raised, and the orbs, darker than black in their depth of life and intelligence, caught the light as if the light was seeking them. She looked very lovely, the child did; and her brother, Frank, had made Nanny cry because he fixed his attention so much upon his sister Lelia: "he didn't care for her," she said, and of course she wept. Lelia turned suddenly round—

"Jack Hazlitt!" she cried, "Jack!"

"Well, pretty Lelia, well."

"Are *you* one of *our* race, Jack?"

"One of your race, pretty Lelia?"

"Yes, Jack; I want to know."

"And why?"

"Of course you won't say. Oh! I know, you are not one of our race; I have known it this long time."

"Really!"

"I heard you call 'going to *mass*' 'going to *prayers*,' and you always say '*chapel*' instead of '*church*.' That shows you are not one of our race, Jack."

"What *am* I, then, sweet Lelia?"

"Oh! well, I do not know that yet, until I go to school; but I shall know, Jack. Of course you have no 'O' to your name like papa, because you know papa comes of princes; and—stop; I know what you are going to say! but I heard papa say that Moran has a right to the 'O,' too; and I intend to have the 'O' before 'Moran' when I'm old!"

"Well, Lelia, I am guilty, I did the whole of that; and, worse than all, I believe I am only half Irish."

"Then, Jack, I shall not like you."

"Shan't like me, Lelia?" and, boy as he was, Jack blushed.

Lelia turned towards Nanny, and she saw two big tears in her fine eyes—the anguish of division, so soon! Quick as a flash Lelia's arms were around Nanny's neck, and Nanny cried bitterly, and Lelia cried for company; and Lelia begged her and prayed her to remember that she was *her* sister, and "it was Jack, *that* Jack, so it was, that she was going not to like; because he laughed at the holy

wells, and he flung a ball after an old beggarman, so he did ; and he called ' Father O'Neil ' that ' old Mr. Nail,' and he never went to Confession." And, in fact, Nanny was " a regular true Irish girl," Lelia insisted ; because she had " courage," as papa said, " and always said and did what was in her heart."

The storm, it is to be supposed, blew over, but the elements of a hurricane were left behind. We repeat, an explosion became necessary, in order to make a permanent and normal state of things even possible.

Mr. John Hazlitt had made up his mind to send Jack in due time to college ; but circumstances should determine the college and the country. Frank Moran had been sent to the Jesuits, and had four years or more the start of his younger companion. He came home every year laden with honours ; and, although things were not quite happy within the " Great House," his coming always gave the heart a holiday. In fact times were bad with Mr. O'Connor Moran. Tenants failed and tenants fled ; and rent was not to be obtained from many of them. Interest, on the old borrowings, should be paid ; and Mr. O'Connor Moran found it hard to knock out of the portion of the estate which he farmed, enough of hard cash to " make the two ends meet." Very few, however, suspected how the times gripped Mr. Moran. Frank was coming towards twenty, and saw the signs ; though the old man never explained his real condition. But the old man guessed, and more than guessed, that his son was not blind to the realities. Frank " did not want money" at one time, and at another he had " plenty of clothes ;" and then " he would rather not come home this vacation, he could improve himself so ; and the Fathers all recommended him not." That letter wrung the very first tear from Mr. O'Connor Moran ; it was not a bitter tear, however, it was a homage to the young heart of his boy, Frank Moran.

There was one other became acquainted with Mr. Moran's growing necessities—and that was the Father O'Neil, of whom Lelia spoke when she piled up her girlish accusations against Jack Hazlitt.

Father O'Neil was old—sixty-three or four. He had been a distinguished man in various ways, and his scholarship and sympathy made him a kind of fascination for Frank and Lelia as well as Mrs. O'Connor Moran. He strayed into the Great House very frequently ; and it became a kind of new morning, if he entered the drawing-room when the shadows began to fall. As for the owner of the mansion, he regarded Father O'Neil as the dearest friend on earth—a feeling reciprocated, as far as a sharp discipline of the affections allowed Father O'Neil to go. Neither ever spoke much in the strain of profession, but both felt that a life and death reliance would have safe footing in the other's manly regard.

Father O'Neil appeared one day in his little phaeton, and Lelia was at the hall-door in a moment ; the next moment she had hold of the old man by the hand, and skipped around him in all the

elastic joy of a girl's love. She brought him along the hall, holding and running before him, until her mother joined the "happy antithesis of youth and age," as the good priest rather grandiloquently called himself and Lelia. Immediately following them was Mr. O'Connor Moran, who that moment arrived.

The good man looked full of preoccupation, and though he smiled, it was the sun's smile in a storm. All the strength of his character could not entirely veil his feeling. He gave his hand to Father O'Neil, and the pressure was much stronger than usual; so was the returning pressure of the good old clergyman. They entered the drawing-room, and had a ready topic of conversation in the latest news from Frank, and the latest news from England generally. Lelia was on the sofa reading, and the lady of the house had gone out a few minutes—gone out on the summons of a servant. Father O'Neil asked Mr. O'Connor Moran whether they could not go to the study for a few minutes—just two or three. Mr. Moran assented, and both ascended a short flight of stairs, where, right before them, a small door opened upon a short corridor, at the end of which, the study looked back upon the woods and hills.

"Well, Father O'Neil," opened Mr. Moran; "any thing the matter?"

"No, I thank God: I only want a favour from you."

"A favour!"

"Yes, a favour."

"I wish I could grant one or get one worth conferring."

"Well, to be brief, I have here some money. I don't want to have the charge of it; and for years I shall not employ it."

"A sum of money?"

"Yes."

"I see," said Mr. Moran, and his voice was not very clear. He took a bundle of notes.

"What!" he continued, "four hundred pounds."

"Even so, my friend. I intend that to dowry a girl for God; and she waits some two or three years before she goes away."

"To a convent?"

"To a convent."

"And this money?"

"You are to do what you please with, until then."

"If I should lose it?"

"You will not; oh no, you will not!"

And now the old man's voice gave way, and in his bright eyes the moisture showed that his heart was giving way also.

"Ah, Father O'Neil—dear old Father Ned!—where is the use of deceiving one another, or pretending to deceive? You know all—you know all! You have found out I am *in want*! You have found out that this very day my honour and credit were jeopardized—you have found it!—and the Father has come to save the son! Is not that it—is not that it, Father Ned?"



"Well now, well now!"

"Oh! how I wish Frank were here. It would be—but no, Frank will understand it."

"And would do the same, and *will*," said Father Ned, very emphatically.

"And would—certainly, Father Ned"—and Moran took the old man's hand—"because Frank has your training of spirit."

And so Mr. O'Connor Moran got a respite, and got round a little in a year or so; and Frank remained with the Jesuits; and Lelia was destined for the *Sacré Cœur*, some place or other, and very soon.

By a singular coincidence, on this very day, when Father Ned O'Neil came to the Great House, Jack Hazlitt matriculated in one of the Queen's Colleges. Mr. John Hazlitt had consulted his lady, and had received from her very wise counsel, for she said, as Jack was very impressible, changeful, and easily led, a steady hand would be necessary to hold him, direct, and even correct him, until his mind became mature. She suggested various places of education eminent and successful: and she pointed out the examples among their friends and acquaintances which proved her views to be well-formed. She moreover took care to remind Mr. John Hazlitt, that he had himself always held the same opinion regarding Jack; and was more rigid with the said Jack oftentimes than he would have liked, in order to rear him as became wisdom and prudence. Mr. John Hazlitt remembered perfectly that he had always been of that manner of thinking; and "Puss was a wise little baggage," and did well to "remind him" of what they had been saying regarding Jack.

How near Mr. John Hazlitt was to acting rightly! The whole arrangement was upset by an accident.

Mr. John Hazlitt, by the merest chance, met the Rev. John Riorden, Parish Priest of the place on which the Hazlitts were settled down. They happened to come the same road, and very naturally fell into conversation. Father Riorden had been informed by some one that Mr. Hazlitt had made up his mind not to send Jack to the Queen's Colleges;—"that they were too loosely governed, and Jack required a strong hand," was the observation with which Mr. Hazlitt was credited; and many remarked it was "well for Mr. Hazlitt he had a good wife."

Now, nothing was more natural than for Father Riorden to congratulate Mr. John Hazlitt on his discretion and determination; and, by way of confirming him in his resolution, he gave him a number of sound arguments, in which "Christianity" and "Morality," and other important issues found a place. In fact, Father Riorden went home with a happy heart that evening; and was surprised at the docility of Mr. John Hazlitt, and at his own courage.

Father Riorden spoiled all. Mr. John Hazlitt was not going to be dictated to by Priests; the ultramontane dodge would not and should not deceive him; Jack Hazlitt was not to be moulded

into a Jesuit, and come home to turn every thing up-side-down. Not a bit of it. He was not to be led by Mr. Riorden, or any other "Mr." He was sorry for Jack's mother: but then why should these Priests interfere?

And so Mr. Hazlitt went home in a most independent mood of mind. Even "Puss" had no chance: and the sweep of the eyes had lost its magic. Indeed, the poor mother employed the eyes that evening in a sadder way than she had ever done since the day she kissed her father in his coffin, sixteen years before.

And so Jack Hazlitt went to the Queen's Colleges.

We are seriously inclined to moralize here a little; but we resist the temptation. The question is wonderfully interesting, viz.—what is the statesmanship of giving a man a schooling which he cannot take, unless he be untrue to himself,—and refusing him the education he can take honestly, and employ advantageously? *Item*, by what process of calculation do you render two men thoroughly educated, when, in order to keep them together, you clip away a great share of the education each of them would obtain if you kept them asunder? These were observations of Mr. O'Connor Moran, and, in justice to him, we must add a third—that is, that if we could find the reason, *au fond*, which makes all this absurdity palatable to the logical tastes of serene legislators, we should find something extremely like the mind of Geneva in this nineteenth century.

Jack Hazlitt did not join the "*Great Cuban Fire Company*" for nearly a year, and to the last he resisted "*The Royal Havannah Squad*." During the first six months he wrote home frequently; and went to church every Sunday. His mother was delighted to find he had boldly put "R. C." to his name in the College Lists; and that, as years grew, she might indulge the hope that good sense would strengthen faith and virtue.

But Jack soon fell in with "good fellows," some of whom had less money than himself, and some of whom had more. They both wrought according to their kind. One party made him pay out, and the other gave him an ambition to do so. He thought of his mother sometimes, and his heart smote him. He made a resolution, and, as long as the mood lasted, he was a changed man. But then he waked up, and it all ended by, "Ah! what can a fellow do? A fellow can't set himself up; and then the Governor likes a dash;" and so on.

Jack's studies were not severe, we may well imagine; and he did not want Burse or Prize. He read Thackeray, however, and Dickens, and, unfortunately, Taylor, Huxley, Francis Newman, and others. He had never been able to be earnest; and his abused freedom now led him far beyond his venerable father. He began to have new views of human "instincts" and "subjective religion"—which means all truths are equally false; and he dabbled in *Comte*, and half-read *Plato*—helped to his meditations by the vigorous observance of the rules of the "*Great Cuban Fire Company*;" and at last

Jack Hazlitt had a dreamy notion that, to make yourself comfortable, intellectually and physically—in other words, to attain to the happiness of a certain sceptic, who asserted “a good stomach and no conscience” to be felicity—was not far from the true goal after all.

After Jack Hazlitt had spent four years in the practice of a little quiet gambling, some genteel dissipation, a good deal of money-spending, reading the current literature, and hearing the current opinions of the College, he had the whole benefit of a free, liberal, and mixed education; and he came home bringing nothing back but impulses and passions, of which such impulses were perfect masters. Religion was an “imposition,” not fit for an advanced state of society; and the clergy of all creeds victims, or actors of a fraud!

And thus Jack Hazlitt became an A. M.

It is a pity to delay our narrative, but it would be a much more serious thing not to understand it. We are not sure whether we have intimated so much before; but it is worth saying again, even if we have, that imagination plays a very small share in the drama of life which the reader is witnessing, and that every act and every scene, nearly, has a reality that makes it worthy of being an instructor.

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### CHAPTER III.

SHOWING THE COMINGS AND GOINGS OF FRANK MORAN; WHAT OCCURRED AT THE OFFICE OF “THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,” PUBLISHED IN PALL MALL; AND THE WONDERFUL FEAT PERFORMED BY JACK HAZLITT’S YACHT.

FRANK MORAN came home one day. He had received a telegram that Mr. O’Connor Moran had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill; and when he arrived near the mansion of his family, within a mile of the avenue, a sort of cold, with a shadow, seemed to wrap him, and night seemed suddenly falling. But Frank was not a timid man, though, like all his family, not free from the sensation of presentiments, and he turned his mind away from gloomy foreboding. He was driving fast, and his tilbury made a good deal of clatter over a rough road; and, in fact, the noise had a certain agreeableness to the feelings of the traveller. He wanted action—action, though his excitement was quiet, considering all the circumstances.

A sweep of wind suddenly shook the trees at the side of the road next the Shannon, and travelled across with a hiss and a moan; and, in that sweep of wind, there came a cry—a cry so prolonged, so agonized, so intense in growing pain until it subsided, that Frank Moran’s strong heart began to beat. He raised the whip: the horse flew. And as the vehicle tore along its way, Frank could see approaching, at a good distance off, something dark, large, and

galloping for life or liberty. He pulled up. The creature approached; and, stopping right in the mid-road, raised its head, and gave such a terrible howl, cry, shriek, that the well-trained horse became almost unmanageable. Frank mastered the animal, but he burst into tears and sobs—the sobs of a strong man that never sobbed before!

Before him stood Lion, his father's great Newfoundland dog, giving one more great, great howl and cry of anguish!

The sagacious creature never came as far as the tilbury. He galloped away in the direction of the mansion, and, a quarter of an hour after their meeting, Frank found him crouching by his master's coffin, where no one, even of the family, dared approach him. He seemed to say: "You have only one way of removing me. Kill me, if you please!" They did not kill poor Lion, but he died on Mr. O'Connor Moran's grave; and he certainly deserved a monument—that dog Lion, did.

Next day the heir of the O'Connors and the Morans returned from the church-yard to the mansion of the widow and the orphan; and he needed little information to know that he had hardly any means, and had great responsibilities and urgent claims upon exertion.

The blow to his mother was dreadful—stupefying; and poor little Lelia lay like a fair young rose upon the sofa, after having wept herself to weary, weary repose.

Frank looked at the amounts, and mastered the liabilities. Balancing resources and responsibilities, he found that the Great House could not support itself very long—could hardly pay for its own keep, not to speak of the keep of the family; while he had only just taken out his degree, and had never earned a guinea in his life! No; we withdraw that observation; because Frank had begun, some time before, to try his hand at the magazines, and had done fairly; and at the newspapers, and had done much better. How, nevertheless, was Lelia to be sent to school, and the widow cared for, and himself made a barrister-at-law?

Frank was his father's son. O'Connor Moran broke down, through the necessities of others, in bad times, crowding upon the necessities entailed by his ancestors' good living. But he looked the necessities in the face—he never shrunk; and, had he been spared, he would have freed the old mansion.

Frank had the father's courage, and even more than the father's knowledge, young as he was; and he had a duty. In fact, his heart felt a little of the pride of responsibility mixed with his sorrow; for Frank was proud of the two beings that leant upon him, as well as fond—doatingly fond!

He soon made up his mind, not without the counsel of dear Father Ned, of course, nor without his help, in various ways. He would pay off the most pressing demands, particularly the poor servants; get rid of stock; suspend farming; let the whole property, unless the mansion and garden; place mother and Lelia in

the hands of Father Ned, and cast his bread upon the waters in London to earn enough for all of them and obtain his profession.

Brave Frank! Are you to fail or succeed? Courage, frankness, a heart that can unveil itself to the angels, an honest and noble resolve—Frank had them all, because he was O'Connor Moran's son, and he believed in God. He "minds the little sparrow." Frank thought "The lily's life is heeded. And mamma and Lelia! He loves *them*!"

Poor Lowry M'Cabe was to be sent away; and so was Peggy Downes, and Nelly Mooney—away from the Great House; after they had spent almost all their life there!

"Wages, sir!" cried Lowry M'Cabe, when called up for "settling;" "Wages, sir! I doesn't want no wages. Lay them in the dhraw'r for me. Wages, *anah*! I got lots of 'em from the mather! oh! the mather!" and Lowry broke down utterly.

"Well, but you know, M'Cabe—"

"I knows nothing, Master Frank, on'y that I wants no wages now, an' that I'll stick to—an' I'll stick to th' ould house, so I will."

"We must send away some, M'Cabe. Mamma and Miss Lelia do not want so many servants, you know."

"Oh! as for that, Nelly Mooney went to her uncle last night. 'She'd dhrop dead,' she said, 'if she'd see the mistress or Miss Lelia'—God bless th' angel!" said Lowry; "an' Peggy is to stay, an' I am to come up from my sishter's every day; an', och! I'll mind ev'ry thing right till you come home, Master Frank. Ask Father Ned, if I won't!"

Clearly, it had all been settled by the servants their own way, and Nelly Mooney, like Lowry M'Cabe, had got "lots o' wages from the mather!"

God bless the Irish working-man and woman! We have known them in many a country and tried them in some emergencies. True, true as the needle to the pole, their hearts turn to worth and kindness; and no bribe or penalty ever stayed their loyal devotion. If they were better known, the world would be more just and more happy.

Two months after this, two gentlemen were seated at a round table, in one of the best houses in Pall Mall—in what appeared to be the study; and they appeared in deep and earnest conversation when the servant knocked, and entered with a mourning card on a salver, which salver he presented to the younger of the two. One of the gentlemen was about fifty, the other about sixty-three.

"Pray do not stir, M'Cann," said the younger, seeing his companion about to move. "I am sure you can be of assistance to me just now. This is the card of the young editor of whom I have been speaking."

"Ye-s-s," answered Mr. M'Cann, in the indisputable nasal prolongation of a New Yorker.

"O'Connor Moran is his name."

"O'Connor Moran, eh? Please show me the card."

Mr. M'Cann looked singularly long at the card, and, not puzzled exactly, but surprised.

"*Frank*, too," he muttered.

And, by this time, Frank O'Connor Moran occupied a third chair at the round table.

"Mr. Moran, sir, I am Mr. Partylink."

Frank bowed.

"I have had a good many strong testimonials of your ability—some of them from men distinguished in politics and literature."

Frank bowed again.

"You think yourself competent to take the junior editorship of 'The Nineteenth Century'?"

"I am hopeful that I shall give the readers satisfaction."

"Quite so," answered Mr. Partylink; which meant "of course you are."

"You know our line, Mr. Moran?" continued Mr. Partylink.

"Well, I guess," put in Mr. M'Cann, "he's struv to, eh! neighbour?"

"I have read up the files. I take it that the line of politics is liberal on the whole, and that the paper tends more to the advanced liberals than to the older school."

"Perfectly right," answered Mr. Partylink. "But we must now be stirring, and *en avant*! you know. The free spirit grows in England. Old land-marks are being worn away. Dogmatizing Conservatives and dogmatizing Whigs are equally obnoxious—ahem," continued Mr. Partylink. "We are in the nineteenth century, and the body of men—those who are written *for* and written *to*, in great commercial speculations like this newspaper—must be represented. The management have made up their minds to that."

"I comprehend," said Frank.

"One of your duties, therefore, in the 'make up' of the paper, will be to select only such news, or permit only such news, to be inserted in 'The Nineteenth Century' as shall suit the advanced party. And, entirely, exclude old-fashioned things about churches, and all that sort of obsolete matter."

Frank bowed.

"Then, you know, when facts of notoriety or importance, which seem to clash with the liberal views of the paper, turn up from time to time, your duty will be to give these facts their true shape and bearing; and take heed that the description of them shall be satisfactory to our patrons."

No answer; but Mr. M'Cann had put on a very quizzical look with which he regarded Frank.

"No correspondence, you know, unless on our side; we have fixed that, you know. And then no quarter for the Pope, the priests, and the monks!"

Frank had laid his hat on the floor beside him at the beginning of the interview. He now raised it—very gently, however—and

placed the leaf of it somewhat on his left arm, and, ever so little then, he raised his right hand.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Partylink," he said, "am I to understand that the public opinion, as formed by 'The Nineteenth Century,' is to be only the public opinion of the extreme party—or the nearly extreme?"

"Yes."

"And, for this purpose, all opposing facts are to be suppressed; or, if they cannot be suppressed, they are to be shaped according to the tastes of the supposed patrons?"

"Certainly, ahem! to be sure, sir."

"And all correspondence that vindicates our opponents, or corrects the facts or arguments of our side is to be burned?"

"Why—why—ahem! yes."

"And as the patrons of 'The Nineteenth Century' malign and abuse the Pope, and—?"

"Stop, Mr. Moran! Are you a Papist?"

"A most uncompromising Ultramontane!"

A long pause.

"Well, ahem! well; how stupid! and Sir John Fardenwall writes to me! Mr. Moran, I fear we cannot *entirely* understand one another."

"Well, I guess *not*," added the quizzical Mr. M'Cann.

Frank was just withdrawing.

"I beg your pardon, young gentleman," said Mr. M'Cann. "Is it too much for an American to ask you a question?"

"Certainly it is not."

"What was the maiden name of your mother?"

"Moore."

"Moore!" repeated M'Cann; and he leant back in his chair, catching his left foot in both his hands, and raising his left toe nearly as high as his forehead.

"Mr. O'Connor Moran," the American went on, "I am staying at the 'Grosvenor.' Here is my card. Will you give me a call in two hours?"

Frank looked at the card, and his face lit up. The owner had asked what his mother's maiden name had been; and the stranger's own name is "M'Cann." Two facts that stirred young Frank to his soul's centre. Why? Ah! the reader must have some patience, or read a certain novel.

Moore, of Moorefield, had a niece—well-beloved; and that niece is Mrs.—the Widow O'Connor Moran. The lady, when young, had known a *Mr. M'Cann*.

Mr. M'Cann was the millionaire who had founded the "New York Morning Star," and "The Pennsylvania Democracy," and "The Rising Sun of New Orleans." That evening Frank O'Connor Moran went back to his lodgings at Somerstown, near the little Roman Catholic Church; and he held in his breast pocket an engagement at £10 per week to correspond with two of the afore-

said papers, and he had a *carte blanche* as to matter and form, as Mr. M'Cann "had seen all the testimonials," he said. "Same time," added Mr. M'Cann, smiling, "I know that these Jesuits stand to their boys, always; and that you may not personally be known to the noblemen and baronets who introduced you to the luminary called 'The Nineteenth Century.'" And Mr. M'Cann again smiled.

"It *must* be," Frank said to himself; but he dared not ask any questions.

"And see," Mr. M'Cann said after he had been writing for half a minute, "see, sir," he said rather stiffly, as a thing is said when a man is not going to discuss the matter—when it is to be, and no mistake: "This cheque is for £200—a small sum to help you into the saddle, you know. Do not say a word, pray! Only see here, sir, that sum is to be repaid *in time*. The £10 a-week shall be regularly to your credit at the bank of '*Edmund Browne & Co.*,' Piccadilly. Not any more time now, Mr. Moran; pardon me."

"I am not going to make speeches, Mr. M'Cann. I accept your offer, precisely in the spirit in which you make it. And permit me to say only, that, in my conscience, I believe what you do gives you as much happiness as it gives me."

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. M'Cann.

"Farewell, sir," answered Frank.

And they shook hands and parted.

We may feel easy about the Great House now. In fact, we might, in any case. Did not Lowry M'Cabe shoot snipe—the thief—and plover, and fish the Shannon's streams; and not only keep nice things on the table, but supply the honest Peggy with money from Dublin market, and enable her to make her mistress wonder how far Peggy "made money go?" And didn't the neighbours generally bring their taxes to Peggy in the way of poultry, and a lamb, and a ham, and no one knows how much—not a single one of them ever wanting "the mistress to know." And "bad right they'd have to hurt the mistress's feelings; because she was always a poor woman's friend, and a poor man's, too! God bless her! And sure Masther Frank is a great man, they say, in Lun'un; an' will soon come home in a carriage."

Well, Master Frank *was* a pretty considerable man "in Lun'un." He had made his way to the English bar. He had sent Lelia to the convent, the dear soul, where she grew to be—oh, such a lady! He had saved the old house at home, and he had furnished it anew; and he had prepared a new home for his mother and sister in the Great Metropolis. Not that they were to remain there! Not at all. Frank was to let the Great House to a great man, for a term of years, because the great man had a great deal of gold, and a great love for hunting and fishing: and by the end of the term of years, as Frank could pretty well support his family in London, the old estate of the O'Connor Morans would be free!

Eight years after his father's death Frank came over about this



great business, and had been a week arrived when he saw what he thought demanded an honest charity in the case of Minny Hennessy. Minny was a favourite of the Moran family, and so was the able-bodied John, her father; and this made them vigilant and interested in her regard. Frank called upon the mother of Minny, to say that "meetings" between her daughter and Jack Hazlitt were not prudent or right, and that parental authority ought to be employed; but all things should be done quietly. He had that day crossed the Shannon to call upon Hazlitt, much in the same spirit as he had called upon Mrs. Hennessy, little knowing how changed his former young companion had become. He was on his way to Hazlitt-ville, when Providence sent him to the spot where Jack Hazlitt was about to fall.

Frank Moran returned home that night not nearly in such good spirits as he left. But he found before him something to animate any soul; his own mother and Lelia Moran. It was shortly after this we saw Mrs. Moran the first time—and another time was not necessary to remember her for ever. Tall, commanding in figure, pale and grave of aspect, yet when she smiled almost transformed to youth, her smile was so genial, with dark eyes and beautiful arched brows, under which rose and fell the long, silky lashes that gave the dark eyes a greater brilliancy,—Frank's mother, at fifty, was still "young and beautiful."

As for Lelia, we have been putting off a presentation, because we have felt awkward alongside any picture we have ever drawn—and we have drawn some already. Lelia was nineteen and a little over; she was above the medium height, with dark eyes and the darkest auburn hair, from which a radiantly fair forehead pressed forward; the nose was a little aquiline, and the lips rich in youth's hue and freshness, were beautifully chiselled; her neck was graceful and dazzlingly fair; her motion was like music, and her general presence was surrounded by an atmosphere almost supernatural. Then such a voice, and such angelic expression, and such a gentle lady's manner! No one would ever think of her unshakeable resolution, unless he watched an occasional expression of her beautiful mouth, and the steady inquiry of her eye while she examined into character. Then Lelia was so good! "Papa always said that good deeds are always to be done, *when they can*," she used to say, "just as much as bad ones are to be avoided."

"Where have you been?" Miss Shoreditch would ask.

"Why, I have been down at Ned Guiry's, looking after the children, as his wife is in the hospital."

"Looking after the children!"

"Yes."

"Well, Miss Moran! . . ."

"So, you see, papa and mamma have brought up Frank and me. Papa used to say that any one who declined to do a considerable *good*, if he could do it without much trouble to himself, *was not a Christian*; and, in the same way, that any one who did not

prevent an evil, which could have been easily prevented, was no Christian either."

"Why, you do not say, I am sure—"

"Really, Miss Shoreditch," the old lady would interpose, in her own dignified, leisurely manner, "do you not find it hard to imagine one 'loving one's neighbour' and refusing to make an exertion for him which will cost little or nothing; or 'loving God,' if one does not care how another acts towards Him, and will not prevent the other from acting badly, if he can?"

The truths are grand, but, alas! how often are they ignored or forgotten!

One month after this time, about the middle of January, a note fell on the path which ran round the hedge enclosing John Hennessy's cottage. It fell at Minny Hennessy's feet.

Minny stooped, looked around blushing, and put the note in her bosom, hurriedly.

That night it blew a gale. Towards the morning, in the light of a fitful dawn, a yacht shot, like a meteor, down the Shannon. Right on to Bluff-rock it swept! Its destruction seemed inevitable, when suddenly the sails wheeled round, the beautiful vessel bowed in recognition of the touch of the helm and the message of the wind! The rock was rounded, as if by magic, and the yacht ran madly to the other side. It was magnificent handling.

The next day Minny Hennessy and Jack Hazlitt were missing; but two men and two women were seen landing, in the morning, from a yacht, near Shannon Harbour. Inquiries in the town showed that they had made their way for Tullamore; but whether they took train for Cork or Dublin could never be discovered. The yacht was found safely moored, and it appeared to bear the name of "Hazlitt-ville," which gives the reader a clue.

The newspapers of the following evening announced:

#### "ABDUCTION OR ELOPEMENT?"

"An A. M. of the Queen's College and a farmer's daughter, who lived near Balboro', suddenly disappeared two days ago, from the banks of the Shannon. Up to the present the young woman's character has been unblemished. The whole thing would be a mystery if the *gentleman* were not one of our 'fast young men.' They have been traced to Cork, and appear to have got off to America."

So we know the comings and goings of Frank Moran, and what happened in Pall Mall.

[*To be continued.*]

## OUR FOREIGN POSTBAG.

[A FRIEND has kindly put at our disposal a bundle of letters written to him at different periods—some a good many years ago, some later—by different correspondents, and dated from various parts of the European world. Knowing that the words of an eye-witness, receiving new impressions of strange places and things, always come to the ear with a certain freshness and give a certain pleasure to the mind, we purpose to lay before our readers a few selections from this private and quite irregular correspondence. From time to time the letters will appear; but we do not promise more order in the manner of their publication than will be found in the dates which they bear. The first of the series was written before the battle of Sadowa.—EDITOR, C. I.]

## ST. MARK'S DAY IN VENICE.

BY four o'clock in the afternoon of yesterday we had dined, rested a while after the morning's sight-seeing in Padua, and got our straggling party and our not too heavy *bagage* to the railway station. If one of our fellow-travellers, as I strongly suspected, had taken pains to reduce his mind to a state of disengagement and repose preparatory to the anticipated delight of the evening, the first sight of Venice, namely, he must have felt rather disconcerted by the scene awaiting the arrival of the tourists on the platform. Fully one thousand young men, in garb half military, half civilian, were being packed into the carriages and trucks of the train for which our tickets had been taken. With these had come friends and kindred of every degree to take a tearful and by no means voiceless farewell. And as if to add a sense of danger to a situation becoming every moment more gloomy and tumultuous, a regiment of Austrian soldiers was drawn up along the line. I saw at once that, in these heart-rending adieux, the mother's anguish and the father's passionate embrace meant something more than sorrow at parting from their sons. A word dropped by an excited fellow-passenger confirmed my suspicion that these were Italian conscripts compelled to serve in the Austrian ranks, and about to be transferred, for prudential reasons, from this implacable province, Venetia, to foreign quarters in Styria or Hungary. In the midst of lamentations and uproar, the clash of arms and the engine-driver's whistle, the train with its heavy freight moved out of the station and sped across the low-lying territory whose horizon is bounded by the shadowy Alps, the gentler Euganean hills, and the tideless Adriatic.

At one of the stations a crowd had collected, and when the train stopped the people pressed against the railings, and carried on a

loud and excited communication with their countrymen on the way to exile. After another while, we came to a stand-still in the open country, and I began to fear that, owing to delays on the road, we should miss the sight of Venice at sunset, and be only able dimly to discern its domes and campanili as a vision of the night. Immediately yelling, shouting, and confusion of every kind began, and I did not at first understand that an exchange of passengers was being effected. The fact was, we were close to Mestre, and a train that had already arrived from Navrescina with Austrian troops, now about to be sent on in our *convoy*, was to return with the unfortunate conscripts, whose bronzed faces were destined to grow pale on the wrong side of the Alps, and whose blood was to be shed, not for *la bella Italia*, or any cause that concerned them, but in the quarrels of their alien masters, and for the strengthening of a dominion they detested. By this time bravado had succeeded to depression, and the reckless demeanour of the now half-drunken recruits shocked the feelings without relieving the sadness of the scene. Finally we moved on, something like silence intervening, and entered the long, low causeway which, for two or three miles, stretches across the shallow lagune, connecting the peninsular *terra firma* with the islands on which Venice, still a vision of beauty, sits enthroned. In a short quarter of an hour the terminus was reached, facing the iron bridge that spans the canal, and looks remarkably out of character in that situation. Out dashed the soldiers, and out stepped the travellers, and right into the canal, to all appearance, poured the crowd. However, when we ourselves came to the brink, we found the gondolas waiting to be hailed: single ones just as they are seen in pictures, double ones, with a pair of gondoliers, and omnibus-gondolas to float strangers and their *impedimenta* to the hotels.

We hired two gondoliers, and in a moment were gliding down the Grand Canal. The evening was fresh, and the greyish-green was broken into wavelets in a way Canaletto often represents, and strikingly suggestive of a tempest in a teapot. But before we had well got time to make these observations, our steersman suddenly turned, and entered a labyrinth of narrow, trench-like passages, crossed at every instant by miniature bridges—a short cut, as it appears, to another part of the Grand Canal, which winds like a gigantic serpent through the city. For a moment we had a view of the Post Office, and the great palace-lined water way, but again we dived into the black trenches, and wound right and left until shot out once more into light and space, and brought up to the very steps of the Albergo dell' Europa. Down came the major-domo, profoundly bowing, politely gesticulating. His toes just touched the nearest ripple, the light breeze fluttered his neck-tie; the distress he felt in being obliged to announce there was no room in the Albergo for the distinguished *forestieri* agitated him deeply, yet becomingly; his attitude implied a farewell that would fain have been a greeting. He backed up the steps in a style that would have done credit to the operatic boards, while we, the disappointed

travellers, we pushed off from shore. With a swing of the oar and a swerve of the hearse-like craft, we were, in another instant, off the green ripples, skimming with silent speed over the surface of a canal as deep and dark as Lethe, and making for another albergo not on the Grand Canal. On the way, however, we passed the entrance, from the water-side, of the Hotel Victoria. A solitary figure appeared on the uppermost step in the shadow of the doorway. Fearing a second disappointment in obtaining accommodation in the establishment we were going to, G—, who has been nominated courier to the party, hailed the waiter, and finding all inquiries satisfactorily answered, decided that here we should put up. Passing through the low, broad hall, and carpeted passages, I saw at once by the curious coloured beams adorning the ceiling that we were in one of the old Venetian palaces. Ascending the steps at the further end, we came out on a fine terrace, brilliant with oleanders, and thence by another staircase got to the elegant corridor and magnificent hall of the newer part of the building.

It did not require much time to take possession of our apartments and enjoy the fragrance and flavour of an excellent cup of coffee. While doing so, I was suddenly struck by the deep silence that reigned around. Quite forgetting the reason of this noiselessness in the midst of life, I went out into the hall to listen for some sound of the outer world. There was not so much as a footfall to be heard. I ran upstairs, and turning into a corridor entered an untenanted apartment and put my head out of the window. At a considerable depth, and separating the hotel from the opposite line of houses, whose prison-like windows I could almost place my hand on, I saw the smooth flags of the street or *calle*, along which a woman with a basket on her arm was passing with inaudible tread. I waited for a moment to see whether another human creature would pass that way and exchange a greeting with the woman. No one came, and I made up my mind that even gossips, meeting in so mysterious a path, with pierced walls rather than houses with windows touching the elbow on either hand, would necessarily whisper low. Anyhow, it was clear that Hotel Victoria was impervious to noise on this side, as well as on the side where Lethe flows, or rather stagnates. My inquiries now took an opposite direction, and after a turn or two I came upon an exquisite little picture—a bit of Venice from the balcony of the reading-room. Another of the black canals lay below; upon its dark surface glided a still darker gondola; sheer out of the water rose the houses to a great height on either side, with heavily-barred windows on the lower storey, and here and there on the upper a half-open casement, with a piece of tapestry hanging over the balcony. Close on either hand, a high-pitched, one-arch bridge, protected by a low balustrade, crossed the canal. Over the bridge, several figures, visible to the ankles through the colonnade, now and then stepped leisurely, emerging from one wall, as it seemed, and disappearing into another. I never saw anything so like a scene on the stage. Here, too, reigned absolute

silence. The gondoliers make no splash in the water ; since Venice lost her independence they have ceased to sing ; all they do is to utter their peculiar cry of warning when steering their falchion-prowed boat from one canal into another.

Moments, to say nothing of hours, being precious, M—— called to me to come out by the front door, and look about while there was yet light. A glance at the map showed that Hotel Victoria stands on the largest spot of dry land in Venice—solid enough to support the Merceria and the Piazzetta, St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace, and that it would be possible to approach the Piazza without dropping into a gondola or even crossing a bridge. We, therefore, hurried out into the street, where we found somebody's portmanteau stopping the way. No carriage bigger than Cinderella's could possibly drive up that way, nor any four-footed creature larger than a cat be expected to turn about or even trot along. A turn or two brought us under the arcade of the *procurazie*, and, before we expected to behold so magnificent a sight, the Piazza di San Marco burst upon our view. I never could have imagined anything so perfect, and, at the same time, so vision-like. Twilight had not quite changed into moonlight. St. Mark's, occupying the entire breadth of the opposite side of the square, was one mass of delicate colour. Its clustering cupolas, its gilded mosaics, its many-hued marbles, were as distinct as if brought within a few hundred feet of the eye. The famous bronze horses over the portal seemed to spring into the air. The lamps hanging in the shops, deep within the arcades, along the other sides of the Piazza, cast a subdued light where the shadows were deepest ; the angel on the Campanile, 300 feet high in the air, had caught the moonlight and shone like a meteor ; the three gigantic masts shooting up from their bronze pedestals, and which, once upon a time, bore the standards of the Republic, symbolizing her power over the dominions of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea, though now bare and monumental, stood in their old place in front of the Basilica, the straight red lines distinctly marked against the architectural background, and the clear, deep evening sky. Comparatively few people were on the Piazza. Here and there a group sat at the café doors, while those who were on foot made no shuffling sound on the pavement, polished by the friction of feet to a marble-like surface, and free from stain of mud or dust. Solitude and stillness rendered the effect all the more picture-like and impressive. The church was still open, and of course we went in. The oriental splendour of the interior was all in shadow, only a few wax-lights threw a gleam across some picture, brought into relief a prayer-inspired face, or for a moment irradiated the figure of a tardy worshipper passing from the altar to the gate. It struck me that preparations were being made for some festival or public ceremonial. On making inquiry, I found that we had arrived on the eve of the festival of St. Mark, the patron saint of the once renowned, but now dishonoured, republic.

This morning we were all up betimes, and knocking at one another's doors. We determined to keep high holiday with the Venetians, and join in all the devotions, festivities, and amusements of the occasion. M—— wanted to hear the first Mass in the Basilica, and slipped out by the back way, and into our gondola, which must have been moored at the gate all night. G—— took the world more easily, for he felt convinced that the unrivalled Austrian bands he is always raving about would not begin to play in the Piazza before breakfast. For my own part, I went to St. Mark's by land, and after hearing one of many Masses, walked about enjoying the extreme beauty of the scene. There was but little stir. Half-a-dozen strangers were sauntering along, waiting, as I judged from their constant glances at the blue dial, and sun, moon and stars of the clock-tower, to see the bronze giants hammer out the hour on the bell. Some Austrian soldiers, in their blue and white uniform, varied occasionally with a green collar and stripes, and a yellow sash, walked up and down. The pigeons flew in and out of their nests among the mosaics of the façade, perched on the pinnacles, strutted into the church itself, swooped down from the Campanile in bright flocks, ready to settle at the feet of any idler who might chance to notice them. A great many people went into the church, and a great many others came out. Sundry juvenile members of the congregation appeared to cultivate a particular friendship with the marble monsters couchant before the doors, climbing up their slippery backs, clinging to their ugly heads, and stroking their massive, inoffensive paws. In no direction, however, did I see any sign of a gala day. There was no change on the Piazza from the night before, except what the glorious light had made, by bringing into stronger relief the architectural lines or curves of the buildings, and heightening the enchanting hue of every object that met the eye, from the marbles and mosaics of the Basilica to the yellow-brown, blue, or green curtains hung before the arches of the *Procurazie Vecchie*, and those of the corresponding palaces on the other side of the square. But I forget: there was one little change. From the gigantic red poles standing in front of St. Mark's, so bare on yesterday evening, now hung in heavy, listless folds the red and white standard of the Austrian empire. Seeing there was nothing particular doing at that hour, I returned to the hotel to get breakfast, and hear what the rest of our party intended to do. I could not keep quiet very long, for I greatly feared to lose what might be going on in the city. M——, being under the same apprehension, came with me. We returned to the centre of attraction by water, landed in the midst of a little fleet of gondolas, and, standing for a moment between the pillars of St. Mark and St. Theodore, on the Piazzetta, admired the sunshine playing on the light ripples of the shallow sea between the Riva and the islands of *San Giorgio* and the *Giudecca*, and settling with soft steady splendour on the columns, cupolas, arcades, and noble monuments around. High Mass had just commenced. The cere-

monial was magnificent, and there was a large congregation. The relics were exposed, and the great golden altar was uncovered. The music was very good, in Mozart's style, if not actually the great master's composition. When the crowd began to clear out, I was able to get a fair idea of the interior of this marvellous temple, now much encumbered with scaffolding, and undergoing extensive and, as far as I can judge, judicious restorations. On one side is a blaze of gold and colour, on another priceless treasures are still covered with Time's tawny veil. I noticed that the pavement has become singularly uneven in the course of ages; in some places the surface has the appearance of waves crusted over with mosaic.

Before the congregation had entirely dispersed we were out on the Piazza once more. But there was no band there, no civic show, no gathering of the people, no keeping of holiday, except in the strictly religious sense. In the Merceria the shops were closed; there was not much doing in the caf  s. We entered two or three of those establishments, and called for the delicious *graniti* for which Venice is so famous. While leisurely eating our ices and talking over our morning's experience, we observed that when any of the Austrian officers made their appearance, the other visitors moved to a distant part of the room, or left the caf   altogether, so as to leave the white uniform in complete isolation. Presently G—, who had been looking for us in every direction, came rushing in, wanting to know what we had been doing all the morning, and proposing that we should go and see half-a-dozen museums, ten or twelve churches, the cemetery, and I know not what besides, before dinner hour. Lounging in a gondola is certainly easy sailing, and no one could take a long walk in Venice, even if bent upon such exercise. So, knowing that more than a day's work cannot be crushed into the space of one afternoon, we consented to bestir ourselves, and give up, as our "courier" said, "prowling about St. Mark's all day." Not alone did we make excellent use of our time, and store our memory with pictures of undying interest and beauty, but we learnt to what an extent the German dominion is detested in the Venetian territory. The feeling is in no way disguised, and the people, from the padrone of the hotel to the custode of the museum, speak their mind in a free and open manner, very unlike the wary Italians of other States. One man asked us was it true that the Sardinians had crossed the Po, and entered Venetia below Rovigo? and spoke of the Germans in a way that might have endangered his liberty, if not his life. We observed that there could not be any foundation for such a rumour; but he insisted that the Italian troops were actually within the territory. The Austrians would give them a hot reception, we remarked; to which he replied, "that all Venetia would arise and slaughter these *Tedeschi*!"

Before the day was done, we clearly understood why St. Mark's Day is no longer the occasion of a joyous f  te in Venice, and why



the foreign ruler dares not let the sound of music be heard in the scene of her ancient splendour and the centre of her once proud dominion. We made up our mind that Austria would be well rid of this implacable province, and we could not but sympathise with a people who dwell with such fond feeling on the memory of their former independence, and manifest their irreconcilable spirit in a way so unmistakable and so dignified.

S. A.

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### PASSING EVENTS.

FEW readers will come to a monthly journal with that question which Demosthenes tells us passed from mouth to mouth in his time as in our time—"What news?" Dailies and weeklies forestal us in providing our public with the latest intelligence. "I wish—wrote to us lately one who will smile if he sees his unstudied words in print—"I wish that some one would enrol our young men in Ireland into a confraternity, one of whose rules should be to *stand*, not *sit*, while reading newspapers. It would save three-fourths of the time spent on such reading, and remind us that the purpose of a newspaper is to give us the last few scraps of news—not to teach us philosophy or theology, as illustrated by the 'dissolving views' of modern political society." There is no doubt, we may add, that the contemporary history of the world is considerably over-written. In every diary, even in the huge diary of the world's life, many days will present no items of interest to record. Hence it is that a Colonial newspaper often gives a clearer idea of passing events, from the summary of its monthly file of European journals, than the assiduous frequenter of our newsrooms derives from all his morning studies day after day. Only one other caution we shall give to the Catholic readers of our newspaper press. We shall give it first in the words of a Catholic writer, who says, with evident truth, "That the telegraph system and the newspaper correspondent system are generally worked by the enemies of the Church, and the consequence is that a great part of our news comes to us garbled; and a good deal more, which ought to be told, never reaches us at all." (This is the only excuse which can be given for the offensive phrases which one often meets in the Foreign Intelligence of newspapers written for Catholics.) The same useful caution may finally be repeated in the words of a Protestant writer, Mr. John Mitchel, who thus speaks in the *New York Citizen*:—"The main engine and instrument of all villainy now is the electric telegraph. To tell lies, and to heap lie on lie very rapidly, so as to beat and outstrip the truth altogether, and leave it panting far behind, is the chief agency of modern civilization. It is instructive to see how the enlightened spirit of the age avails itself, on every

subject, of this wonderful machinery. Especially against the Pope of Rome: for His Holiness is at this moment the most potent and formidable foe of that same spirit of the age." And then this vigorous writer goes on to show that one of the means and forces by which any dominant public sentiment, in these days, counts upon actually effecting what it desires, is to keep saying every morning, by telegram, that the thing is just on the point of being accomplished.

We had an illustration of this, and also of the old saying, *The wish is father to the thought*, in all the recent rumours about the Pope's death. He lives still, that grand old man of eighty-two full and laborious years. The thirteenth of May was the Holy Father's 82nd birthday. As it cannot be continued for Pius IX. much longer, let us join with renewed fervour in the prayer which so many priests say at the foot of the altar in Ireland and elsewhere. "Let us pray for our Holy Father the Pope." And the people answer: "May God preserve him and give him life, and deliver him not to the will of his enemies." The latest circumstances relating to the Pope, which Roman journals, dated July 19, communicate, do not come down later than the 22nd of June; but these show that His Holiness is in his usual good health. On St. Aloysius's Day, the twenty-eighth anniversary of his coronation, he addressed an inspiring discourse to a deputation of the Italian Association called *Catholic Youth*, who presented to the Holy Father 90,000 *lire*, collected in three months. On the next day His Holiness administered the sacraments of Confirmation and First Communion to the three youngest daughters of Queen Isabella II. of Spain—Donna Maria Berengaria Pia, Donna Maria Juana Pia, and Donna Maria Eulalia Pia. We give their names in full only because they recall the beloved name of Pio Nono.

Let us interpose between Italy and Germany a homely paragraph, relating to one of the many works of charity performed by the holy nuns of Ireland:—

"Returns ordered by the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. William Johnston, M. P., have been furnished, giving the number and names of all workhouses in Ireland in which nuns are employed as nurses, the number of nuns in each workhouse, with the religious orders to which they belong, and the terms of their engagement. From these returns it appears that there are in Balinasloe workhouse 2 resident nuns of the Order of Mercy, who are paid £37 per annum; Cork, 8 sisters of the same order, resident, and paid by the Union £240 a year; Galway, 3 resident nuns of the same order, paid £60 a year; Killarney, 4 resident sisters, also of the Order of Mercy, paid £50 a year; Kilmacthomas workhouse is attended by 1 resident sister, of the order of St. John of God, who is paid £46 a year, besides rations; Limerick, 8 to 10 nuns of the Order of Mercy, resident, and of whom 3 are paid £60 a year; 3 sisters of the same order are resident in Tullamore workhouse,

and receive a salary of £60; while Wexford has 2 resident nuns of the order, who are paid £52 per annum."

The policy which the Government of the new German Empire has adopted with regard to Catholicism has earned for it the reputation of a persecutor of the Church. The chiefs of the legislative and of the executive departments of the State are equally determined in their hostility to the religion which they have brought themselves to consider as an enemy. From amongst the ministers of the hated Church, those were singled out for specially harsh treatment who were regarded as the leaders of "Ultramontaniam," and the odium attached to whose name made it certain that the majority of the Protestant and infidel population would applaud the sentence of their condemnation. A law for the suppression of the "Jesuit, and the affiliated orders," was laid before the imperial Reichstag. No specific accusation was made against the doomed Society. On the strength of some vague charges of being "hostile to the Empire" and "emissaries of Rome," it was condemned. The protests of the honest friends of liberty and of the exasperated members of the Catholic body were alike disregarded. The manly eloquence of the leaders of the "Centre" was drowned amid the cries and hisses of "Radicals" and "Liberals"; their appeals to the justice and humanity of their countrymen were laughed at by the friends of "progress"; the cruel enactments were entered upon the statute-book, and enforced with indecent haste and unnecessary violence by the subordinate agents of the law.

It was left to the Federal Council (Bundesrath) to decide what orders were affiliated to the Society of Jesus. Their inquiries upon this subject have resulted in the publication of a decree ordaining the suppression, within six months, of the Lazarists, the Redemptorists, the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and the Congregation of the Sacred Heart. The Council proposes to decide upon the affiliation of the other orders as soon as this decree shall have been executed. Of course there is nothing to prevent its declaring the German episcopate affiliated to the Jesuits, or to hinder its attaching the same character to the "Centrumsfraction" in the Parliament, and condemning both to exile and imprisonment in virtue of the comprehensive law against the Society of Jesus.

But it would appear that the German Government prefers to accomplish the destruction of the Catholic episcopate and priesthood by milder, but not less effectual means, than banishing and imprisoning. Its protection is far more to be dreaded than its hatred, and this it has determined to force upon the Church within its dominions. The lawgivers of Germany regarded it as a grievance that "the State had no control over the education of the clergy," and that "it had no share in the appointment to ecclesiastical offices." They considered that this state of things rendered "the interference of the Legislature indispensable" (Haus der Abgeordneten, II. Legislatur-periode, III. Session No. 95), and they resolved to apply an efficacious remedy. On the 11th, 12th, 13th,

and 14th of May, the royal signature was appended to four laws, which, as the discourse from the throne at the closing of the Prussian Landtag assures us, "fix, in a more precise and more solid manner than has hitherto been done, the relations of the State to the great Christian communities."

The first law, which regards the education and appointment of the clergy, exacts as a qualification for any ecclesiastical office whatever, that the candidate be a German, that he give satisfactory proof of his scientific education, and that his appointment be not annulled by the Civil Government. The educational standard fixed by the law requires that the aspirant to an ecclesiastical office shall have completed the course of studies prescribed in the gymnasia, and shall have studied theology for three years at one of the State universities. During this latter period the candidate for the priesthood is not allowed to live in an ecclesiastical seminary.

The law furthermore ordains that the Bishops shall obtain the consent of the President of the province, before making any appointment in their dioceses. This consent the President is authorized to withhold, if he has reason to think that the priest to be appointed is likely to oppose the decrees of the civil authorities. If a Bishop does not fill up the vacant parishes in his diocese before the expiration of one year, he is liable to a fine of 1000 thalers, which fine may be repeated until he shall have conformed to the ordinances of the Government. The object of this atrocious statute is but too obvious. The first part ensures the systematic corruption of the aspirants to the priesthood, by forcing them to study in the universities of the State, and, at the same time, removing them from the care of their ecclesiastical superiors; the second is framed to overcome the obstinacy of the Bishop who may refuse to accept from the Government the priests which it has thus trained.

The second law of the new code regards ecclesiastical discipline. It provides for the establishment of a Court which is to decide all questions relating to the external discipline of the Churches. To this Court a priest who has been censured by his Bishop can appeal; and in certain cases the President of the province can himself proceed against the Bishop on behalf of a priest who refuses to do so on his own account. The provincial Presidents are furthermore empowered to enforce the sentences of this Court, by subjecting the Bishop who refuses to obey to a fine of 1000 thalers to be repeated until the contumacious prelate shall have entirely submitted.

The third law fixes the limits of the disciplinary authority of the Church. No punishment can be inflicted for political acts authorized by the laws of the country. The defamatory publication of ecclesiastical penalties is forbidden; they must be communicated only to the religious communities concerned. The text of this statute is so intricate and obscure that any coercive measure adopted by the Church authorities is almost certain to constitute an offence.

against it, and to render them subject to a fine of from 200 to 300 thalers, or to imprisonment for one or two years.

The fourth law regulates the formalities to be observed on quitting the Church. On the details of this law it is unnecessary to dwell. It is easy to understand that any one who desires to be a Catholic no longer can gratify the wish by an overt act, of less significance than the declaration of his intention to a civil magistrate. It would be superfluous to point out that these laws deprive the Church of all liberty, that the enforcing of them would soon be fatal to the existence of religion in Prussia, and that the Bishops of the kingdom did but their duty when they declared to the ministry that they could not co-operate in the execution of them.

The spirit of these tyrannical laws, and the resistance to the civil authority which the attempted execution will probably evoke, justify the closing words of the speech in which Herr von Malinckrodt entered his bold protest against these cruel statutes:—

“For us there is this alternative, either every dogmatical utterance of the Church is true, or the whole Church is a lie. [True! True! from the Centre.] And to-day we find ourselves in presence of another alternative like to this one. We may formulise it, in this way:—Either the Church has to-day her independent rights, and the State is not omnipotent; or the State was omnipotent 1800 years ago, and Christ founded the Church unrighteously [signs of dissent]—and the martyrs were not saints, but criminals. [True! True! from the Centre.—A voice from the Left: Nonsense!] Such, gentlemen, is the alternative. The believing world is not in doubt as to the answer. About the boundaries of the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdictions we may dispute, but the principle that the State is not master of the Church in ecclesiastical matters—this is as firmly established as Christianity itself. [True! True! from the Centre.]”

“We know it well, dark days are before us. It may happen that our episcopal sees shall be widowed. It may be that many a community shall seek in vain for a pastor. But, gentlemen, the die is cast. We may not, in opposition to our conscience and our conviction, deny what we must hold most sacred. Our reckoning is, that the Lord of all is upon our side, and that help is closest at hand when the danger is most imminent. [Enthusiastic cheers from the Centre—Hisses from the Left—The bell of the President rings for order.]”

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE scant space which remains to us will only permit a very scant and inadequate account of some books, of which our notices have been held over from last month, and cannot be further

<sup>1</sup> We translate from the official Parliamentary Report of the Landtag. 37th Session, May 9, 1873.

deferred. For instance, our next paragraph would be quite obsolete later on.

I. *Practical Counsels to Children on Confession and Holy Communion. From the French of Monsignor de Ségur.*<sup>1</sup>—This is still the bright, holy season of First Communions. Children, therefore, and those who have the care of children, will thank us for telling them about two little books which may be had almost more cheaply when taken together, binding and gilding and pictures and all, than when asked for separately. The author is well known for his immense variety of pious *opuscules*, and for his zealous labours amongst the young men and children of Paris. These two little works are some of the fruits of his experience in this interesting Apostolate. The first of them is recommended in a short preface by the Archbishop of Westminster; and the other by a few touching paternal words addressed “to the children of the Diocese of Ferns,” in which the Most Rev. Dr. Furlong says to his “dear little children:”—“You know how, when here on earth, Jesus would have the little children come to him, and how he embraced them, and, laying His hands on them, He blessed them. Dear children, your Jesus, unseen in the Blessed Eucharist, loves each one of *you* as tenderly now, and He would have *you* to come frequently to Him in this Sacrament of His love, that He may embrace you, and bestow His choicest blessings on you. A joy and happiness beyond expression it is to our Blessed Lord, when the little ones who are so dear to Him approach the Holy Communion, and how does His tender heart expand into overflowing love and affection for them, and what precious gifts of His grace does he bestow on them!” Instead of any extracts from the body of this little book, let us slip into this corner the simple, genuine, practical letter sent by a mother to her boys on the eve of their First Communion. “My darling children, you are going to receive your God on Friday morning. I hope you will prepare well for such a grand day, as it will be the happiest, and, I trust, the holiest day in your lives. Take my advice, and don’t be thinking of anything on that morning but the honour that your God confers on you by coming into your heart. Remember to pray for all of us, and don’t forget the *dead*. Pray for yourselves that God may grant you whatever is necessary for your soul’s salvation. Everything is in that. All will end: the salvation of our souls is what will stand to us at the other side of the grave. I hope we shall all be together in happiness. I would like to be present at your First Communion: but blessed be the holy will of God. I know you will be very good, not looking about you on any account; but show that you feel the great compliment God pays you in giving you Himself.” This good mother evidently knows the hearts of Irish First Communion children, her own especially, as well as even Monsignor de Ségur with all his apostolic experience.

<sup>1</sup> Dublin: Elwood and Son, 9, Capel-street, 1872.

II. *Devotion to the Sacred Heart.* By Robert J. Carbery, Priest of *Society of Jesus*.—Father Carbery's compact little volume forms a very convenient handbook, in which the solid doctrine of the subject is treated with great brevity and simplicity, but, at the same time, accurately and attractively, bringing the historical portion, of course, down to Passion Sunday, 1873. We know of no one work in English in which these subjects are treated so well, or, indeed, treated at all, except as introductory to long courses of devotions and meditations. It might be well to bring out the next edition of this little book very cheaply, for distribution amongst our people; and a few good prayers might be appended, amongst them the Bishop of Ossory's Dedicatory Prayer, which will be found at the end of the second article of our opening Number.

III. *The Consoling Thoughts of St. Francis de Sales.* Gathered from his writings and arranged in order by the Rev. Père Huguet. Translated from the Seventh French Edition.—It was a happy inspiration of Père Huguet, well known in France as the author of many works of piety, to form a collection of the "Consoling Thoughts of Saint Francis de Sales." In setting about his delightful task, he certainly suffered from no dearth of materials, but rather from what his own graceful language calls *embarras de richesses*. Every one knows the exquisite freshness and charm of the very style of the Bishop of Geneva, and how true in this case Buffon's dictum, *le style c'est l'homme*. The sweetness and attractiveness of the Saint's ascetic writings are proverbial. Everywhere they breathe consolation. But Father Huguet does not take his "Consoling Thoughts" at random. A single page is sometimes woven together ingeniously out of a dozen pages in different works of the Saint. The collection, as given here, is divided into four parts, grouping together consoling thoughts—1st, on God, His Providence, His Saints, &c.; 2nd, on the Trials of an Interior Life, and on Infirmities of Soul and Body; 3rd, on Sickness and Death; and 4th, on Eternity. A glance at the table of contents will be sure to tempt us to turn back to many a page, to hear what consolation our amiable Saint has to offer us in certain cases which seem to be our own. It is a pity, by the way, that what is here called an index is a mere table of contents. There ought to be an Act of Parliament rendering compulsory the appending of an index to every book that is worth reading a second time. Hitherto we have spoken chiefly of the way in which the original compiler has discharged his duty. The Dublin edition is handsomely brought out. The translation has been done with care and tact. To add that in reading this version we are haunted by the consciousness of a charm that is absent and a spell that is broken, is but to confess that the translator has not achieved what would have been a consummate, and, perhaps, impossible work of art.

<sup>1</sup> Dublin: Elwood, Capel-street.

<sup>2</sup> McGlashan & Gill, 50, Upper Sackville-street, Dublin.

## NOTES TAKEN IN THE BIG HOUSE.

THOSE who were kindly interested in reading "Our Tiny Bulletin,"<sup>1</sup> will be glad to learn from this page every month some little tidings of the progress of the patients in our cribs. We are rejoiced to be able to say that little Willie, our first inmate, who has been several times at the point of death, has rallied wonderfully, and is now able to sit up for some hours every day. He lies in a long arm-chair, propped up with pillows, and is placed at a sunny window by the bedside of his dear friend Thomas, another little boy with a spinal disease. These two amuse each other, chatting and reading together; and indeed they make a picture worth looking at. Michael Wrinkle, the little boy whose leg had been paralysed for four years, is now able to walk without his stick. The limb is weak still, but is rapidly gaining strength. Michael Rice, the child with the club-foot, has had a successful operation performed, and the foot has come straight. He will soon be allowed to put it to the ground. A boy thought to be incurably ill from water on the brain has made a complete recovery. One very beautiful, delicate little creature, of four years old, has been laid in one of our beds, with both legs so terribly malformed and wasted, that it seems almost hopeless to think of ever setting them right. His doctor is, however, bent on making an effort for this most interesting and most helpless little atom of humanity. If anything at all can be done for him, we shall let our friends know of it in our next report.

We have not space this month to mention more cases than these, and shall now refer the reader to the advertisement sheet, which records some of the presents to St. Joseph's Hospital since May Day. The last item in the catalogue is specially noteworthy, "two old ball-dresses to be cut up for dolls' clothes." This welcome-present caused the greatest amusement in the wards. The dresses, a pink and a white, were sent upstairs to have the ribbons picked off by the nimble fingers of the little girls who are able to get up and play about some hours in the day. It was thought the pretty ribbons might do for keeping back the hairs of little heads upon the pillows, or tying the caps of those who have to wear them. The old ball-dresses were, however, turned to still better account than all this, for two of the girls put them on, to the great astonishment and amusement of the rest. Playing at ladies was quite a new game, and shrieks of laughter rang through the place as the two little convalescents rushed about in their pink and white flounces. People little guess how small a thing will give pleasure within the walls of Our Big House in Buckingham-street.

<sup>1</sup> See "CATHOLIC IRELAND," No. I., page 15.



# CATHOLIC IRELAND.

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SEPTEMBER, 1873.

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## SOME RESULTS OF THE IRISH EXODUS.

**F**EW topics of the kind are more interesting or more important than the moral and religious consequences, to those who go forth and to those who remain behind, of that dispersion of the Irish race which is so often spoken of as the Exodus. The writer of the following paper regards the question from the standpoint of statistics and political economy, leaving to other contributors to these pages to study it under its more spiritual aspects.

\* \* \*

I drove lately through a portion of Meath, in the company of one well acquainted with Ireland in general, and particularly with the neighbourhood of our excursion. My friend was a magistrate, a chairman of a poor law union board, and a large landholder besides.

"Meath," said he, "is one of the most melancholy counties I know. This grass-grown road, over which seemingly little, if any, traffic passes, is a type of the solitude everywhere found. Tillage there is none; but in its stead one vast expanse of pasture land extends. Human habitations are rarer than the bare walls of roofless cottages, where once a population dwelt, and, as a consequence, see how lonely and untrodden are these roads."

"Well," I replied, "some people keep dinning in our ears that Ireland is over-peopled, and they rejoice at the thinning out of population which produces the effects you deplore. In 1841, the population of this county and Westmeath was 325,000, whereas in 1871 the numbers had sunk to 172,000, showing that in thirty years nearly one out of every two dwellers on the soil had been driven off the land. Ireland thus seems fast coming to that plight which Lord Carlisle prophesied was in store for it when he said 'its destiny was to become the fruitful mother of flocks and herds.' It seems to me amazing that even after the population has lost three millions (three-eighths of its numbers) in 1841, emigration should still go on, and at a percentage in population quite as high as it was in the earlier stages of the exodus."

"But," said my friend, "as I have often heard grave bishops say, the worst feature of the matter is that the men we are losing come from the very best class, the farming class, of our people. I don't here speak of men cultivating from two to three acres of land, but to the holders of from twenty acres upwards. Another feature, too, in this transition from agriculture to pasturage, one which I don't think we quite realize as yet, is that the latter pursuit encourages idleness and drinking. Those whose land is all under grass have scarce any employment for their time but hunting and attending fairs. Now any one who knows the country will tell you, that this constant attendance at fairs is about as straight a road to habits of intemperance as a man could take."

"There was once," I replied, "a time, some centuries since, when grazing, if not the sole, was almost the sole occupation of the Irish. At that period, those who busied themselves with schemes for bettering the condition of Ireland counselled a plan of fostering agriculture and discountenancing pastoral pursuits. It seems strange that now, when we have got agriculture established, the theorists of the day should tell us we are all astray, and must go back to the state from which we have in the lapse of time emerged. Edmund Spenser, in his *View of the State of Ireland*, written during Queen Elizabeth's reign, treating on this subject, earnestly recommended that the people be compelled to cultivate the land. He, too, recognised the tendency of grazing pursuits to beget idle habits, and with them all the other evils coming in their train. 'Cattle-keeping is a fit nursery for a thief' are the words he uses."

"Viewing the matter in another light," said my companion, "shrewd landlords begin now to see that, as a money speculation, pastoral pursuits are not quite the success expected. Take the case of a tenant who rents, say five hundred acres of land, and runs all this with cattle. So long as this man prospers, he probably pays his rent regularly; but should mischance, disease in his stock, &c., befall him, the landlord may lose heavily, and has, besides, to deal with a man of a class not so easy to be got rid of as one of humbler social standing. Suppose these five hundred acres let to twenty tenants instead of to one, the case would indeed be rare in which all of these would become defaulters. Letting in large areas for grazing seems thus to have in it much of the peril attendant on the case of a merchant who in some commercial venture would peril all, or nearly all his fortune, in the hope of a larger or a more easily acquired gain. Again, too, in a comparison of profits between the two systems, agriculture and grazing, it seems quite questionable if in Ireland the advantage really lie with the latter. *The Irish Farmers' Gazette*, using facts drawn from the Registrar-General's Report (for 1868, I think), made the contrast of relative profits of the two systems. The counties of Meath, Limerick, Clare, Fermanagh, and Tipperary, the leading pastoral counties of Ireland,

were compared with Armagh, Donegal, Down, Louth and Tyrone, the chief agricultural counties. These ten counties embrace one-third of the whole area of Ireland. Now it appeared that the produce of the five first-named, or pastoral counties, could be averaged at the rate of £4 the acre, whereas that of the last-named mounted as high as £6 10s. But more surprising still, the evidence went to show that the value of the stock raised on the agricultural area was actually ten per cent greater than that which the pastoral counties could show. From the same Report of the Registrar-General it appeared that one-half of the whole surface of Ireland was under grass. It seems, then, that in returning to pastoral pursuits, Ireland sustains a very heavy loss indeed. The population which has been driven off the land and compelled to seek for homes in America, Australia, England, and Scotland, have their various wants supplied by the local trader in those countries. Thus, while the Irish country tradesman is impoverished, those of the countries just named reap the harvest that should properly belong to the land from which the emigrant has been forced to fly. I have often heard the shopkeeper of the county towns lament over departed trade, and say, 'how could it be otherwise when the people were not in the country to make a trade?' "

We came at length to some miserable cabins. "I think," said my friend, "the houses which do exist are, as a rule, not improved since their number has been lessened. Look at those hovels! Who could imagine human beings dwelt in such places? There is a man who has had to take to furze for roofing: they have not now the straw for thatch, slates are too dear, and so we find this substitute. We in Ireland are so accustomed to these hideous dens, that we have, I think, grown callous to the disgrace of living in such places. Foreigners, however, who have not been brought up amid

<sup>1</sup> Since writing the above I have seen in the columns of a leading daily Dublin journal some figures, showing the decrease of produce in Ireland in 1872, when compared with what it was in 1871. I add these figures, premising that it seems to me that the item of loss by departure of emigrants may be by some considered as overstated. It occurs to me that £10 per head would be nearer to the probable loss than £20. This is tantamount to saying that each individual of the class out of which our emigrants come would, if he remained in the country, add to the nation's wealth a clear gain of £10 each year. Here are the figures:—

Wheat, &c.,	34,000 acres in 1872 less than in 1871,	at £ 8	. . .	£ 272,000
Flax, . .	34,000 do.	do. at 15	. . .	510,000
Potatoes, .	66,000 do.	do. at 25	. . .	1,650,000
Emigrants,	80,000 souls	do. at 20	. . .	1,600,000
Total decrease,				£4,032,000
The return for Live Stock shows a gross value in 1872 of				£37,117,517

Which is in excess of 1871 by only £282,781. This, deducted from the figures just given, leaves for 1872 less produce than 1871 by £3,749,219—a result not very reassuring.

such associations feel, and no wonder, unbounded amazement that in these days of advanced civilization human beings can be found dwelling in such holes.<sup>1</sup> And yet the case is hard to deal with."

"I thought," answered I, "Government had some measure in contemplation by which the peasantry should be provided with better housing."

"I don't know," said my friend, "what can be expected from that quarter. The case is difficult to grapple with. To be sure, a liberal man—and he need be liberal indeed—may be willing to spend his money in building improved dwellings for his tenantry, and, in doing so, not look for reimbursement. But how can you fairly expect landlords to do that kind of thing? If I expend £1000 in buildings, naturally enough I think I ought to have at least a fair interest on my outlay. Where am I to get it? The tenant, accustomed so long to his hovel, hardly feels the shame or inconvenience of occupying such a sty: he is therefore unwilling to have a better if that imply an increase of £3 or £5 on his rent; and if reimbursement come not from him who receives the advantage, from whom, pray, is it to be had? I suppose the firmness of the landlord is the only remedy available; but he must make up his mind to be thought for the time a harsh man by those he would benefit, and be content to look to a future for a right appreciation of his act. The feeling, however, on the part of the landlord towards his tenantry is not commonly in Ireland of a kind to warrant the hope of disinterestedness of this nature. Unfortunately it is too often the case that the landlord's anxiety is confined to two things—the punctual recovery of his rent and the readiest means of increasing it whenever that is at all possible."

Q.

<sup>1</sup> This passage was in type when Mr. Isaac Butt, M. P., spoke at Kanturk as follows:—"No, nothing can degrade the man in whose heart beats love of country, and in whose soul lies respect for his religion. Aye, and if the Irish labourer dwells in the meanest hovel that shelters a Christian man, yet round the walls of that hovel flash lights and glories which many a proud aristocrat knows nothing of. In the love of the father and the child, where each starves himself that he may give the other a share of the scanty meal, there is a blessing and a joy that belongs not to the luxurious tables of the rich. No, the Irish labourer is not degraded, and when the mother kneels down at night and makes the children lisp their simple prayers to God, and the father reverently uncovers his head, the blessing of God showers down upon them; there is an elevation and a glory around that hovel that often does not belong to the halls of haughty nobles."

## THE TWO MULETEERS OF MOLLARES:

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY, M. R. I. A.

## CHAPTER III.

BEFORE the door of the kitchen which looked out on the court-yard above described, Cipriana, the wife of the caretaker, was one morning sitting in the sun. She had placed upon her head, in order to protect it from the direct power of the rays, a handkerchief folded in four double squares, so that one of the corners fell over the forehead like a vizor. She was occupied in mending a dress which she had washed, and which was a combination of patches of white stuffs of various sizes and kinds.

From the mulberry-tree to one of the iron grates of the window was extended a line from which swung swaddling-clothes, stockings, and chemisettes, to all of which the sun imparted a dazzling whiteness. One hen cackled aloud, giving the interesting information that she had safely brought forth a healthy egg, whilst her companions enjoyed themselves in the sun. The bees and their caricature, the wasps, hummed through the air like diminutive drums. A gentle west-wind put life into that tranquil nature, now quietly moving to and fro the dresses and clothes upon the line, just as the mother rocked in his cradle the little owner of those treasures; now penetrating the thick boughs of the mulberry-tree, and awakening the sleeping leaves which murmured among themselves at the liberty it had taken; now entering and sighing along some passages of the house, to the momentary terror of the children; now compelling the proud oleanders to bow their beautiful heads, in a courteous salutation; now rising softly to the turret over the wine-press, and striving to come unawares and from behind upon the weather-cock, in which it never succeeded; and then through fickleness wishing to depart, came to imprint a farewell kiss upon the foreheads of the children, to steal its fragrance from a tuft of mignonette born in a cleft of the old and well-built wall, like a smile on the face of an austere anchorite, wafting its refreshing odour to Cipriana, and murmuring sweetly and consolingly in the ear of a poor old woman who was then entering, *Life and its sorrows are but a breath, as I*, and finished by rising to the higher regions of the air, there to seek the diaphanous cloudlet and the transparent cirrus, in order to transform them into some other shapes according to the caprices of its fantasy.

A group of children had taken up their position beneath the spreading mulberry, and one of them, who was about three years of age, was lying at full length, with his head resting by way of pillow on a dog, which like himself was outstretched upon the ground.

"Juaniquillo," said his sister to him, who was about five years old, "do not lie upon Cubilon, he will give you fleas."

"Why should he give them to him?" argued a little fellow of seven. "Cubilon will rather take away those that he has, for fleas get on very well with dogs who don't meddle with them, but not so with the people who catch them and kill them. Do you know, Purita, that the grub and the flea once wished to be married?"

"Who told you so?"

"Oh! every one knows it; but I'll tell you the story."

Miss Flea and Mr. Grub were wishing to be wed,  
But alas! they could not marry, because they had no bread.

Then a little ant ran out from his ant-hill, who thus said,  
"My friends, you may get married, and I will give you bread."

"Thanks, thanks, good little ant, your bread is nice and sweet,  
But now we want some mutton, and where shall we get meat?"

A wolf was prowling through that land so wild and steep:  
"My little friends get married, and trust to me for sheep."

"Thanks, thanks to you, Sir Wolf, we've meat both lean and fat,  
But now we want some cabbage; pray, how shall we get that?"

A cricket then leaped out from gardens that were nigh,  
"My little friends, get married, the cabbage I'll supply."

"Thanks, cricket, many thanks, your cabbage is not bad;  
But now the wine is wanting, and where can that be had?"

A gnat from out a gourd flew by and made a sign—  
"My worthy friends, get married, and I'll supply the wine."

"Thanks, thanks, good little gnat, your wine is good and sound;  
But now a bed to sleep on, say where can it be found?"

A hedge-hog, with the points of his prickles all outspread,  
Replied—"My friends get married, and I'll supply the bed."

\* A pleasantry on the marriage state, well known in the south of Spain.  
An old popular French song has the same idea.

"De la laine d'un herisson  
Ma Mere possède un matelas,  
Et elle le garde avec grand soin  
Pour quand je me marierai."

Which we may translate thus:—

"A mattress made of hedge-hog's hair  
My mother doth possess, they say,  
And she preserves it with great care,  
To give me on my wedding day."

*Note by the Translator.*

"Thanks, hedge-hog, for the gift, the last though not the least ;  
But still we can't get married, because we lack the priest."

A lizard gliding in, said, "Wed then on the spot,  
For I will be the *cura*, and tie the nuptial knot."

"Thanks, thanks, a thousand thanks, the lizard priest will be ;  
But now we want the bride's-man, I wonder who'll be he."

Then forth a little mouse from out a wheat-stack ran—  
"O bridegroom ! you may marry, and I will be your man."

"Good mouse, a thousand thanks, the bride's-man thou wilt be ;  
But now we want the bride's-maid, I wonder who is she."

Then forth a little cat from out the kitchen flew—  
"Oh ! I will be the bride's-maid, so wed, ye happy two !"

The wedding then went on, but ere 'twas o'er, my friends,  
The bride's-maid eat the bride's-man ! and so my story ends.

Whilst Purita listened, with open mouth, to this story of the marriage of the flea and the grub, there had entered into the court-yard an old woman, whose poor appearance and humble aspect did not require the aid of words to plead eloquently in her favour.

"Ah !" said Pura, "here is good old Ana Panduro" (*la tia*).<sup>1</sup>  
"Joselillo, you ought to give her the penny your grandmother gave you."

"What ! when I determined on yesterday to save up and buy a top, and as yet I have nothing to add, and so I am to give my penny ! Very good of you indeed to be so generous with what don't belong to you."

"And with what does belong to me, and that you may know it, master stingy, I am going to give her the egg my hen has just laid."

And so saying, the little girl went over to the poor old woman, bearing the egg in her hand, as radiant and as proud as if she was presenting to the queen a standard won in Tetuan.

Meanwhile, Cipriana said to the new arrival, "Sit down, good tia Ana, I am just finishing the mending of this dress, which I have washed, and when it is done I will give you some bits from our dinner, which I have just put on the fire."

"God will reward you," said the mendicant. "Ah ! my daughter, if it were not for charitable souls, what would become of so many poor people who like myself have nothing and can earn nothing ?"

<sup>1</sup> *Tia* or *Tio* (uncle or aunt) is a term of respect addressed to old people of the humbler classes in Spain. *Tia* is something equivalent to *mother* or *goody*, as used in England. This characteristic epithet we have uniformly adopted.

"It was for this that God commanded us to help one another, and to look upon each other as brothers."

"The cross I bear, Cipriana, is very painful, my sorrows torture me without killing me. I find no rest by day or night, for the agony of my mind is equal to that of my body."

"You know, señora," replied Cipriana, "that the way to heaven is steep, difficult, and wearisome, and that to hell, a gentle incline, that is easy and pleasant to travel. Let us then courageously walk in the ascending path, which, though it be more thorny and painful, will lead us more quickly and safely to our journey's end."

At this moment, as the doors lay opposite to each other, and were wide open, they saw a carriage stop before the porch, from which two gentlemen descended. At the same time a man who accompanied them alighted from his horse, and called on Joselillo to lead him to the stable.

"Who is this?" said the old woman.

"'Tis Pascual, who went to-day to Seville," answered Cipriana, "because the agents of the heirs of the deceased marquis wished him to accompany this gentleman, and to show him the property, which it seems he has some intention of buying."

"It would give me great pleasure to hear that he did so," replied the old woman; "for he would make Pascual the steward, as he is familiar with the place and would be a great acquisition to the purchaser."

Of the two persons who had alighted from the carriage, one was a broker, and the other a man neither tall nor short, nor stout nor lean, nor old nor young, and who was dressed from head to foot in a sort of grey stuff, the quality and cut of which indicated that convenience more than fashion had been studied by the wearer.

This man, whose appearance and manners were neither attractive nor repelling, neither lively nor languid, commenced forthwith to examine everything, which he did with uninterrupted attention. Neither his face nor his words gave the slightest intimation as to the effect which this investigation produced upon him. The extent and solidity of the building extorted as little from him in the way of praise, as its state of neglect and deterioration did of censure or depreciation.

Towards evening, after they had gone to inspect the vineyard and the lands belonging to the estate, and when the horse of the chaise had sufficiently rested, the two travellers took their departure, without making any salutation to the caretaker and his family, except a slight and silent inclination of the head.

"Tell me, Pascual," said Cipriana to her husband, when the chaise had driven off, "who is this *caballero*?"

"He is not a *caballero*," replied her husband; "he is only a rich man."



"Well, I thought as much myself," said the wife; "for he does not appear to have a mite of good manners. He neither said, God save you! when he came in, nor God be with you! when he went away. Is he of Seville?"

"No; he has spent most of his life in the Indies of America; and they say he has more ounces of gold than there are sands in the sea."

"It seems to me, Pascual, that if this man spent his life among the Indians, it must have been with the wild ones that he lived. I would bet a *peseta* to two *cuartos*, that this gentleman, with a face as inexpressible as that of Juanillo the fool, who saw poor tía Ana here, with the stamp of misery so impressed upon her, that she looks as if she was walking on her own feet to the cemetery, and who, in spite of all his money, did not give her the slightest alms, has a heart of flint. God grant that he may not purchase the property!"

"Hold your tongue, Cipriana; for you women in forming your opinions go off quicker than a gun, and you seem, besides, to have got a nest of wasps in your mouth: you should always remember, woman, before you take out your scissors, that . . . it is well to honour the good."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

THOUGH wishing to commence the not very interesting biography of the individual who came in the carriage (and whose name was Don Anacleto Ripio) with a reference to the exact place of his birth, we must confess that we have not been able to discover where it was. It is enough to know that he was born in one of the provinces of the north of Spain, and that a schoolmaster, who was his maternal uncle, at the cost of much time and labour, had succeeded in making him a bad writer, a worse reader, but an excellent accountant, for which last vocation he had a natural talent. While still young, his father shipped him to South America, where he was placed by a fellow-countryman, to whom he had been recommended, behind a counter, in which position he remained

‘A portion probably of the proverb :—

“Honra al bueno, porque te honre,  
Y al malo, porque no te deshonre.”

“Honour the man that's good, that he may honour thee,  
Honour the man that's bad, lest he dishonour thee.”

*Note by the Translator.*

more than twenty years selling marine effects, smeared with tar, and totting up accounts. At the end of this period, having obtained a high character for industry and honesty, he retired from the house with a small capital, in order to speculate on his own account. This he did (though never running much risk) with wonderful success, replying to those who accused him of a certain timidity in his way of doing business, that the most important thing with the swimmer was to see that he had left his clothes on the bank in security.

As a consequence of his assiduous labour and the prudent and cautious character of his speculations, he had placed himself in the honourable category of independent men, that is to say, independent, not in the sphere of ideas, but of reality, of men who receive no salary from the government—a class that esteems so highly and desires so strongly, the—in this case—well-founded pride and love of independence of the English, to which the prosperity, riches, and order, that are enjoyed in their country may partly be attributed.

At this period, Don Anacleto made, in the way of his business, a voyage to North America, where his transactions lay altogether with people of his own category, and where his *positive* ideas acquired ten times greater weight, and his calculations and experiences extended from the circumference of a real to that of a hard dollar.

From what has been said, it may be inferred that Don Anacleto, who, though single, could count somewhat over thirty years, possessed all the prudence, the coolness, the solidity, and the position of an older man, like a fruit that grows mellow without becoming ripe.

As before the constitution of Oceanica, when a fifth division was made of the globe, the world had been reduced to four parts by the geographers, so with Don Anacleto, this world (and perhaps the next) appeared to be reduced to the four rules of arithmetic. Don Anacleto, however, was not a miser, for avarice is a passion; and this good man (since he enjoyed the reputation of being one, and indeed deserved the character, if the absence of what is bad is sufficient to make a man good), because this good man, we repeat, was incapable of feeling any passion. It was on this account that he was exempted from the seven deadly sins, being one of that class of good people whose virtue consists in negative qualities, and who in not doing evil have the same merit as those who fast, not from the spirit of the Gospel, not with the intention of doing penance, nor in obedience to precept, but from a natural want of appetite.

Señor Ripio was so perfect a type of insensibility, that it was impossible to discover whether he had a good or a bad heart, since he never engaged in transactions with which that organ had anything to do. One might fancy that by a freak of nature he had

been born without one: but be that as it may, we can safely assert that if he possessed a heart, he kept it under the influence of a sort of moral chloroform all his life.

Don Anacleto, who derived his sole enjoyment from arithmetical figures, as Rossini from the notes of music, and Murillo from the colours of his palette, was absolutely incapable of understanding any other pleasure than what arose from the realization of his calculations, enjoying more the success of his operations than the profit which he derived from them.

With Don Anacleto, money in itself and for itself was the beginning and end, the parent and child of his industry. He knew nothing of the pleasures it can purchase, or the benefits it can bestow. He had no superfluous tastes to gratify. He never felt the satisfaction of assisting a friend, or the still sweeter enjoyment of succouring the distressed. The rule of subtraction he understood very well, at least according to his own definition: *he who owes ought, accounts should square*—he never was able to replace by the other proverb: *he who has much, a part should spare*.

Don Anacleto, whom nature had endowed with a capacity so limited and a blood so dull, having been trained exclusively in the monotonous round of business, went through the routine of the day with the regularity of a clock, wound up as it were to discharge his various functions at the prescribed moment. If he had been bred a soldier, he would have learned to march at the sound of the drum, and he would have gone on marching, even without hearing it.

Don Anacleto never laughed, not because he was abstracted from the things of earth that generally provoke laughter, or that he was hypochondriacal, morose, or even melancholy, but through an absolute want of inclination for that joyous outburst of hilarity, just as in grief he never indulged in the sad luxury of tears. As in a photographic portrait, you might search in vain his whole moral physiognomy for any colour, since it only presented neutral tints and shadows. To nothing could we compare this variety of the human species, but to a dull and cloudy day which is destitute of sunshine, brilliancy and heat, wanting alike the rosy gladness of its rising, and the purple majesty of its decline.

In a word, from the want of elevation and the completely matter-of-fact character of his aspirations, from the narrow and positive limits of his ideas, and from the petty and personal sphere of his actions, from his absolute incapacity to understand and appreciate the beautiful, either in the moral world or the physical, Don Anacleto might be taken as a perfect type of the anti-ideal.

No one expected that our hero would have ever married, and he probably would not have done so if a friend of his, a factor, had not introduced the matter to him under the interesting aspect of a matter of business. "For these and many other reasons," said this factotum of Don Anacleto, "the daughter of Don Fulano would

suit you admirably. Marry her, sir." "Well, I do not see any objection," replied the other, who at that time had never beheld his proposed bride.

The latter, who, was one of the most impassible American women of the lower class, and who knew just as little about the bridegroom that was proposed to her, replied pretty much in the same terms, and in a month these two dry and insipid half oranges were united. After three days they agreed in perfect peace and harmony to occupy separate apartments, because Don Anacleto, who did not know what laziness was, always rose very early, which incommoded his wife, and the lady, who was slow in everything, even in going to bed, incommoded her husband. We suspect that our readers cannot fail to have met with persons somewhat resembling the type that we have described, although perhaps they received a better education, and had acquired, from their more frequent intercourse with society, the varnish that concealed the thickness of the bark and the superficial manners that overlay their frightful vulgarity.

The antithesis of vulgarity is nobleness; of which a French writer says, that next to holiness it is the most beautiful flower of the soul. But alas! how rapidly it is disappearing! Let us go seek it; can we find it? One thing is certain, that we shall not meet with it as easily as we have met vulgarity.

[*To be continued.*]



LINES.

SINCE last with thee, my guide unseen,  
I loved, where thou hadst loved, to stray,  
Eight years have passed ; and, still heart-green,  
They tell me that my head is grey.

Again I mark yon nectared plain :  
Again I pace the rhythmic shore :  
But o'er my gladness triumphs pain :  
I muse on things that are no more.

With thee how fares it ? Endless youth  
Is thine in regions still and pure :  
In climes of Beauty and of Truth  
Some place is thine, serene, secure.

From thee th' obscuring mist at last  
Is lifted ; loosed the earthly bond :  
The gloomy gates of death are passed,  
And thine th' eternal peace beyond.

Not lonely peace ! Thine earlier lost  
And latest, by thy side or knee,  
With thee from that celestial coast  
Look down as when they waited thee,

Singing those hymns that, earthward borne,  
To these dull ears at last make way  
From realms where life is always morn,  
And lands where Godhead is the day.

AUBREY DE VERE.

*Spezzia*, 1866.

## MAIDENS OF MARY.

## A POLISH SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," "IRISH HEARTS AND IRISH HOMES," &c.

## PART II.

WHEN M. Bojanowski had established his congregation, several of the Catholic landowners welcomed it gladly, and built Convents in the villages on their estate.

That which we now entered was of one story only; it contained a ward for sick men, another for women, a schoolroom, and the dwelling-rooms of the Sisters.

The community is four in number; the chapel of the castle, a few yards only from their door, serves as theirs also.

They have a large garden, and their food is sent to them, ready cooked, from the Castle. The housekeeper told us the expense of this Convent was most trifling, as the Sisters cultivate their own garden. She named the sum it cost the General in thalers; if we were to translate it into pounds it would seem incredible.

It may appear to many too difficult a position for religious, but it must be remembered that the Sisters are trained for two years in the Noviciate house before being sent to the villages; that they return there to make their annual retreat; that their government being a generalate, they can be recalled or changed from house to house, should it be found requisite to do so; and lastly, M. Bojanowski might quote the words of one of the greatest saints of the Church in support of his undertaking.

"The streets of the city or the wards of the hospitals shall be their cloister, the parish Church their chapel, the fear of God their grating, a strict and holy modesty their veil."

Thus spoke St. Vincent de Paul of a congregation that has long since become one of the glories of the Church; and M. Bojanowski doubtless felt he might safely follow in the footsteps of a saint. We could not help thinking what a blessing a little Convent like this would be to many an Irish village, or in those parts of England and Scotland where the people have kept the faith.

The housekeeper pointed out to us a large kitchen standing quite apart from the Castle, where food is cooked for the poor and sick. No one is ever allowed to starve, or suffer unaided in that happy village. From this kitchen also the Sisters are served, thus literally being poor among the poor.

We had a warm greeting from the little community. A visit from Sister Theodora, the assistant of the Mother House, was looked upon as a boon.

The inevitable black coffee in the dark brown cups was produced, and so we lingered on till it was time for night prayers.

Little children and peasant women, and the one or two invalids from the wards (for being summer time, few were ill), came in to join. The rule expressly enacts that the poor shall be allowed to join the Sisters in their evening prayers.

The sun had set, but the sky was a mass of gorgeous hues, and purple and red and gold played on the feeble grey-haired old men, the golden-headed children, women with their quaint head-dress, the veiled Sisters in their midst, and the image of Mary, before which we knelt, while the united prayers of simple child-like hearts went up to Our Lady's ear.

General — had been walking out when we arrived. He now returned, and came to greet us. He spoke excellent English, and seemed pleased to have an opportunity of talking it. He was a fine-looking old soldier with snow white hair; he had fought in the Peninsular War, had mixed in the courts of the First Napoleon, Louis the Eighteenth, and Charles the Tenth, and visited England after Waterloo. His conversation was delightful—a living page of history. Next morning there was Mass in the Chapel, and then one of the General's carriages took us on our way. Shortly before our arrival at the Mother House the annual retreat had taken place—given by a Jesuit Father. The retreat was followed by over ninety Sisters. A similar retreat is given annually at the Noviciate houses of the other provinces.

M. Bojanowski much wished us to visit the Noviciate house in Silesia, situated some fifty miles from Breslau, and with some feelings of trepidation at the difficulty of the journey we set out. We slept at Breslau, and went on next morning to a way-side station with an unpronounceable name. The mail-car took us two miles further, along a road so full of sand that the wheels sank deep into it. Ever and again we saw the Franciscan Monastery on the hill of Annaberg, standing out clear in the distance; it was our landmark, as we knew our convent was in its neighbourhood. When we descended from the mail-car, we were somewhat embarrassed—the people spoke a patois; French was as unintelligible to them as Chinese; we could not ask our way; the Monastery was no longer visible; the August sun was scorching, and we wandered on trusting to Providence. Presently we came to a village church, with grassy mounds and tall shady trees. In the midst rose a beautiful life-size coloured crucifixion with a figure of Our Lady of Sorrows at its foot. As we wandered on, at every few steps was a cross or an image of Our Lady or a saint. The peasants never passed any without kneeling to say a prayer. Groups of peasants were sitting down wherever they could find any shade from the burning sun; some were eating, others telling their beads; each peasant, when they saw any one approach, uttered the beautiful salu-

tation common in these parts, "Blessed be Jesus Christ," which the person addressed answers, "For ever and ever, Amen."

These words in Polish had already become familiar to us. But the sun was very high, we were getting tired, and still we could not find our way; we tried our best in Polish, and at length succeeded in making ourselves understood. We wanted *Seostros* ("sisters"), and off set a sturdy peasant woman with us, and under her guidance we soon reached our destination. This house is larger than the Mother House, and contains a fine community; they have a beautiful farm-yard and an excellent schoolroom. But we must now do our best to describe the extraordinary spot in which it stands. Centuries ago, when Europe was Catholic, the curious similarity of this part of the country to Jerusalem struck the Franciscans, and they built a Monastery and a Calvary. Revolution came, and all was reduced to ruins. Within the present century the place has been restored, and has become a favourite spot of pilgrimage. All the peasants we had seen resting by the way-side were pilgrims. On one side, where the Convent stands, rises a gently sloping hill, with a few trees; it is called Gethsemane, and there a chapel stands in which the pilgrim commemorates the commencement of the Dolorous Passion. Descending this hill we come to a brook, now dry and stony, but in winter full of water—"the brook of Cedron." A chapel on a little bridge commemorates the traditional falling into the brook of our dear Lord. But we are going too fast; there is the chapel of the Betrayal—the chapel where Jesus was bound—where St. Peter cut off the ear of Malchus. In short, not a single incident of the Passion, as recorded in Holy Writ, or handed down to us by tradition, has been forgotten. From Cedron we ascend again to the court of the High Priest, the "denial of St. Peter," the "house of Pilate."

We came to one chapel of a curious oblong form; we entered, and found ourselves at the top of a long staircase. The Sister with us instantly took off her shoes and went down; we followed her example, and found we were to ascend on our knees, kissing each step. It was the *Scala Sancta*, and the indulgence attached to it was as great as that which is gained at Rome when pilgrims ascend the veritable stairs trodden by the Divine feet. • So we pursued our way along the steep *Via Dolorosa* up to the Hill of Calvary.

Each chapel contains paintings of the scene it commemorates; they are rudely done, but vividly bring home to the mind the reality. When we have reached "Calvary," where also stands the Monastery, our journey is by no means done. We have to follow the Mother of Sorrows in her homeward path. We stand with her by the tomb, we revisit the scenes of the Passion, we reach the house of St. John.

"Heaviness may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning;" we follow with her our Lord's risen life, and at last we



come to the Church of the Assumption. We are now close to our convent again.

The Chapel of the Assumption is much larger than the wayside chapels we have been visiting, and is built in a singular manner. Where we naturally expect to find the altar, is the tomb of Our Lady; a wide gallery runs round the church in which the altar is placed, under the picture of the Assumption. Two priests are attached to this church, and live near it. One of them spoke French, and walked to several spots with us; as we wandered about we came upon a wooden hut, near which a man, dressed in a Franciscan habit, was engaged in repairing one of the chapels. The priest told us he was a mason by trade, but had determined to become a hermit, and to devote himself to the repairing of the different chapels as they need it. He lives on a few vegetables which are given to him by charitable persons, and divides his time between prayer and work.

While we were within the convent, ever and again the sound of distant singing broke upon the ear; it was from different groups of pilgrims as they went from chapel to chapel. Presently voices sounded close to the window, as a party passed to *Gethsemane*. After a little while this group came back and asked for water, which the Sisters supply from their pump to the pilgrims; they also keep scapulars, pious books, and rosaries for those who wish to buy them. Soon after, as we were watching the scene, a loud bell rang out—all fell on their knees, and there was profound silence. It was three o'clock on Friday, and on this spot all worship in silence at the hour when our Divine Lord gave up His soul into the hands of His Father. The number of pilgrims to Annaberg is very great, especially on certain feasts, and during Lent. On the preceding feast of the Assumption, twenty thousand had assembled on the spot, many of whom came from immense distances.

We have now given all the particulars which we think will be interesting of the "Servants of the Mother of God" in Poland. Since those days a community of the same name has been established in London, and the experiment has been tried whether this lowly order can take root in large towns. In England our villages are mostly Protestant, but our cities contain masses of sin, ignorance, and misery, among Catholics, with which it is hard to cope. Many parishes are far too poor to support convents of large size, and small communities who, by means of industrial work, can maintain themselves either entirely or in great measure, will supply the need. All the various works of mercy can be undertaken by the Sisters. God has visibly blessed the Institute during the few years of its existence. A branch house has been established in the country, some twenty miles from London. While maintaining the fundamental principles and spirit of the Polish congregation, the English and Irish Sisters are trained to meet the peculiar wants of their own country.

We must not omit to record the death of the saintly founder of the Polish congregation, M. Edmund Bojanowski. He died in August, 1871, and he was followed to the grave by more than a hundred Sisters of the province of Posen. The little seed he had planted with three Sisters had grown into an Institute numbering nearly four hundred.

Doubtless, now that his powerful prayers in heaven can aid his children, the increase will be greater still, and it is hoped his intercession will aid and strengthen the order in England whose first beginnings he blessed and encouraged.

## LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

### I.—ABOUT DAY-DREAMS.

I HOPE there are few of my readers who have not, from time to time, indulged in a day-dream. It is a cheap luxury, and it will give some faint touch of romance to the most commonplace life. And indeed I believe that, even in these prosaic times—and perhaps all the more because they are prosaic—most people might find a certain advantage in getting out of the noise of the crowd, now and then, and dreaming a little. It is a blessing, too, that place and posture are, for the most part, indifferent. If one wish to have a *bonâ fide* night-dream, he must get to his bed—under the penalty of having the bodily discomfort of any less regular sleeping-place, made incarnate in his visions. He must utterly abjure late suppers if he would avoid the too probable contingency of having some grim goblin enthroned upon his chest, and presiding relentlessly over his destiny through the silent watches of the interminable night; or of having to lie for what seems an eternity of utter helplessness, buried, like a baffled Titan, under an avalanche of blankets.

But a day-dream is a matter less difficult to manage. Are you walking through the silent fields, plucking here and there an early primrose, to remind yourself that it is spring-time? Are you pacing the hot sands at some crowded watering-place, with an iron determination (very detrimental to its own object) to extract the fullest flavour out of your summer holiday? Are you hurrying through the streets of some great city, wondering (if you be of the thoughtful) whitherwards *these* waves are ever rolling, and on what soundless shore they will break at last? Are you on top of an omnibus or an Alp, in the coupé of a first-class carriage, or down a coal-pit, or “up in a balloon”? No matter—if but in the mood, put on the magic cap—be off to dreamland—set to build your castle in the air—and let, for the time, no impertinent suspicion haunt you, that by-and-bye, just when your eager hand is placing

the topmost turret, it will all topple down, like a house of cards in a child's play.

Still there are times and places and circumstances peculiarly favourable to day-dreams. And what in individual cases these conditions are depends very much on temperament and habit of life. One man will dream day-dreams better in the bright summer, when there is, in the warm air, a very hush of utter, but delicious languor; while another will have his dreams attuned to the strident whistle of the wintry blast.

I confess my favourite time for dreaming looks to be a most unromantic one. It is the hour after dinner; and let me tell you that, unromantic as it may appear, it has a great deal to recommend it. Let me suppose an honest day's work done quite to my satisfaction. I have dined alone, *Lucullus cum Lucullo*, or *Lazarus cum Lazaro*—it boots not which—and drawing my chair close to the fire, if it be winter—in the full summer, to the open window—I begin my dreaming. What quaint and curious visions have come to me at these hours; how many a pleasant story has been whispered in my ear by those rare story-tellers—memory and hope! How many a glorious shape has revealed itself among the clouds of the sunset; how many an old familiar face has glowed among the coals; how many a long silent voice has made itself heard in the deep hush! Verily there is betimes a touch of sadness in these dreams.

I take advantage of a fresh paragraph to introduce myself to the reader. I am a LECTURER ON THE INEXACT SCIENCES—whatever *they* may be; for I confess I have not yet exhausted their scope. Their subject-matter has the disadvantage (*and* the advantage) of shifting occasionally, and being gloriously indefinite. My materials are collected in all sorts of out-of-the-way places—from the tags and fringes that hang from the most tangible subjects; from the odds and ends of knowledge; from the clippings and parings that accumulate in mental studios from which solid work has gone out; from the rainbow-coloured theories spun from the mists that hang about the limits of *the known*, in that dim debateable land where reason glides into feeling, and certainties begin to melt into impressions: from these are derived my materials, and from a thousand other “unconsidered trifles.” I purpose taking the reader (*not* the multitudinous readers of this Magazine, but *you*, dear reader, one in a thousand) fully into my confidence, but under certain stipulations. I claim the liberty of digressing, even audaciously, whenever I please. I have not the slightest intention (the fates forefend) of delivering *set* lectures on any subject whatsoever; and whoso walks with me must accommodate himself to my pace, and become, for the time being, an intellectual vagabond. We will sometimes, to be sure, keep the beaten track of the great highways of human thought; but if in our progress we come upon the opening of some green lane where

the shade looks grateful, and the wild flowers peep out from the hedgerows, do you suppose I shall not take you by the arm, and, with gentle violence, compel you to explore it along with me? What if we see the flash of a river winding through distant fields, or hear the bubbling laughter of some hidden brook, do you think we shall pass by unheeding? *Absit omen*; for then the Lecturer and his lectures would be near their end.

I do not envy the man who never had a day-dream, to whom "a yellow primrose is a flower and nothing more," who has never seen a vision in the clouds that hang about the sunset, nor ever watched the weird faces in the evening fire. Not that I would wish a man to sink into a mere dreamer. The dreams would soon grow dull. In this busy world that would be an impossible vocation for any one who had not a comfortable income from some such unfailing source as the *three per cents.*, nor would it be a desirable one even for him who had. Happily it is the lot of no mortal man. By sweat of brain or brow must every child of Adam buy his daily bread, if he would have it taste pleasantly to the palate; and in that sentence he who runs may read a blessing, even though in the uttering it sounded like a curse.

Not so sad a thing, O Juvenis, as thy hot young heart would deem it, is the unwelcome thought, breaking the gossamer thread of thy brightest day-dream, that the holidays are slipping away like some handful of fine golden sand. Not such a misfortune, that just, mayhap, when you are flourishing an imaginary blood-stained sword, after a furious charge with Wallace or Owen Roe O'Neill, or Thaddeus of Warsaw—hey, presto! it is changed into the ferula, and the voice of Dr. Greekroots, which even imagination fails to soften, calls thy wandering spirit back from dreamland.

Even to thee, O Senex, if haply thou hast kept thy heart so green that even yet fairy dreams dance in it at quiet times—even to thy dreams come an interruption and an ending. Is it thy scapegrace son (so strangely like his sire in bygone years)? Is it thy last book, which some irresponsible reviewer has cut up savagely? Is it the shadow of a "coming event" in the shape of what seems to thee exorbitant income-tax? Is it that thy wine is corked, or some rose-leaf has got crumpled in thy couch? Be it what it may, it will be there in due time, telling thee to be up and doing. No fear, indeed, that any man will be let overdream himself, if he be good for anything besides dreaming.

It will be manifest by this time that I am a dreamer, and an advocate for dreams. After such a confession, I suppose it will scarcely be expected that I should enter the lists and support my thesis in logical fashion against any hard-headed, square-minded individual, who, having barely that minimum of imagination that just suffices to keep his other faculties from rusting, cannot conceive the use, or perhaps even the possibility, of putting it to any special work peculiarly its own. In truth, I am convinced that

there are some things quite beyond the reach of argument—some things so subtle that no logic can take hold on them, and keep them long enough to investigate them thoroughly; that there are points of knowledge accessible to the human soul, which yet refuse to adapt themselves to the Procrustean bed of a syllogism in *Barbara*. I have found it to my advantage, from time to time, to be content to hearken to the pleading of feeling, even when I could not put that pleading into words.

There is a valued friend of mine who has a profound contempt for the argumentative discipline. But let me introduce my friend. He is one of those half-wise, half-foolish people whom we call “characters.” He is studiously eccentric; but the wisdom that he seems almost ashamed of is constantly coming to the surface of his talk, sweeping out of sight for a moment the odd waifs and strays that float there abundantly. He professes to be a cynic, having, as I happen to know, the kindest heart in the world. It is his cherished ambition to be feared for his sharp cutting sayings and wild whimsical opinions; but somehow he makes grown people smile, and children pluck him by the coat-tails. I have seen him interrupt a dissertation on the wisdom of the Spartan method of disposing of unpromising children, to lift a squalling urchin from the gutter and console him with a penny. With the few who, like myself, know him intimately, he is immensely popular—half to the delight of his warm heart, but half, too, to the disappointment of his cynical ambition. Having introduced him, I hasten to say that I shall make copious use of his whimsical wisdom in my lectures. Hear him now, apropos of the worth of argument. Thus said to me lately this genial cynic:—

“If you are engaged in an argument (a very profitless engagement, by the way), and if you are anxious (as most people are) for victory, rather than for truth, you should proceed thus. Let me suppose you have in your favour some isolated fact (these are easily found on any side of any question)—make that your *minor* premise—then take a general proposition, and wrap up your conclusion in it, and make it your major. There you have your argument. You say you can’t prove your general proposition—of course you can’t. But you can do what will serve your purpose equally well; you can preface it, thus:—‘Every one who is not a born idiot knows’—or ‘it is admitted by all who have studied the question minutely’—or, ‘the profoundest philosophers agree’—or some such humbug—and in nine cases out of ten no one will dispute it. Some will feel a personal interest in proving they are not idiots, and others will be anxious to pretend they are quite *au courant* with the philosophers: none of them will have sufficient time to analyse a big generality; and if any sensible person amongst them make an attempt to do so, why he will appear stupid and slow, and the argument will be miles away on quite other ground before he overtakes it. And if he does come up with it, why you

can put him down loftily by remarking, 'that that was settled half an hour ago to the satisfaction of everybody;' and 'everybody' (the fools) will say you are right; and your opponent (*and* common sense) will be nowhere. Now, having given you a sword, I will provide you also with a shield. Should any clever person try this method on yourself, believe me it is pure loss of time to demand proof of his proposition; that would lead only to other arguments, which, if pursued rigorously, might result in truth (for which you are not seeking), and might *not* result in victory (for which you are). The best—in fact the infallible way—is to ask him politely to define his terms, and it will be found, that the more they suit his purpose, the less able he will be to define them. In fact, few men can make any hand of a definition, and no wonder; for a definition is the ripest fruit of perfect knowledge. Good logical argument," he continued, "is the rarest thing in the world, and few there are on whom it would not be quite thrown away. As in coursing hares, the hound that turns the hare oftenest is judged superior to the hound that merely kills it; so he is accounted, usually, the more skilful in argument, *not* he who runs it down to its conclusion, which is truth, but he who can turn it most adroitly. In the one case, the mere killing of the hare (which to an outsider would seem to be the main object of hunting it) is of little importance, as compared to the speed of the hound. In the other, truth is not half so much valued as intellectual smartness." Thus far the cynic.

But to return to my day-dreams. I must try to make out a case for them. Every one sees wisdom in the maxim, "know thyself." What a decided advantage it would be to society, if every man did but know himself. You would then have the right man in the right place oftener than he is, nor would you be pained as often as you are, by the spectacle of the "square men" panting and pushing for the "round holes." Tom would long ago have taken his eye off the woolsack, on which, *entre nous*, he will never sit, and turned it in some more profitable direction. Bill would perhaps have cultivated the land about which he now only harangues. Harry would never have wasted the midnight oil on that volume of verses—"Aspirings after the Infinite"—the only result of which has been to convince him that the poetical taste of this age has been hopelessly vitiated by Tennyson and others.

It is said, "*nosciitur a sociis*"—and I believe it might be said of any one with at least equal truth—you may know him by his day-dreams. In the application of the former proverb, it is by no means necessary that the subject of your speculations *have* companions at all. If he have *none*, we may decide infallibly, unless the circumstances be very peculiar, what manner of man *he* is. So in the latter case, too. If your man has never had a day-dream, I could read you his character in a twinkling. I, for one, would have as little to do with him as I could help. I should have an unpleasant presentiment of *corners* on his mind, against which I would fear

to knock either my head or my heart. If I could, I would appoint him bosom friend to my direst enemy—I would set him to criticize a rival lecturer.

But to return to the point, namely, that a man's day-dreams may give him useful help in the important art of knowing himself. As a man is, so shall his day-dreams be. There have been philosophers who maintained that, as a general rule, every physical deformity will have its counterpart in the mind; that a man with a hump on his back will, unless he take special care, have a hump in his mind, too; that a stammer in the tongue will be discernible also in the thought; and that where there is "no speculation in the eye," there will be very little in the understanding either. It may be all as true as it is fanciful; but, with much more confidence would I assert, that a man's inner self—that self that is so close to each of us, that for the most part we fail to see it at all—is strikingly reproduced in his day-dreams. For every warp in the mind of the builder, there shall be a fault in the architecture of the air castle that he builds. If there be in his mind hidden away, however carefully, a closet with a skeleton, believe me he will find it in his castle as well. There, too, will be provided ample stabling for all his hobbies. Nay, his very inconsistencies, so palpable to his friends, so unsuspected by himself—the discrepancies between his habitual beliefs and his habitual actions—all will have their counterparts; so that a man's castle in the clouds will often be as incongruous as those old family mansions in which one can trace, in brick and mortar, the varying tastes of different generations of masters.

So, let a man watch his day-dreams; for truly they are worth the pains. Let him, like a careful landlord, make an occasional tour of inspection amongst his *chateaux en Espagne*, and he will find it turn to his profit. Let him, above all, look to the company he meets in dreamland, and if his dream companions be disreputable, let him discard them; for, else, they will some time shake his unwilling hand, and hold him by the button in his real life. Let him bethink himself, too, what part of the castle is his favourite resort. Is it the library or the kitchen? Does he lounge about the stables, or dally in the banquet-hall or the ball-room? Is there a secret hoard, with lock of Brahmah or of Chubb, or a garden with a scarcely gliding river, over which the lotus tree is growing? Ah me, what use a man might make of his day-dreams! What various knowledge—what sage advice—what grave reproach—what solemn warning—what tears—what laughter—what pathos is running through them all!

All great men have been dreamers of day-dreams. It is but another way of saying that each had some cherished *ideal* which he strove to make a reality, by hand or brain, by doing or by writing. But, on the other hand, all dreamers are not (nor are they at all likely to be) great men. The conclusion would be as false in fact as the

inference would be unwarrantable in logic. When I assert that our day-dreams might aid us in acquiring self-knowledge, do you suppose I meant to imply that the object of our dreaming ambition ought to be made the object of our waking pursuits? I never meant any such thing. Is Smith to transmute his precious time into the blankest of blank verse, because he has heard himself hailed in dreamland as the poet of the age? Is Jones to turn from book-keeping to book-making (and trunk-lining) because he feels, in his visions, the heart hot within him with the fire of genius? Is Robinson to grasp the sword instead of the yard measure, because he has led imaginary squadrons through the "imminent deadly breach?" Common sense answers, "decidedly not." Nay, Smith himself, in his intervals of lucidity, would chuckle at the utter absurdity of Jones who, in his cooler moments, would return the chuckle with interest; and Robinson, while burnishing his sabre, would call both of them fools. It is the way of the world, my dear friends. Our eyes are made to look without, not within. Every one sees his neighbour, and as the neighbour returns the compliment, there need be no one without a monitor; and we get on better than might have been expected in the absence of introspective eyes.

So I would say, our day-dreams give us warning rather than guidance; or, better, guide us precisely by warning. They may give limits of aptitudes, but are, as often as not, silent about other no less requisite conditions of success. But of this be sure: if there be in your day-dreams anything mean, or sordid, or selfish, it came not there without a reason. It is the projected shadow of something very real, and should be removed as you would remove a shadow from the sunny wall—and there is but one effectual way of doing that.

Our day-dreams are ever changing as we go on through life, though in most cases the change is so gradual that it is only at certain well-marked intervals that it comes home to us with any force. There is one change so well defined, that few will fail to mark it when it comes. It is—that in the spring and summer, and, perhaps, the earlier portion of the autumn of a few lives, it is hope that moulds our visions; but some day the Rubicon is passed—hope gives place to memory, and our dreams are ever after in the past.

What time the tingling blood grows cool, and the pulse begins to go with ever slower beat; what time we trace the furrow on the brow, and the treacherous silver stealing into the lockets of our youth; what time the stream of life has ceased its brawling, and sets in with fuller but more silent current as it nears the "falls;" then our dreams begin to change. It is as if we fain would turn the vessel round, and row against the stream, and get some miles further up from the rapids—whence we must one day, perforce, tumble over. It is as if we fain would pause upon the road to rest, and inhale the perfume (now, alas! so faint) of the flowers we



plucked a far way back ; heeding not, or striving not to heed, the tokens of the night. Fondly do we look back on the way that we have come, thinking of the freshness of the morning, when the dew was on the wayside flowers ; thinking of the fair landscapes that the sun shone upon at mid-day ; thinking of the people we picked up in the journey, and the merry chat we held with other wayfarers ; " thinking, thinking, of the old familiar faces." And all the while the heralds of the great night are coming up from the dim east, to remind us that the journey will soon be done, and that we shall be at home—in our long home.

Pen, not sword, in hand have I, the lecturer, been wont to make incursions into dreamland. The way it came about was this :—When I was little more than a child, it happened to me to fall in with an old volume of " *Lives of the British Poets.*" It was meagre in detail, and poor in execution ; but, to my young eyes, it was a golden book. True, I saw there enough to convince me that the poet's crown, however glorious, was usually heavy to the wearer. True, I read the often-told tale of blind old Milton, " fallen upon evil days, with darkness, and with dangers compassed round"—of Chatterton lying dead in his poor lodging—of Otway starved, of Burns wasting in wild orgies the powers that might have been transmuted into other immortal songs ; but I could see no sadness in their stories, and I would have felt it like a sacrilege to pity the great masters. So, of course, I too should be a poet. Thus it came to pass that all my day-dreams were of authorship—and my castle in the air, the temple of fame.

Naturally enough, at first, nothing short of an epic would satisfy my ambition. Nothing daunted by the knowledge that through all the ages there have come but four great Epic Fathers—I began to think the time fast ripening for a fifth. Then, after a deep plunge into Shakspeare, it struck me that the drama was, after all, the most comprehensive, if not the highest form of human composition. I would be a dramatist. True, on considering these matters in detail, I found, oddly enough, as it seemed to me then, that my predecessors had forestalled me in the most available subjects. It was hard to find a hero for an epic after Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Milton, had had their pick and choice. It was hard to construct a new plot after Shakspeare, still I felt it was *but* waiting for a hero and a plot—they would doubtless come in time—the rest would then be easy.

The result of that happy time—for happy it assuredly was, in the very greatness of the delusion—is lying by me at this hour, in the shape of a whole deskfull of unfinished manuscripts. At times, even yet, I take them out, and find a sort of pleasure—only a *sort*, for it has its touch of pain—in tracing through the fragments the faded lines of half-forgotten hopes. Alas ! the hero never came, and the plots are amongst the " things that merely might have been." It is a favourite thought of mine that, as there

are better fish in the sea than ever came out of it, so, perhaps, the best books are those that have never been written. A certain place, they say, is paved with good intentions; and if there be, as why should there not? a limbus of authorship, believe me, it is paved with the great works that have been written and published only in dreamland. These dream-times, pleasant though they be, are, must I say? often times of special laziness. Mayhap, once in an age they lead to something great; just as we read (in legends, I confess, more or less apocryphal) of some lucky dreamer, out of a whole host of less fortunate, and consequently unrecorded sleepers, finding the pot of gold that had been the subject of a thrice repeated vision.

But even when a work has been written, after days or years of labour—even in it, the pavement of limbus has its part. For, does it ever come quite up to its author's ideal? Scarcely any man who has conceived an idea, and striven to bring it forth, and wrap it decently in the swaddling-clothes of prose or verse, has ever been *altogether* satisfied with the figure it cuts before the world. Substantially, to be sure, it is his idea—but in the details what a woful falling off! *In his mind*, how beautiful it was, how closely reasoned, how eloquently worded, how facetious, how impressive, how strong, how musical! But on the printed page—oh, dear! what gaps in the reasoning for a hostile critic to ride through—what broken links in the chain that was to bind like fate—where is the force and the eloquence—where the pathos, and the ringing music? Thus, apropos of my unfinished manuscripts, and the dreams that have faded away.

Well, however hard the lesson, I have learned to come down full many a peg. But, while confessing my inability to back Pegasus, I do not see why I should not keep a hobby for occasional riding. If I were allowed, now, to choose a place in the temple of Fame, I believe I should select the quiet, but comfortable, corner in which the Essayists congregate. They too were lecturers on the inexact sciences. I should dearly like to be in the way of hearing the wise whimsical gossip of the garrulous Montaigne—the rollicking wit of Dick Steele—the urbane humour of the modest Addison. Now and then, from some more sacred parts of the temple, Bacon would stroll in with his sententious wisdom. I should like to take the arm of Elia and listen to his genial talk about our neighbours. Above all, I should like to leave behind me a book like his—a book in which the writer would not appear so much the author as the friend, and the companion of the sweet hours of rare holidays.

I would not willingly obtrude my gossip on people who were busy. I would rather wait for the well-earned holiday—and I would, then, ask my reader, to come out as it were for a walk. We should not much care whither we were going, only taking care that our road led through pleasant places. We would not feel bound

to any dusty highway—we would burst through the hedges of the wayside, and ramble on through green fields—or under the shadow of old forest trees. We would hail the travellers on the road, and talk to the labourers at their work—and sit beside some babbling stream, and fling wild flowers on the waters, and listen to the sage advice the stream would be sure to give whilst hurrying them away. In due time we should get home—perhaps somewhat weary, but with that pleasant weariness that befits the close of such a ramble. For my part, I would not take it amiss if my friend yawned in my face, on bidding me good-night—provided that, in shaking my hand, he would say—“we must certainly have another ramble some day.”

*Hoc est in votis.* Such a walk, dear reader, have I been taking with you in dreamland. Shall we walk together any more ?

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## SONNET.

COMPOSED AT ST. PETER'S, IN THE AFTERNOON OF GOOD FRIDAY, 1869.

THE golden lamps that round the Apostles' shrine  
 Glowed through the year till now, both night and day,  
 Have vanished from our sight, have shrunk away,  
 As though extinguished by a wrath Divine ;  
*His*, who had bid the sun refuse its ray,  
 When bound and bleeding the great Victim lay,  
 Who died for Adam's sin, for thine, for mine !  
 Along the mighty minster's lengthened line,  
 Sad, silent, dark, the countless altars stand  
 (Crosses and pictures covered) on each hand ;  
 A veil of sadness and solemnity  
 Seems sudden to have fallen upon the place,  
 Unto our spirit saying silently,  
 “This is the Day of Grief, the Day of Grace !”

ELLEN FITZ SIMON,  
 (*Born O'CONNELL*).

## A MOTHER'S REVERIE.

YOU are dreaming, little Elsie, with the moonlight on your face;  
I am holding still the clinging hand that clasped mine ere  
you slept.

Your brow is white and angel-like, and wears a placid grace,  
And your pale hair scarce a glinting of its golden hue has kept.

The moon's pure kiss falls sweetly on your lightly-lidded eyes;  
A smile is on your dreaming, like the rainbow-smile of bliss.  
Young fancy paints your vision, and this side the circling skies  
Life ne'er makes good a promise so bewitching fair as this.

Should I mourn you, little Elsie, if you passed from sleep to death?  
Should I sorrow much if from my side you stole away so soon,  
In your purity of spirit, with the gladness on your breath,  
'Neath the fondness of my watching and the sweetness of the moon?

I was like you, little daughter, not so many years ago,  
And as softly dreamed the hours of the summer night away.  
Ah! I would, if God had willed it, I had passed to Heaven so,  
Ere my morning bow of promise had dissolved before the day.

I can fancy, little Elsie, as I kneel beside your bed,  
All the later years of sorrow of my altered life a dream—  
That once more upon that pillow, as in girlhood, lies my head,  
And the moon above me shining with the selfsame mellow beam.

Ah! suffering wears the body, and my hair is growing grey,  
But my youth returneth freshly when I meet your sunny brow.  
God guard you, little daughter, and in all life's thorny way  
Keep your heart as pure and painless as it beats, my Elsie, now.

R. M.

## JACK HAZLITT.

## A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

## CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING HOW THINGS WENT ON IN COVENT-GARDEN MARKET, TWENTY YEARS AGO; HOW LOWRY M'CABE SAW THREE GENTLEMEN FROM AMERICA AT MR. GROGAN'S STALL, AND RATHER AGAINST THEIR WILL HE RENEWED HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH TWO OF THEM AFTERWARDS.

EVANS'S, of Covent-garden, was a pleasant evening's resort some twenty years ago, and may be even now, for aught we know. We have heard it admired, and may-be enjoyed; but the admission can hardly interest the reader. The "Rooms" were certainly very fine: and it was difficult, amid the glare of lights, the variety of face and costume, and the earnestness of general conversation, not to imagine one was playing a part in a monster civic banquet, or some huge stage banquet in a play. Evans's was a great place for meeting people—men of eminence in science and letters; but particularly for meeting those who admired the buskin, and lounged in the happy consciousness that the great Theatre and Macready were so near. Mr. so-and-so, all linen from the waist, except two black stripes, which, coming round his shoulders, he held at the hips, was Dr. Gamell, the "Correspondent" of the "Star;" and the other gentleman, whose face was the form of a heart, allowing for black hair, and flat nose, was Mr. Godfrey, the novelist; and the lady over at the second table from the end, just under the splendid picture of Mrs. Siddons, just using the opera glass, and looking very much as if she had put on male attire in mistake—well, she is the celebrated—we know not what, and we suppose those who peruse those lines do not care. Altogether "Evans's Rooms" were a very entertaining place, and indeed improving, in a way, notwithstanding the comical people on the small stage above, where an impossible kind of artist, standing on another impossible artist's head, plays a violin, and the other impossible artist accompanies the former on a seven-keyed flute. A fellow in a corner, worrying his poor feet with cymbals, and his lips with reed pipes, and a clown, who looked inclined to turn himself inside out, as well as upside down, were all wonderful to people new from the Emerald Isle; but we hardly think that they were at

all attended to by the general company, who seemed more engaged with their tables and one another than with anything else.

We ought not, however, pass over the genial proprietor, of those genial days, who paid polite attention to the guests of the hotel, and just at the proper moment introduced them to the "Rooms," and charged them nothing. Boniface!—Boniface was a man of true eloquence, as far as his speech went—select in language—true in feeling—and musical in its cadence. "Alas, sir, alas! the world is changing, changing sadly!" he would say, and then his brows fell—dark, round, expressive brows. "All, all, is for the material enjoyments of life! Banquets, equipages, positions, sensuality—all! The foliage of the trees—the blue of the heavens—the speaking beauty of the lily and the rose—the flowing stream, and the mountain and the sea, mean nothing now but earth and water—the world of sentiment is dead! Yet, sir, *what* money could purchase the ecstasy of bliss that springs from the enjoyment of external nature, or even from the innocent smile of an infant child?" The guests at the hotel heard this speech a couple of times a week, and very often a couple of times a day; and it must be recorded in the interests of *truth* and *gratitude*, that in a cozy box, curtained, and commanding the whole company, the orator frequently closed his speech by handing round a tankard—a silver tankard—of spiced claret, which, like the Killarney echoes, multiplied his speech many times over.

We must confess that we have drawn on the reader's confidence, and therefore must honestly say, that the only use we intend to make at present of Evans's Great Rooms is to employ them as a finger-post, a finger-post to the dwelling-place of a most interesting countrywoman of ours, and country-*man* (different persons remember), who abode in Covent Garden.

Mrs. Jurr Grogan and Mr. Jurr Grogan lived in the neighbourhood, and rented a green-grocer's stall, behind which there was growing up a green and hopeful family. Mrs. Jurr was the principal of the stall, and, indeed, some people said, she was the principal of the family. But what will not people say?

Mrs. Jurr Grogan was about five-and-thirty, with flashing grey eyes, embrowned face, and dark hair, now turning the colour of her eyes—that is, grey. She wore a deep white linen collar over a slate-coloured dress, that fitted her tightly, and a snow-white apron, under which she had a pretty custom of hiding her bare hands and arms. She wore a bonnet, too—but not on her head: it hung from a string around her neck, with its face turned up to the sky, as if expecting something to drop into it, and the frill of Mrs. Grogan's muslin cap looked just as if the bonnet was showing a set of very white teeth. Mrs. Grogan, as a rule, looked both determined and wide awake; and she "wanted only her right" (according to her own view) "from any one; but her right she would always have!" In Ireland Mrs. Grogan always pronounced

this word "right" correctly; but in England she thought herself bound to accommodate herself to her own views of the accent, and she therefore called it "wight," when beyond the Channel.

We have grown ten months old in our story, and in London a July-day is often a powerful solvent of humanity. Mrs. Grogan is at her door; but now busily engaged in arranging, and saving, and preserving her stock in the vegetable world. The step of the door is as white as the table-cloth, and the table-cloth along the open window is whiter than the whitest paper. The Spanish nuts keep pleasant company with the Seville oranges just beside them—both made up like the bottom cut off from a pyramid; and behind, on an inclined shelf (we could call it an inclined plane, only we are simple-minded people), were boxes of artichokes, nice kale, turnips, and parsnips; and still further on were the loveliest hills of apples, pears, plums, and gooseberries, in the midst of which, as if to tantalize ill-used boys and girls, was an immense lake of strawberries. We will say nothing of the laughing cabbages riding on one another on tables inside in the shop, and what Jurr called his "native land," the mealy potatoes, lying cosily by each other's side, enjoying peace and security till summoned to do their duty.

Now Mrs. Jurr Grogan had enough to do to mind that stock-in-trade this warm July day in London. To be sure, there was a fountain near, in which the cabbages and cauliflowers were treated to an occasional bath. And Mrs. Jurr took care that the outer guard of pears, apples, oranges, and plums should be relieved by their inner companions from time to time, to give all an equal chance of good health. Then she had such covering with hats and muslins, and piling things up and taking things down, and arranging the red apples and the green, and watching the symmetry of her little world around her, that she had not much time to gossip, or even, as she herself said, she "hadn't time to be sick." If some people bought that health preservative, the doctors would be greatly relieved, but we dare not say more upon the subject.

Mrs. Jurr Grogan had her grievance—Mr. Jurr, a fine, brawny, open-countenanced fellow of five feet eleven, who stood inside in his shirt sleeves and apron, and "never did a hepnny waurth." This was another improvement of accent adopted through respect for the country in which she dwelt. As to the charge, however, there was a kind of simper about her mouth when she made it, and a laugh from the inside of the shop when Jurr heard it, that jointly gave meaning to the language of a domestic love, strong and earnest. The fact was, that she would not let Jurr out of her sight; and the pride of her life was to see the pipe in his mouth and the baby in his arms, and to hear him sing the praises of the River Shannon by the fire-side. We have reason to know that "very good song and very well sung," often and often echoed behind the shop in Covent-garden, on a pleasant Sunday evening

when Mrs. Jurr, Mr. Jurr, and a couple of old friends from "home" came to transfer Ireland to the land of "the Saxon."

And Mrs. Jurr loved her husband for another reason—he never drank, though he had taken no pledge. His joy was his little home and his little children three, and Nora—that was Mrs. Grogan's maiden name. Nothing individual, nothing selfish for Nora and Jurr. "Her neem was Nora Grogan," she said; "Cronin by her fawther, and she'd nayvur bin obleeged to hang 'er 'ed!" Nora kept her affections far better than she kept her sweet brogue; but, as we have observed, that was all in compliment of the English nation.

Mr. Jurr had another attraction for Nora, and many a one beside. He never met an honest man in a "*hoult*" that he did not strive to free him. Here, too, there was a quantity of affectation in Nora while her heart was singing a melody. "Lending your meens agin," she would cry, "goin' beel agin for thame peeples ove' at Sen Giles! Well, I tell *you*, Grogan——"

"Well, I tell you, Nora, darling, we must chance a little for a poor fellow in a houl; an' we won't be worse off in a twelvemonth!" Mr. Grogan would then look into Nora's face, and kiss Nora, and cry out, "Why, ye thief, ye are bether plased than me! You know, you rogue, you thaught me to be merciful, as God, glory to His name, is merciful, and I seed the laugh in your eye this minit!"

"You are right, Jurr, agra!" she would say; "an' Holy Mary bless your heart, father!"

Nora forgot to compliment the British nation when her heart spoke.

Now seated in the same little parlour before mentioned, on an evening in July, was a man two inches taller than Jurr Grogan, and altogether of a powerful mould. He sat on a chair near the clock, which was in the right-hand corner as you enter, and, opposite him, stood a large mahogany chest of drawers. Between him and the same chest of drawers was a space of twelve feet or more, on which stood a round mahogany table, and in the centre, next the drawers, was a fireplace, with mantle-piece of black marble, framing a grate that seemed bursting from the amount of polish, although the bars peeped through hangings of twisted paper with all the colours of the rainbow.

The good man before mentioned wore tight-fitting blue frock, single collar, top boots, white corduroys, and a turned-down shirt-band, which showed a neck—such a neck as Hercules is said to have rejoiced in. Who is he? No other than Mr. Lowry M'Cabe, at present living a little way off Kensington Gardens, in a snug little square, a snug little dwelling, with a verandah, Venetian blinds, a flight of stone steps, and two knockers to the hall-door.

That is the present residence of Frank Moran and his family; and Lowry is the same thief who shot the snipe and fished the streams, and furnished the table at the Great House, and bewil-



dered the good Mrs. Moran with the thought of "how far Nelly made money go!" Lowry M'Cabe was half-brother to Mrs. Grogan, because Mrs. M'Cabe had the good sense to marry Mr. Cronin after Lowry's father reposed near Balboroo.

This was not Lowry M'Cabe's first nor his twentieth visit here to Covent-garden; because Lowry had very little to do. Frank Moran minded his law and his literature, and Lowry's business was very much to mind himself, only he added quite spontaneously the care of Lelia and Mrs. Moran to his responsibility. For them indeed he had something to do. Frank kept a small phaeton, which was driven by a coachman from the livery stables where the horse was hired; and Lowry did the tiger—and a very fine tiger Lowry was. He kept the phaeton clean—and *himself*; helped Nelly Mooney just for good fellowship; was ever on the look-out for a message for Miss Lelia, or a word or a look, for Lowry worshipped her; and when he could—not seldom—he nursed Mrs. Jurr Grogan's baby.

In great glee they were this evening. The mother of Lowry and Mrs. Grogan was still alive; and Nora's learning not being equal to her fine English, and Jurr's hand being stiff, Lowry became the letter-writer to the "ould spot," and the grappling-iron to hold on to the widow. What love!—what celestial charity!—what poetry of profound feeling in this brother and sister's thoughts! It is no shame to Lowry that the tears fell upon the paper, and none to Nora that she kissed her brother ten times while the letter was being read!

God bless your good hearts! you are never away from home and Ireland!

Mr. Grogan stood silently, and not less affected than his wife and his friend. The letter finished, he took from his breast pocket a post-office order for £7 10s., and he placed it reverently in the envelope. There was a little altar at the end of the room, and a little statue of the Virgin upon it. Jurr Grogan raised the letter. He tipped the brother and sister on the shoulders. They understood him at once, and all three went up to the little altar, on which Jurr laid the letter to the old woman at home; and then they knelt down and prayed! Lowry had given Grogan £3 to get the post-office order: and in Jurr's hands it had grown to seven pounds ten!

"Nuvur welcome you, you thief you!" said the happy Mrs. Grogan, when she heard Lowry cry out the sum in amaze! "Well, what a desayvor you are!" she repeated.

Reader—you have the Irish people before you. Surely, there is a destiny before them!

Lowry M'Cabe was one day, as usual, nursing his young niece, when three gentlemen, well dressed, and wearing rings and chains that might have cost a fortune, came into his sister's stall. They had evidently come from some railway station not far off, because they carried small travelling-bags, and one of them had a well

made bundle, besides. The lady of the stall seemed to know them; for the salutation was rather familiar for parties meeting only the first time, and a watchful observer might discover an intelligence in Mrs. Grogan's eye that had some history behind it. The gentlemen wanted a melon, some gooseberries, and some kale. They would take them away themselves, too, one of them observed, as Mr. Oldenburgh, a small gentleman with black eyes, black hair, black beard, and wide-awake hat, happened to have got room in his bag for all.

Mrs. Grogan had "no second price," and therefore bargaining cost no time.

The melon was chosen with care, and the gooseberries neatly papered, packed, and put up. The tallest of the three, Mr. Meldon, took out his purse, and, after complimenting Mrs. Jurr upon her good looks, and paying a compliment to a fine little boy who at the moment rushed *in medias res* from inside, he handed the lady of the stall a sovereign. He then turned away, Mr. Meldon did, to speak on some indifferent thing to his two companions: it would appear, to give Mrs. Grogan time to procure the change.

Mrs. Grogan placed the sovereign on the very tip of that finger called the index, moving slightly and slowly, the back of her hand downwards. Mrs. Grogan had her own way of finding the specific gravity of such solids, and was never at fault.

A smile passed over Mrs. Grogan's face—a very, very quiet one; and she turned towards her customer, with a look—well, a look of confidence, rather.

"Mr. Meldon," she said, "perhaps you have got silver?"

"Well no," answered Mr. Meldon, speaking very much through his nose.

"Do try," said Mrs. Grogan; and her face assumed an expression of the most horrible humour, while she held the sovereign still poised up on the aforesaid finger of her left hand, as before.

Mr. Meldon's expression did not change much; but it did not manifest all the carelessness of his voice and manner. In fact Mr. Meldon reddened a little.

"Oldenburgh," he asked, "have you not got some silver?"

"Why, yes. Do you want any?"

"Just give me ten shillings, please," Mr. Meldon replied, and he looked at Mr. Oldenburgh very hard.

Having received the money from his friend, Mrs. Grogan was paid the amount of her demand. She placed the silver in the till, which she shut to, with a smirk, and the bolt of the lock shot to its place very meaningly.

The gentlemen departed very quietly, and hardly looked at the fine little boy who now sat upon the door-step.

"Who are the gentlemen?" asked Lowry. He addressed his brother-in-law, Mr. Jurr.

"Who are the gentlemen?" replied Nora, "would you like to know, Lowry?"

"Well, Nora?"

"Well, Lowry, the tall man of all is a Londoner from Loosay-anna. The little black man is a New York man from Kenmare, in the county Kerry; and the middle-sized man (an' his name is Chrink, more-be-token) is a Devonshire man, who was bred and born in Boston, and arrived in this country only one month ago. *Veekin thu dhrihair?*" continued Mrs. Grogan, in the vernacular meaning in English, "Do you understand, brother?"

"Well! well! well—to be shure!"

"Yes, Lowry," put in Mr. Grogan; "an' if you pay me well, I'll tell you where your watch may go fast."

"Go fast!"

"Yes, be the poker!"

"Aye, go fast enough," said Lowry:—"Lun'un! Lun'un! Lun'un!" he muttered.

"Now, Mr. Grogan," said Nora, with an affectation of pettishness, "I will not hayve my customers backbited, so I won't. And see here, Lowry *achree!* don't be out by yourself much after the dark; and lave a piece o' road 'tune you an' the New Yorker. Mind what your sister sez!"

To say the truth at once, this meeting was a fortunate one for some people—one of those simple blessings which Providence sends, as He sends the dews and the star-light, beneficent and paternal; but which mankind so rarely values. If men watched what they call the "chances" of life, they would find more "design" in the "chances" than their own best wisdom has ever been able to form.

Some three months or four after this, about the beginning of November—a time full of interest for all the dwellers near St. James's-square, about eight o'clock in the afternoon, Lelia Moran was coming home in the phaeton, which now closed with a hood, glazed in the front. The lamplight was not very brilliant, and the streets not very full, as she quietly drove home from Mount-street, where business had summoned Lelia about six o'clock. What the business was need not be mentioned; yet we confess our readiness to give every explanation. Lelia was paying a visit to the Jesuits in Farm-street, and her vehicle waited for her in Mount-street, which runs parallel to the former, and in which the Fathers' residence is found. One can come in by the church in Farm-street, and find egress by the house in Mount-street; and that is just what Lelia had done. The special occasion of the visit we shall impart hereafter; but we may depend upon it Lelia had not left her mother, and her home, so late on a winter's afternoon, without something important enough not only to justify but necessitate her absence.

Coming along Park Lane, and nearly approaching Piccadilly, Lowry McCabe, who had a sharp look-out for obstacles of all kinds, rational or irrational, saw standing at the corner of a street

a man, whom he would swear to be Mr. Oldenburgh, although his dress was somewhat different. His apparel was more stylish, and his general make-up was more distinguished; but Lowry held, as not to be contradicted, that he would anywhere know the hang of a Kerryman's head, which he declared to be quite peculiar. What the signs to which Lowry alluded really were, we do not pretend to know; but Lowry turned his cheek a little towards the ground, and looked under his eyes. "Yorkshire" quite, when, in good-humour, he undertook to do a man from Dingle, Kerry West.

Lowry instinctively put his hand upon his large silver watch, which beat strong over his heart, in his vest pocket. He had had a watch now for six months nearly, and got used to the honour. For the first three months not a man in London knew the hour so well as Lowry M'Cabe, because there was not a half minute he did not "look at the watch." And, in fact, Mr. Jurr Grogan's witty remark about the "places in Lun'un where watches *go fast*" was occasioned by the danger to which his friend Lowry's watch was exposed by so frequently exhibiting its attractions.

They were moving along quietly—mingling their wheel-sounds with the heavy crash of a late dray—an omnibus's rattle of bells—and the whistle of the railways at the near stations. The lamps looked down like spirits, in quiet meditation on the vanity of human bustle and hurry. The lights of the phaeton contemplated far off space, and gaily nodded to the passers-by. Down towards Holland-park a newsman was crying, "The Death of the Pope of Rome!"—and nearer, a lonely girl was intending to cry something, but she was staggering under her basket. She was making for the gate of the Park, and maybe for the Serpentine!

They had come to a quiet spot near the turn off to Curzon-street, when Lowry heard a shuffle—a smothered hiccup, and finally, a fall. He turned his head in the direction of the noise. Three people—and only three people—he saw there; and one of them lay flat upon the ground. Mr. Meldon was the other—"the American gentleman." The appearance of Mr. Oldenburgh a short time before, the warnings of Mr. Grogan, and the chaffing and conduct of his step-sister, came upon Lowry's mind together, and the next moment he stood upon the flagway. So wonderfully active had been his bound, and light and easy, that the livery horse was apparently the only creature aware of Lowry's absence.

It was clear enough to Lowry that some one had met foul play; and instinctively he placed himself on the path by which the aggressors would attempt an escape. He stood on the side of the city, because he knew the robbers would make for the throng; and, poor fellow, while fixed in the resolution of catching the malefactors, never thought of the man lying on the ground. The Americans—Mr. Oldenburgh and Mr. Meldon—had taken entire possession of Lowry's mind.

Lowry was right. He reached the flags by a bound: he rushed

forward towards the fallen man. One of the thieves flitted like an electric light across the road, towards the Gardens. The other, panting, foaming, and swearing, was in Lowry's arms. In fact, he rushed into them, carrying to that haven of justice a watch and a broken chain!

"I declare," cried Lowry, "I declare, Mr. Meldon!"

The new-comer groaned. He groaned, but how he struggled! The fellow was very muscular—very active—and he gave Lowry some exercise.

"Arrah! Mr. Meldon, from Loosayanna," cried Lowry, "do now be asy! Do you know where you are?" [Tremendous struggle]. "Well now, see here, Mr. Loosayanna, see here! Ain't you a fool? Don't you see I could smash two like you—or three? Very well, then!—see——"

And Lowry gave him a bear's hug.

Mr. Loosayanna cried out.

"Well now, Mr. Loosayanna," said Lowry, warming a little, "Mr. Loosayanna, or Loosymamma, or Loosydamnye—God forgive me for swearing! If you don't be quite and civil, Mr. Loosayanna, I'll break your head! There now!"

"Poalis! Poalis!" cried Lowry. "Powlis!" cried he again.

It is to be said to their honour that the Police saved three or four respectable citizens, the inconvenience of taking Mr. Meldon to the Police Office. The Police came up in less than a quarter of an hour—and when Mr. Meldon had been securely bound by a hempen rope, fitted to him in the way of double wrist-band, Lowry duly charged the American citizen. A number of persons joined Lowry when they saw the work done. And Mr. Meldon was compelled, Republican as he was, to accept the hospitality of Royalty, until he could offer some small explanation of how he came into Lowry M'Cabe's arms, carrying thither his neighbour's goods.

But the poor gentleman. He is right enough; and Lowry saw that soon. Lowry had not escaped Lelia's notice at all. She divined all. Most fortunately Frank was in the study—in the pleasant house near St. James's-square; and a few words sent him thundering back to the neighbourhood of the Queen's-road. Lowry, the thief, saw the phaeton, but never minded a bit; and long before the charge had been signed at the Police Office, and Lowry bound to come in the morning to help the Queen in attending on Mr. Meldon, the waylaid gentleman, in a state of insensibility, was reposing in Frank's study.

The case was a case of garotting; and the gentleman had been struck down by what is called a "life preserver."

There he lay—pale, young, handsome, most distinguished in his look. The aristocratic profile, the curling dark hair on his temples, his lips compressed and occasionally moving in command, and his

fair small hand, and the onesparkling diamond ring on his left middle finger, proclaimed a victim of no ordinary value.

Nelly Mooney was summoned from the kitchen ; and she was supplied with tepid water and several bottles of Cologne. Frank only waited to open the stranger's vest and neck-tie, and then ran off for a doctor. Mrs. O'Connor Moran came into the study at eleven o'clock, and sat at the head of the sufferer, saying her prayers. And the lamp blinked in at the window, like a poor fellow wanting to sleep.

Everything that Mrs. O'Connor Moran could do had been done to resuscitate the insensible object of her care ; but everything had been vain. He had evidently received a great blow—though no wound whatever appeared. She knew stimulants might be ruinous, and bathing was useless—and like a wise woman waited for the medical man.

At length the Doctor arrived, and came in gravely and collectedly. He saluted the lady, looked around, and then turned to his patient. He looked at him steadily for a moment.

"Gracious !" the Doctor said. "Is it possible ? Why, really yes ! Mr. Moran," turning round, "a dear friend of mine has been saved, and the best of men. Here is Sir Emery Haydock !"

## CHAPTER V.

SHEWING WHAT TOOK LELIA MORAN TO MOUNT-STREET ; AND HOW SHE SANG  
"THE SONG OF THE SHANNON" AFTERWARDS IN BELGRAVIA.

WILL this Christian world ever practise Christianity ? Will it ever become wise enough to know its own advantages ? Who can say ? But every one who thinks can comprehend how the same Christian world is ever and always looking for a harvest where it has never sown, and seeking for the correction of a thousand evils everywhere but where it says they can be corrected.

Nothing for which we are more ready than the admission that Providence is the dispenser of all good : and we not only recognize the truth, but we are quite well aware of the way of approaching Providence. Speaking scientifically, we know the laws by which His favour is conciliated, and His anger aroused, as well as we know how to transmit a message by telegraph, or turn a wheel by steam-power. What is extremely odd, however, is that when we want the message transmitted, or the wheel turned by the piston, we are sure to observe the laws which Providence has laid down ; but when we want other results for which the same Providence has given laws as explicit, though the effects may not always be so palpable, we simply ignore them, or we have recourse to them in a way that renders their application impossible. How many evils in the world entirely of our own making, and how many blessings for

which we will not stretch out our hands! Beautiful and striking in its profound philosophy, is the complaint that we "desert the fountain of living water," and we "dig" for ourselves "the cisterns" where not only the water becomes fetid, but the cisterns break in our hands, and even the fetid water, bad as it was, flows away, "the cisterns can hold no water."

Whenever the world which acknowledges Providence will keep in harmony with Him for a year, we shall see how much He can do, and how much we can mar.

Coming along Regent-street, one day, Lelia was struck by the appearance of a very young, and very poor, and very handsome little girl. The child had a pair of cuffs in one hand—they were stretched upon a piece of dark pasteboard; and in the other she had a box of matches. The little creature was pale, very pale, with large blue eyes, and flaxen hair; but the hair was matted under a broken bonnet, and the eyes had the sad expression of anxious suffering. Lelia could no more pass by such a little creature than she could her nearest friend; and she stopped the phaeton to speak to her. Her name was Hammond; she was just thirteen; mamma was sick at home, and made the collars; her little brother, seven years old, was sick like mamma, and her father sometimes was at work, and sometimes was not; and they were all very, very poor, and sometimes very hungry. Mamma never got up; and her little brother crawled about the floor, rather than walked; but he loved mamma ever so dearly, and he cried when he saw her face sad, and when she slept he laid his little head alongside her, and he was never happy only when he lay there. Her name was Mary—and her brother's name was John, and that was also her father's name; but—

"Tell me, good child, do you not come from Ireland?"

"Yes, ma'am; but I was ever so little when we came here to Lun'un, and brother John was born here."

"You go to church?"

"No, ma'am, I go to the Kotholic chapel, please; but all the same, won't you buy the cuffs? Mamma has had nothing to-day, ma'am, and brother is hungry. Won't you buy the cuffs, ma'am?"

"And are you not hungry yourself, Mary?"

"Mamma gave me our last piece of bread coming out this morning, and I wouldn't take it, indeed, ma'am, on'y I know'd the clargy was coming to-day—Mr. Wyndham, and he always helps mamma, Mr. Wyndham does, ma'am."

"Where was your father this morning?"

The child's face fell, and she burst into a torrent of tears; but while choking with grief, she articulated, "Will you not buy the cuffs, ma'am? Oh, ma'am, *do* buy the cuffs."

The cuffs were bought at double their price, although Lelia saw they were beautifully executed; and poor little Mary Hammond drew the large old white rock-spun shawl around her little shoulders,

and somewhat over the poor cotton frock, while her little red ankles and broken boots flitted along as if her life depended upon her speed.

Lelia did not return home at once. She felt an indescribable interest in little Mary, and not less in the sick child and mother. She would seek Mr. Wyndham—Father Wyndham, and try and see Mrs. Hammond.

There was not the smallest particle of romance in all this. A case of great need came into her presence, and with the case came the law—the law of love. What the observance of the law was to effect in this world Lelia did not think about, but we know a lot of people ought. Perhaps a number with whom nothing ever goes right might find in the observance of this law a change for the better, and many who complain of enmities and false friends, *et cetera, et cetera*, would find love growing out of love, as wheat grows out of wheat. We would recommend the experiment to any of the general public who find things going astray, and who—believe in God. If the last condition be not supplied, we cannot insist upon our counsels so forcibly.

Lelia thought that buying the cuffs was a good thing, but only part of her obligation. If the life be more than the food, the mind is more than the body. A gentle word from a gentle woman to a heavy heart bestows more felicity, and earns more gratitude than a luxurious meal. Assuredly we did not get the lump of clay to “love,” but only for its connexion with something nobler—and something in connexion with the NOBLEST—the Infinite. Feeding people and clothing them is very praiseworthy, but those who think they fulfil the primary law by doing only so much will never experience the results of a system which they do not work. We mean the Christian system.

Lelia had half divined what she discovered on communication with Mr. Wyndham. Mary Hammond she found in a garret, emaciated to a frightful degree, and sitting upon a bed of straw. She was pale—very pale—but unlike little Mary, her hair was dark, and neatly laid over brows low, defined, and aristocratic. Her eyes were very fine hazel, and flashed with the light of eternity. She had a mouth of a common type enough, and the ears were long and high; but one forgot everything else in the delicate hue, the speaking eyes, and in her sorrows.

The little boy nestled close to his mother. Little Mary was preparing tea.

“Oh! Father,” she said, “the beautiful lady gave me a crown for mamma, and I can give her a nice potato! Can I not, Father? And enough will remain to pay the rent; and poor mamma and Johnny shan’t be turned out, Father.”

“Well, not much fear of that, Mary, at all events,” said Mr. Wyndham.

“Ah, no, sir,” said the poor invalid, and she looked the Father



full in the face—not with an expression of pain; yet two big tears rolled down her wan cheeks. “No, sir,” she said; “no fear of that, indeed.”

“What a beautiful voice,” whispered Lelia. It rang with a ring of a holy melody—the melody of gratitude.

“But what of John?” asked the clergyman.

“Oh! Father, poor John grows worse and worse! Poverty has made him mad.”

“Mrs. Hammond,” answered the priest, “I think a little more firmness on your part would have been better for your husband.”

“But how could I be firm, Father? In all his follies he has never changed his love. The same doating devotion he showed by my native hedges, he shows now; and never a word of complaint.”

“Where does he get money to drink?”

Here was a dead pause. The clergyman looked round the room: everything that could be sold was gone. A broken plate or two, a small bed-room candlestick of tin, a broken chair, a stool or two, and a pot and saucepan, were all that remained.

“You are late, Mary, my child,” continued the priest, as he saw her draw her hand under the counterpane. “You are late, Mary,” he said, with a sad voice. “I see your marriage ring is gone!”

Now, indeed, Mary suffered. Lelia was a little terrified—the paroxysm was so great, the sobbings were quite convulsive: “Oh! John, oh! John,” she cried, “oh! John!”

The poor little boy had his arms round the sick woman’s neck, and he said, “mamma, mamma, mamma, I shall die!” the poor fellow said. And poor little Mary was over in a corner, crying as if her little heart would burst, but not loudly.

“A most wonderful case,” said the clergyman, turning to Lelia. “Here is a man of fine talents as a law-clerk. He might obtain plenty of employment; in fact, he might be a rich man if he pleased. And see to what a condition he has reduced his family!”

“Why, then, he is very fond of them,” cried the poor sick woman.

“Well, Mrs.—*Mary*,” answered the priest, “I do not approve of the way he shows his fondness; and I am very much afraid that God will punish him severely and summarily.”

“Oh! pray for him, Father,” Mrs. Hammond answered, “pray for him! The poor fellow would be so good only for the liquor.”

“But, my poor woman,” said Lelia, “this sweet girl will be entirely lost, growing up in ignorance, and neglected by her father.”

“Well, no, madam,” Mrs. Hammond said. “Up to this time I have been able to teach her; and my poor husband, when he is sober, is just as anxious about her as I am. He has never asked her to sell her little books.”

“What can be done?” asked Lelia.

“Pray!” answered the priest. “His conversion will almost demand a miracle.”

"Ah! Father, I think 'tis because he is so much *down* that he is descending."

"How?" asked Lelia.

"Well, madam, it is foolish of me to be making fairy worlds; but I am sure, if my John could find himself now as he was five years ago, with his home happy, and himself respected, he would never again be the sot he is."

"You think," said Lelia, "he lies prostrate, in despair of rising?"

"God bless you, madam, that is my thought!" said Mary Hammond.

Lelia had paid Mrs. Hammond several visits, and, indeed, others beside Mrs. Hammond; and Mrs. Hammond was not worse; and little Mary had brushed out her fine hair; and the little skeleton began to smile, poor little fellow, when Lelia laid her fair hand upon his head; and all the time she was in the room he kept hold of her dress, and swung to and fro on his little foot. She was the first for whom he was ever known to stay away from the sick woman.

There was even something better than the visiting, and the comfort and the improvement of the children, and the new life to Mrs. Hammond. Hammond had found Lelia there one day. He was half-tipsy, and a little demonstrative. He was making professions of devoted love to his wife and his darling children; and calling himself all manner of hard names; and making all manner of resolutions. He even went upon his knees, and raised his hands upwards, and appeared as if going to swear; but Lelia stayed him.

"Have you dined, Hammond?" she asked.

"Dined!" he answered; "dined, and my adored Mary there in want! Dined! and my little children cold and penniless! Dined! no, madam, I never dine, I never dine; but, madam," he continued, "I am a drunkard—a mean, low drunkard—I have become a liar, a cheat—a savage! Oh! Mary, why?"

"John, give over this—give over this! Remember how much we owe the dear young lady, and do not be a worry to her charity."

"Stay, Mr. Hammond," she said, "are you a man of honourable principles?"

"I have been," he answered.

"Could you be again—could you *now*?"

"Oh! madam, how can I say—I am so sunk, so low, so base—"

"Well, Mr. Hammond, will you try and be faithful to me?"

"To you! to you!" a dash of old thought came across his brain, and he turned round and looked at Mary; she was again in tears.

"Mr. Hammond," said Lelia, "I am going home; here is a half-sovereign"—

"Oh! madam, madam," cried Mary Hammond.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Hammond," Lelia said, "I am going to try Mr. Hammond my own way. John Hammond, you will not leave

this for two hours ; 'tis now one o'clock. You will then go and purchase a good dinner at the next boarding-house. Come back to your poor wife and little ones. Drink nothing, and be faithful to your promise to a young woman who has never seen a man drunk in her father's house ; and yet, who believes there is good in you still ! Will you promise ? ”

“ As God shall be my judge ! ”

“ And drink nothing till we meet, the day after to-morrow ? ”

There was a pause now. Mary Hammond heaved a sigh, and the husband started.

“ I promise,” cried John Hammond.

*And John Hammond kept his word !*

It would be hard to calculate how much art and sorrow there are in the world, which could easily be removed, and how much good might be obtained, which we never enjoy, because we take our own way, which never can be right.

I AM THE WAY lasts for ever !

Lelia was coming home from Mrs. Hammond's on the evening when Lowry M'Cabe gave Mr. Meldon the honour of an Irish squeeze, and saved the Baronet's watch—and life, it may be. The clergyman had informed her by the five o'clock delivery, that Mrs. Hammond was dying, and wished to see her once more. The afternoon call led to the *rencontre* near Brompton. And now the reader is as wise as ourselves on this matter.

The Baronet remained insensible during the whole of the night, notwithstanding very copious bleeding ; and in the morning the Doctor preferred a bed made up in the study to any removal up stairs, or anywhere whatever. Consequently, Frank had to manage as best he could in his law, and reading, and correspondence with the two American papers.

Mrs. O'Connor Moran was a discreet matron, and knew exactly what was her daughter's place in this “ whole business ; ” and, indeed, Lelia was conscious of the peculiarity of the situation. At all events, a man who was insensible could not be much danger to character or peace ; and hence Mrs. Moran was glad that Lelia should spend some portion of the night and morning in the study. The mother and daughter talked very quietly, and very freely ; and a great part of their discourse was about John Hammond of Bloomsbury, and poor Mary and her children. They had made a small and select circle about them in two or three centres, and they became great factors and vendors of point-lace and of worked pocket handkerchiefs. The mother's exultation, though, about John Hammond's conversion, was more than all the happiness that grew around the poor little family.

“ Lelia, darling,” she would say, “ any one might have followed the child, little Mary. Natural feeling, and even curiosity might lead to that, for the child is most interesting ; but your disposal of your half sovereign—that was so like your dear father ! You found

the only healthful feelings that remained in Hammond: his chivalry and his gratefulness."

"Papa used to say, that many a man was a rogue, because he never met any one to trust him. I just remembered that, mamma."

"Talk to a child as a man, and you make him a man," said Mrs. O'Connor Moran.

About twelve o'clock Sir Emery Haydock showed a small improvement. Two spoonfulls of jelly, and one of Madeira, every two hours, had been prescribed, and Lelia was entrusted with supplying the Madeira this time. Sir Emery opened his eyes wide. Lelia was in morning dress, white, with a blue sash, and her hair down to her knees. It fell half over her face, as she stooped to do the nursing.

"Fell from my horse!" said the patient. "Fell from my horse!"

"You are you better?" answered Mrs. Moran.

"Better!" he said, and he smiled.

"Pardon!" he resumed, very weakly. "I think I have been dreaming. I saw something—something!" he said, "Beautiful!" he muttered. "Fallen from my horse!" was always his last word.

At the first gleam of consciousness Lelia fled, and was not seen afterwards.

Lelia's class of thought was new to her. How handsome he was! How like some pictures of heroic people! Then he had a frank, open expression of face. She was sure he was a man of fine principles, like Frank or her father! Did he see her? We fear, we must say, that Lelia looked into the large mirror then. Was he married?—or engaged? There was a little throb, like a note of interrogation—a crooked little thing—at the end of the colloquy. Lelia finally discovered herself in her new frame of mind, and she laughed outright at its absurdity.

A little boy twelve years old, and a sweet young girl, crossed Lelia's mind, too, at that moment; and she sighed for "long, long ago!"

Lowry presents himself about half-past one o'clock in the drawing-room—blue body coat, and brass buttons, and the finest pair of white stockings, holding the two finest legs in England. Lowry carries the salver admirably—though, for a long time, he seemed to have no exact notion of his own height, as compared with his neighbour's.

"Send them up."

Lelia retired.

"Lady Haydock, Miss Haydock, and Miss Euphrasia Haydock," cries Lowry M'Cabe.

The three ladies enter, and the usual greeting follows.

"The Doctor has been to our house, and has relieved us of a great weight of anxiety. Myself and my daughters arrived from

the country only an hour ago; and most fortunately the Doctor came with the bad and the good news together."

"I am thankful that your son, Sir Emery Haydock, improves every moment."

"I can see him?"

"Oh! certainly. We—I have only just left him!"

"How can a mother ever thank you sufficiently! And where is your noble-minded son?"

Without having received an answer, the ladies rose and went down stairs, preceded by Mrs. Moran. The study door opened, and there was Sir Emery Haydock.

The demonstration was not great on either side; but that was sound judgment, because excitement might even yet be dangerous. He had occasional glimpses of life, and they seemed to grow longer, each re-appearance of them. Before the family's departure, at five o'clock, he had been able to hold some conversation.

Some of the conversation posed his sister.

"Euphee," he said, "you have been here so long—and up so long—and so kind!"

"I!" said Euphrasia.

The Dowager put her finger on her lips to warn Euphrasia not to contradict or cross him.

"Oh! Euphee, I thought you were younger, and dressed in white, with such beautiful hair! and your eyes seemed to seal mine in some singular way! You must know they were—what is that I was saying? Euphee, you were wonderfully beautiful!—wonderfully!"

"Keep quiet, now, my son—quietness is necessary—quite necessary."

"Just so! And see, mamma, who is the poor woman you told me of? Well, I cannot remember.—She—"

"Oh, well, my son, you will pain me if you do not compose yourself."

"Hush!" the mother added, "Emery sleeps!"

And so he did. He became so well, that all notion of any member of the family staying with him was surrendered. The thanks were proposed and they were kindly accepted. They had come as far as the hall; their carriage door was flung open; the servant stood "attention," when Lady Haydock turned back, hurriedly, and with a geniality which she had not manifested before, she said—

"Will you pardon my preoccupation? My mind was so full of my dear son, that I forgot another to whom we are all so deeply indebted. Will you allow me to return and thank Miss O'Connor Moran?"

"Pray, my lady, be quite tranquil on that subject. My daughter has a singular love for the occupation of nurse, though I must say," she added smiling, "that as soon as Sir Emery Haydock showed any appearance of returning consciousness, she played the coward, and ran away."

The Dowager was returning, followed by the two young ladies, when Mrs. O'Connor Moran cried, "Here is the delinquent herself!"

The mother's heart did swell at that beautiful vision. It was "of heaven, heavenly." The young ladies absolutely clapped their hands, particularly the young one.

The old Dowager was staid and thoughtful.

The interview was cordial, not long; and when they reached the carriage Euphrasia cried to her companions—"We have seen Emery's dream! Mamma, is she not beautiful?"

Sir Emery was able to depart for Belgravia in a few days; but, as might be expected, he became a frequent visitor of Frank. They became friends—strong friends, because they had views that harmonized on many things; and when they differed on any subject, discussion was always improving. The Baronet's opinion of the whole family was an opinion of the most enthusiastic kind—as far as enthusiasm is allowed to rule an English Baronet, or to enter into his composition—and before long the ladies of the family became such admirers of the male and female portions of the O'Connor Morans, people said Frank was going to have a large fortune, and Lelia to become a lady.

Lowry M'Cabe said a prayer for *Sir Mary Haycock* every day; because when that gentleman was going away he beckoned his finger to Lowry.

"Very thankful to you, indeed, my fine fellow; and if I can ever do you a service, you count on me."

A note was slipped into Lowry's hand.

Lowry had the curiosity slyly to uncover the corner with his left thumb, and he saw "TEN."

Lowry's heart beat. What a fortune! But it was a mistake.

"Well, no wan belong to me uvur was a rogue!" muttered Lowry.

"I beg your honour's pardon!" said Lowry.

"What is the matter?"

"This is a TIN, your honour," said Lowry.

"Not enough?" asked the Baronet, smiling.

"Och, tin times too much, an' more," answered Lowry; "an' 'tisn't that I say it, Sir Mary, my family nuvur tuk a mane advantage of a mun."

"Oh, well," said the Baronet, "I wish you to keep that, M'Cabe, and I wish you good fortune with it; you are a brave fellow."

The carriage flew away, and Lowry absolutely danced into the house.

"Glory be to God," he cried, "I have five pound for my mother, and five pound for my poor sister; and glory be to God!" cried poor Lowry M'Cabe.

There was true glory to God in that honest exclamation.

Morning visits had frequently passed between the ladies, young and old; and we must admit that Lady Haydock did not manifest

much of the jealousy usually ascribed to aristocratic matrons whose sons are suspected of undue attention to young ladies without a title. Lady Haydock conceived a profound respect for Mrs. O'Connor Moran, and an affection for her daughter Lelia, so much so that if she needed counsel regarding her son or her daughters, Mrs. Moran was very soon the person, of all others, whom she would consult. Nor would she feel embarrassed even at the presence of Lelia. In one word, by some singular process of reasoning Lady Haydock came to the conclusion that Mrs. Moran did not want her son, and that she very much wanted Mrs. Moran's daughter.

After three weeks or a month the Haydock family found themselves in Mrs. Moran's drawing-room, waiting for Lelia and her mother who happened to be out. They found their way to the Church of the Oratorians, and were sanctifying the Advent. Lady Haydock sat down at a square mahogany table, and examined a portfolio with great interest. It was filled with sketches of Irish scenery, made by her young friend; and among the sketches was one of the Great House, its woods, the hills behind, and the noble river. Of course, she called the young ladies, who exclaimed "how beautiful!"—at least one did. We say *one*, because Miss Haydock had got hold of a song which she found in manuscript on the piano, "words and music by Frank." Miss Haydock was so concerned in both the composition and the melody that she never remembered who was there, or where she was, until called twice by her mamma.

Miss Haydock was about four-and-twenty, a little under the middle size, with a slight stoop, which we suppose was fashionable, full dark, not black, eyes, and a wonderfully calm expression of countenance. The colour on her cheek was fresh; but toned most agreeably by the healthy fairness of a fair skin. Commonly she looked downward; but Lady Haydock insisted that it was thinking her daughter was, because from time to time she seemed to lose the topic of conversation; and in fact to lose time and place with the conversation, and lose herself with them. Mamma often asked her to let people see she had eyes—because she moved as if she made her way by chance, and escaped all moving things by her good fortune. But her mamma doted upon the eldest. She was so considerate, so kind, so self-sacrificing, so humble, notwithstanding a capacity almost masculine, that she won her way by a benevolent good sense whenever she met any who understood her.

"Mamma," she said, looking first at the ground, and then slowly raising her large lids and broad brow, till she looked at her mother, "is not that a charming song? I should so much like to try the music."

"Come, I will try it," cried Euphrasia.

"Not for the world," answered the elder sister.

"Oh, why think of such a thing, Euphrasia!" asked Lady Haydock.

But Euphrasia was unconvinced, and would have played on if she had her way.

Euphrasia? Well, Euphrasia was just Lelia's age, and, like her sister, not tall; but, unlike her sister, was everywhere at the same moment, and everywhere watching every one to do something kind and affectionate. She was *petite*. Her hands and feet were those of a child, but her symmetry was so perfect, that, unless by immediate comparison with some one near, she looked tall. Her grey eyes, large, with long lashes, were all fire; and her mouth, not large, but of strong character, gave her a firmness of expression which raised her at once to any one's level. Certainly, Euphrasia would have no trouble in playing on dear Lelia's piano.

The result of this visit and its cause we must now indite for the reader's delectation and improvement.

Young Sir Emery had carried away from his dreamy state of unconsciousness the name of Rev. Mr. Wyndham. He spent the best part of two days trying to find out who this Mr. Wyndham was, and he finally succeeded. He not only found Mr. Wyndham, but poor Mrs. Hammond was astounded one day to see the handsome young Baronet in Mr. Wyndham's company. The Baronet became concerned with the thought of making Hammond's fortune, and restoring Mary Hammond to health.

We mix up most innocently our own interests and those of benevolence; and why not the Baronet? He began to think of the manner and mode of enriching the poor law clerk, and restoring himself to himself again. And forthwith Lelia Moran began to mix with his thoughts; and Frank, and Frank's guitar, and Lelia's piano, and Emma, his eldest sister, and Euphrasia came in; and at last, Sir Emery Haydock made up his mind to have an aristocratic Amateur Musical Evening in Belgravia, and to allow the guests the privilege of making up one hundred pounds—or two, if they preferred the latter amount.

"He really is half-crazy, my son is, about an Irish family named Hammond. I think they live in Bloomsbury. They seem quite respectable; and I think no better mode of doing the poor people a benefit could be devised. What do you say?"

"Well, Lady Haydock, I will consult with my son. Lelia is young, too young," said she, smiling, "for a *débutante* as a public singer."

"But what does Lelia say to an effort for the poor?" Emma Haydock asked, her head bent forward, and her eyes opened wide.

"Well, Lelia?" asked Mrs. Moran.

"Well, mamma, I shall, of course, *do* what you like—and Frank; but I would not care anything for success or failure, they would be nearly the same to me, if I could help the Hammonds."

"You know them, then?" said Lady Haydock.

"Perfectly," answered Lelia.

Mrs. Moran paused.



"Lady Haydock, you must know that it is to us quite a mystery how Sir Emery Haydock discovered the poor Hammonds. We have never spoken to him about them."

"I am happy," said the Dowager, "that anything will result in bringing you and Miss Moran to our house that evening."

We had very much to say of the evening, ever so much; but we cannot now even name the company—lords, ladies, baronets, knights, and squires. How Lelia looked, under the blaze of three chandeliers bearing hundreds of waxlights! She wore the diamonds of the O'Connors and Morans too; and Mrs. Moran, with her pale brow and queenly carriage, was perfect; and Lady Haydock, whose breadth was enormous, in half evening costume—her face nevertheless was always cast in the imperative mood. Frank and the young Baronet, and some others, were fully employed in doing the honours; and "fine fellow" often fell from the lips of handsome dames, and even chevaliers, as Frank passed up and down.

The concert was a perfect success. The Haydocks opened by a duett. Euphrasia then accompanied her brother in a fine *buffo*. Mr. Edmund Brown, of Pall Mall, the great banker, sang a few things from the popular operas, and there was a pause.

Every one knew something was in reserve; but every one did not know that that fine young fellow, so busy all the evening, was a great artist in his way. Sir Emery stepped on the dais, where the piano, flute, guitar, and violin, seemed mutely complaining of want of employment. He announced that Mr. O'Connor Moran had had the kindness to afford them his services.

Frank approached the dais, as he did all things, very modestly, but firmly. He knew what was in him, and he was too proud to be vain. He sang an Italian sonnet, and the audience seemed to forget it was a song—and to forget where they were. The listeners were transferred into some place where the soul seemed to live on a musical life. Absolutely there was a pause—when he had finished—people did not wish to think him yet finished. When they realized the situation, it was to make him sing again. This time the song was Irish, and every one admired the manliness of the young singer, and admired the pathos of the melody—

"How dear to me the hour when daylight dies."

At length came the vision of the seraph! Frank, this time a little proudly, gave his arm to Lelia. Lady Haydock had been, early in the evening, suggesting her own son for the honour; but Mrs. Moran, with a very quiet will, said, "Better Frank—better Frank." And so Frank led Lelia to the piano. They had always sung together, and their voices seemed to love like themselves. The voices so completely harmonized, that the idea of *one* undulating, unearthly, abounding melody fixed itself in the heart. The audience held their breath. The ticking of people's watches became audible. And in the end—when the two singers slightly bent their heads, as if to say "our task is done," all limits were crossed—

the sobriety of Belgravia, and its coldness, having vanished, and an applause which, perhaps, no one liked to give, burst from the hearers like a frenzy.

Over and over again the brother and sister were obliged to enchant the hearers; and the collection was made with singular judgment—in the nick of time. Gold rattled on salvers which were near relations, and notes fell with a “whiff” upon the gold. The spirit was growing more and more—one hundred and eighty-seven pounds fifteen shillings were announced as the proceeds.

How is it a number of people imagine the same thing on an occasion like this, when no fair reason seems to lead to the conclusion? The announcement was received with joy and quiet marks of applause; but immediately the whole assembly looked towards “the beautiful Irish girl,” Lelia Moran. As if the success had been *her* success, all seemed to think she would once more sing.

Emma Haydock was making a strong case with Lelia. And of all things in the world she had the manuscript music in her hand.

Frank stood quietly looking at them, and smiled. Lelia now looked into his face—a look he knew, and one which he answered. He answered by offering his arm. Emma Haydock had gained her point. Frank’s music and poetry would be heard in “The Song of the Shannon.”

After two words from Frank—saying that the song was a simple thing, and the music simple—Lelia played a majestic prelude, when, in ravishing sweetness, she closed the evening by—

### THE SONG OF THE SHANNON.

#### I.

Flowing on like the ages, and changeless as they,  
In a movement unceasing, by night and by day,  
Like the ages I vary—the young and the old—  
Bearing dark clouds of sorrow and bright gleams of gold,  
I am onward and onward, and pant for the west,  
Where the ocean, my mother, will rock me to rest!

#### II.

By Clonmacnoise temples, I kneel on my knees;  
And steal all in silence beneath the old trees;  
And I spread out the sunbeams, when eve’s shadows fall,  
Like a road for the Angels, beside the old wall!  
And the round tower, shining like light o’er the graves,  
And the Great Cross of ages, I build in the waves!

#### III.

And they kiss it like pilgrims, while trav’ling along,  
And they pat and caress it, and sing it a song!  
For, thro’ long generations, they hid in the reeds;  
And they heard the Monks singing and telling their beads!  
Changed are all things around them, unless the old race,  
And the presence of Angels still guarding the place!

IV.

I pause in my journey, by old Balboroo',  
Where the "strong hand" once wielded the sword of the true.  
And, above, 'mid the willows, I move to and fro,  
Like the face of a mourner all haggard with woe;  
Then, I madly rush onward, unable to bear  
The mem'ries of sorrow that crowd on me there!

V.

On, and on, never pausing, by green field and fane,  
Where saints were made holy, and martyrs were slain;  
I show forms of beauty, and old towers grim,  
And ivy-clad gables that gaze on my brim;  
Till I come to the green hills and gardens so fair—  
Where the great gate of Thomond looks out upon Clare!

VI.

On, and on, by the city, the hope and the pride  
Of the old land of sorrow, I noiselessly glide;  
But I weave all around her a bright silver band,<sup>1</sup>  
As the queen of my glory, the queen of the land!  
As a fillet, all sacred, to wear on her brow,  
Till she opes the old cloisters, all desolate now!

VII.

The old bastions I wash as I did long ago,  
When they proudly defended a free land below!  
And I picture in sadness the bastions' decay,  
And I mourn o'er the stones as they fall in my way!  
And I bow down my head, as I rev'rently move,  
By the Church, which, like Moses, seems praying above!<sup>2</sup>

VIII.

To the haunts of Senanus I'm coming at last,  
And far inward I travel for sake of the past!<sup>3</sup>  
And the towers, and the abbey, and cross o'er the graves,  
As at old Clonmacnoise, I build up in the waves.  
And their complin is echoed all over the dells,  
Like some churches far distant, a-ringing their bells.

IX.

But I'm weary! I'm weary! the whole of the day  
Is a mem'ry of sadness that darkens my way!  
And the night makes so lonely! I long for the sea!  
And the stars ever changeless to shine over me!  
Till the times come, long destined—the times as of old,  
When my waters shall sweep 'mid the free and the bold!

The spell of Lelia's enchantment wrought a long while, and the company—at least many of them—had a feeling that they would not wish to hear another song—lest anything should weaken the memory or the impression of what they had heard. Slowly

<sup>1</sup> The old town of Limerick is completely surrounded by the Shannon.  
<sup>2</sup> St. Mary's Cathedral looks down on the Shannon.  
<sup>3</sup> The river turns in—forming Scatterry Island, in which the ruins are found.

began to talk, until finally the conversation became so active as to be almost excited. Some adjourned to the dining-room for refreshments, others lounged about the fine music-room, and many began to dress for their carriages—which soon began to be announced—and were announced with system and quiet. The Moran family were, of course, the centre of attraction, attention, and of all kinds of speculation for a majority of the visitors; and Mrs. Moran in her quiet staid way, and Lelia in her meek, simple, but always collected manner, neither shunned nor sought the incense of the moment. Frank Moran was as attentive as if he had met his mother and sister only a few times in his life—indeed he was nearly always similarly regulated in his tone and manner, and so far much resembled his mother.

At length, on the appearance of a figure—white as to head, face, cravat, and stockings—the remainder red and blue—which figure bowed, and whispered in a tone skilfully modulated, “your carriage, ma’am,” the Morans began to make their adieus. The young Baronet was all felicity apparently, and the Dowager and her daughter seemed to think a parting difficult—particularly with Lelia. The younger of the Haydocks looked paler a little, pale and anxious; and Sir Emery solemnly assured her that the scarlet suffusion of neck and cheeks, when “young Moran bid her good night, was alarming.” We must remark, however, that the observation, whether gravely intended, or in badinage merely, was made only to the young lady herself.

Just outside the hall-door, and apparently awaiting somebody expected soon to come out, was the Pall Mall banker, Mr. Edmund Brown. He uncovered to Lelia—who presented her hand—bowed low to Mrs. Moran, and was bidding Frank a hearty good-night, when he turned back to the carriage door.

“By-the-by, Mrs. Moran,” he said, “I have news from your country; have you known the Hazlitts?”

“Very much indeed.”

“Ah, pray!” cried Lelia, “what of Nanny?”

“I regret to say I have no information regarding Miss Hazlitt,” answered Mr. Brown.

“Well?” Mrs. Moran asked with interest.

“I fear the forgeries of his name committed by his son, and the amount of money stolen or abstracted by him before his departure, have led to serious embarrassments. He is honouring all the forged bills.”

“Jack Hazlitt! Jack Hazlitt!” cried Lelia.

“Well, I ought to say,” remarked Mr. Brown, “that a great share of the money went to pay what they call ‘debts of honour,’ incurred in various ways, and that to enrich himself did not seem very much the desire of this wild young man.”

“Who are the creditors?” demanded Frank.

“One of our Irish houses, but we will not be pressing.”

"Good," said Frank. "Good-night again," Mr. Brown said.  
"Good-night."

And the family proceeded homewards, hardly exchanging a syllable till they reached their residence.

The clock was chiming "two."

[*To be continued.*]

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### PASSING EVENTS.

GERMANY.—Contented with their efforts to promote the greatness of the "Vaterland," the legislators of Germany are satisfied that the subjects of the empire have no cause to complain of their labours during their past session. Count von Roon, in his speech at the close of the session, looked back upon his own labours, and those of his colleagues, "with great satisfaction," and declared them "rich in important results." The minister hoped too, that "in the coming elections the Prussian people would allow itself to be guided by its usual sense of patriotism, and by a feeling of harmony with His Majesty's Government, to the general furthering of the real good of the people and the progress of the nation." The Government press is equally determined in asserting the happiness and contentment of the people. "We know now," writes one of the Government journals, "that our national policy has produced fruits in peace not unworthy of our achievements in war. We may, therefore, hope that the contentment which is just now the main characteristic of popular feeling will find a becoming manifestation in the approaching elections."

It is hard to believe that Count von Roon can have been sincere when he uttered those strange words, or that the official article-writer can have been serious when he made the assertions we have copied. In Prussia there are eight millions of Catholics, and in the German empire there are fourteen millions. Of these there are, perhaps, some hundreds of thousands, perhaps even a million, who regard without disgust, or it may be with complacency, the steps which the Government of Prussia has taken, in order to overthrow the religion to which they are nominally attached. But there are at least thirteen millions of Catholic subjects of the empire intelligent enough to understand the scope of the laws enacted by these self-complacent legislators, and sufficiently attached to their Faith to be hostile to the policy which has produced them. In forming an estimate of the "disposition of the people" it is, we think, a rather serious mistake to disregard the sympathies and antipathies of thirteen millions of the population.

But not in the ranks of the Catholics alone has the anti-religious

policy of the Government excited discontent. There is still a large section of the Protestants of Germany attached to the doctrines of positive Revelation. They are known by the name of "Evangelicals." They still hold fast to the leading traditions of Christianity. In the spirit of free criticism they have not condemned the Gospel as an inaccurate record of commonplace events. They do not sympathise with the spirit of progress represented by the Protestant Association (Protestantenverein), and they struggle in their feeble way against advancing Rationalism and Materialism. They do not, it is true, reckon amongst their numbers the inhabitants of the great cities; church-going has ceased to be fashionable there, but they have a strong hold on the simple peasantry of Brandenburg, Pomerania, and other purely Protestant districts. They too begin to feel that the present policy of the Government will lead to the overthrow of what they call their "Church." They begin to understand that the new laws regarding the Church give the Government the power of life and death over the body to which they belong, and recent events show that this power will not always be used for their good. In their protests against the framing of these laws, their representatives in the lower and upper houses declared their conviction that the new enactments would be fatal to the existence of their Church, that Catholicism might have in it elements of stability which would bring it safe out of the trial, but that their own body could not hope to withstand a hostile Government. In estimating the "dispositions of the people," the feelings of the members of the "Evangelical Church" should not be wholly lost sight of, and the feeling of this body can hardly be said to be one of perfect "harmony with his Majesty's Government."

If we regard the present position of political parties in Germany, we are at a loss to understand the grounds on which the Government and its organs congratulate themselves on the "contentment of the nation." The "restored brethren" of Alsace and Lorraine have given, and are still giving, rather equivocal signs of their satisfaction at being again united to the "Vaterland," and the brethren beyond the Rhine have taken rather a strange method of manifesting towards them their fraternal affection. The protests of the restored provinces against the various steps taken by the Prussian executive to re-Germanise them, and their determined opposition to the introduction of the constitution of the empire can hardly be considered proofs of their love for the present order of things. The annexed Danes, in the North, are deplorably remiss in their manifestations of love for the great empire of which they form a part, and the intractable Alsatians have found able advocates among the parliamentary representatives of the Danish provinces. Attachment to the Prussian Government on the part of the Polish provinces would be an unexampled instance of obedience to the precept of returning good for evil. The despairing protests of the vanquished Poles against the ever-recurring acts of tyranny

on the part of their rulers, the pathetic appeals of Polish deputies to the humanity of their conquerors in behalf of their language, which it seems their masters in Berlin have determined to suppress, the touching eloquence with which, apologising for their imperfect German, they pleaded for this last remnant of their nationality, would hardly lead us to suppose that all was "joy" and "contentment" beyond the Oder. We will not now consider the amount of friendly feeling which must subsist between the people of Hanover and the Government of Berlin. The traveller, who, passing through the streets of a Hanoverian village, hears the village children denounce their companion who has cheated them in the game as "*Du Preusse*" ("*You Prussian!*") will be able to judge of the popular estimate of the Prussian character, and their consequent love of the government to which they are now subject. We will not dwell on the peculiarly feeble nature of the tie which binds Bavaria and Wurtemberg to the leading state of the empire. We are dispensed from this by an admission made in a subsequent article of the official journal from which we have already quoted. The writer, who had so enthusiastically congratulated the Government on the "national contentment," discovered later that, in the Danish and Polish provinces, as well as in the particular states which form the empire, there were certain parties "over whom the national contentment had no influence, who were not animated by the feelings and life of the nation." He furthermore considered the efforts of these parties dangerous enough to warrant the Government in "suppressing with energy tendencies which were hostile as well to the Prussian state and German empire, as to the national development."

A ceremony which may, perhaps, have some influence on the "national development," took place at Rotterdam on 11th August. On that day Dr. Joseph H. Reinkens, Professor of Theology in the University of Breslau, was consecrated Bishop of the old Catholics of Germany by Dr. Herman Heykamp, Bishop of Deventer. A record of the event, "to be preserved in the archives of their worthy Bishop," has been drawn up by the German representatives of old Catholicity who attended on the solemn occasion. In this curious document they "present their most respectful congratulations to their newly-elected Bishop; and now that he has been adopted into the number of the successors of the apostles, they renew to their beloved Bishop Reinkens "the assurance of their most respectful love and the promise of their unalterable attachment."

His Lordship entered at once on the discharge of his episcopal functions. Immediately after his consecration he addressed a pastoral letter to his scattered flock. After demonstrating the perfectly legitimate character of his own election, and alluding to the actual position of the old Catholic Church, Dr. Reinkens comments on the duties of the Bishop of that worthy community. According to his view, the episcopal office is not a dignity conferred on a few privileged individuals, but rather a post, the occupant of which is

the servant of the Faithful. The Bishop must not preach himself or his interests; he has but to preach Jesus Christ. He is to distribute to his flock not the temporal goods of his bishopric, but the inheritance of the children of God, over which he has control. It is furthermore a special duty of the episcopal office to teach obedience to the civil power. The Bishop who neglects to inculcate this latter lesson betrays the trust reposed in him.

The maxims with which the charge of the new Bishop concludes will, no doubt, be highly grateful to the Cabinet of Berlin. Apart, however, from the claims which the theology of Dr. Reinkens gives them upon the obedience of churchmen, these worthy statesmen will not be at a loss for means to enforce submission to their decrees. Priests who, in violation of the law of the 11th May, have accepted the parishes offered them by their Bishops, without consulting the Government as to the propriety of the step, have been summoned to answer for the offence before the secular courts, and the omnipotent Government has declared the ministrations of these clergymen *invalid*.

Such are the signs of the "national development," and such the manifestations and the causes of the "national contentment." In the meantime, the cholera is ravaging the towns and villages of eastern Prussia. In some districts the harvest is rotting in the fields; there are no labourers to gather it in, and flocks of sheep are wandering about without a shepherd. Verily, we are inclined to believe with Count Von Roon, that "the recent legislation is beginning to produce important results."

ITALY.—The political adventurers who constitute what is called the Italian Government continue to plunder and persecute the Church. It is true that their exactions affect not merely the inhabitants of monasteries and convents—that the active peasants of Northern Italy, who have already enjoyed for many years the blessings of constitutional government, as well as their more languid brethren in the South, who have been but recently compelled to participate in their happiness, are groaning beneath the heavy burdens imposed upon them. It is true, also, that, like our unfortunate countrymen at home, crowds of these victims of misgovernment are daily flying from a land rich in all the gifts of nature, to seek a livelihood in the Great Republic beyond the Atlantic. But with these merely political effects of the inability or dishonesty or the rulers of the country, we are not now concerned. We would draw attention to their exactions and their tyranny only in as far as they immediately affect the institutions and the persons which are dedicated to the Church, whose interests it is our primary duty to promote.

The spoliation of the convents has begun. Already numerous communities of nuns have been broken up. For the moment, these houseless victims of an unmanly tyranny have been received into the convents which are still allowed to exist, or have sought shelter in one of the papal palaces which the "gentleman king" has



not yet thought fit to "annex" to his private possessions. But not alone to the Italian subjects does the Government of Italy show itself cruel and unprincipled. Its hatred of the religion which it has sworn to destroy prompts to acts of insult and outrage against the Catholic subjects of other countries. A resident in Rome gives the following account of an incident which occurred in that city early in the last month :—

"Some time since a priest arrived here from Albania. The day after his arrival he quitted the hotel at an early hour, and set out for the palace of the Propaganda, where the business upon which he had come was to be transacted. Having lost his way in the intricate and narrow streets which lead from the Corso, he begged a gentleman whom he encountered to direct him. The latter, who happened to be a police-officer in disguise, declared himself ready to perform the service which had been asked of him, and even volunteered to accompany the stranger to the place which he sought. The term of their walk, however, turned out to be not the palace of the Propaganda, but the police-station. The priest was questioned as to his name, his country, and the object of his visit to Rome, and at the end of the investigation was conducted to a cell in the prison. He passed the entire day without receiving any food whatever. Towards evening he underwent a second examination, was obliged to deliver up his papers and his money, was informed that his judges had decided that the object of his visit was to disturb the public tranquillity, or to become a papal soldier, and was then reconducted to his cell in prison. He was detained here for four days, during which the guardians of the public tranquillity allowed him but bread and water. At last he found means of communicating with the representative of Turkey in Rome. At the instance of the latter he was set at liberty, comforted at his departure by the assurance that the authorities had confined him in prison out of a friendly desire to protect him against the insults which the mob would have certainly offered him."

We will not now dwell further on the numberless acts of petty persecution to which the Church, and its members in Italy, are subjected. In our own country there is something manly about the bearing of hostile parties; they are magnanimous, even when at war. But with the enemies of Catholicity in Italy no expression of hatred is too mean to be resorted to. While the police and the prefects take every opportunity of insulting and annoying the friends of the imprisoned Pope, and of the Church which he rules, the official organs of the Government are ceaseless in their endeavours to excite the fears and the fanaticism of the religion-hating masses, which form such a large proportion of the population of the more important Italian towns. The *Gazetta d'Italia* has already horrified its readers by a description of the preparations which are being made by the clerical party for a celebration in Rome of the "Sicilian Vespers." The event is to take place on the 8th Sep-

tember. The "Buzzerri" which are to fall are already designated, and an immense number of the adherents of the clerical party from all countries, but especially from France, have already arrived in Rome. A sufficient quantity of arms is already prepared. The pattern of a uniform for the "clericals," which had been sent from France to a Roman prelate, was accidentally discovered by the police. The far-seeing *Gazetta* has its doubts as to the feasibility of the plan which it describes, but it has no hesitation in assuring its enlightened readers that the fanatical "clericals" have seriously entertained the design which it is its privilege to have discovered and exposed. With such an executive and such a press, we have no doubt that the hopes of the founders of the Italian Kingdom will be realized, and that "united Italy" will soon "take its merited place among the nations of the earth."

SWEDEN.—It might seem, that in a country in which Catholic interests can hardly be said to be represented, there could not be anything which could engage our attention. We select but one item of news from the "Norway and Sweden" column of a German newspaper—not because of its intrinsic importance, but as indicative of a change in the state of public feeling in Sweden, and of a gradual advance to the principles of toleration which are at least professed by most other countries of Europe:—

"A meeting has been held in Christiania by the adherents of the State Church. In this meeting, at which about five thousand persons were present, the clergy and laity were both represented. Many questions relating merely to the constitution of the State Church were discussed, and after these the ninety-second article of the Constitution, which provides "that all the public officials shall belong to the State Church," became the subject of an animated debate. The assembly, by an immense majority, adopted a resolution in favour of the suppression of this article of the Constitution. These adherents of the official Church stated, as their reason for adopting this resolution, their conviction that this article would never be able to add to their numbers one sincere believer; that it served merely to retain amongst them infidels and hypocrites, and, moreover, imposed a degrading penalty on a large class of their fellow-citizens. Of course we do not yet know whether or not this resolution of the meeting in Christiania will have any influence upon the decision of the Storting in this matter. A Professor of the University conducted the debate on the subject, and in the course of his remarks touched upon the new "church-laws" in Prussia. He characterised them as usurpations by the State of what belongs to the Church. He believed that, with these laws at their disposal, a rationalistic government in Germany would be able completely to annihilate Christianity."

These expressions of public opinion would show that, in the Capital of Sweden, men are beginning to learn the lesson which they are beginning to forget elsewhere: namely, that the State may tolerate, or even support churches, but has no right to govern them.

# CATHOLIC IRELAND.

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OCTOBER, 1873.

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## JOTTINGS FROM A GREEK PRAYER-BOOK.

### I.

#### MORNING AND NIGHT PRAYER.

ONE of the most interesting among the moral evidences of the Apostolic origin and descent of the doctrine of the Church is the beautiful unity in variety which is found among the Christians of different races and nationalities, who follow the several religious rites in the East and in the West—Latins, Greeks, Ruthenians, Syrians, Copts, Armenians, Abyssinians—and who, while they maintain perfect union in faith with the Holy See and with each other, nevertheless exhibit in their religious rites, and in the language and arrangement of their liturgies, the most striking, and sometimes most picturesque diversities of detail. It is impossible not to be struck by the circumstance, that those who baptize by immersion maintain the doctrine of regeneration, no less than those who practise infusion; that while one class celebrates the Eucharist in leavened bread, and another in unleavened, all alike agree as to the reality of our Lord's Presence, and the Transubstantiation of the elements; that with endless variations of ritual and ceremonial observance, they uphold in common the one unbloody Sacrifice; that the efficacy of Extreme Unction is acknowledged alike, where administered by one priest, by three, or by seven; in a word, that the faith, theoretical as well as practical, is the same, whatever may be the diversity of form in which it is embodied—whatever the divergency of external rite by which it is symbolized.

The irresistible force of this moral argument in evidence of the faith of the Church in the Blessed Eucharist has been admirably illustrated by Arnould, Nicole, and Renaudot, in their well-known work, the "*Perpetuité de la Foi de l'Eglise Catholique sur l'Eucha-*

ristie ;" and it is pursued with details of exceeding interest by Assemani, Leo Allatius, Morinus, and others, into the subject of the other sacraments, and in general into almost all the doctrinal questions on which the belief of the West has been divided since the Reformation. Our purpose in these desultory papers is not so ambitious as this. Our view of the subject is ascetical, much more than dogmatical. Catholics are, for the most part, so happy and so entirely at rest in their own convictions, that they seldom are moved to look abroad upon the intellectual condition which prevails among their brethren of another faith. Still less are they tempted to penetrate their inner life ; to inquire into their devotional practices ; to scrutinize their habits of thought ; the manifestations of the moral sense which appear among them, and which give to the external forms of their religion what life and living reality they possess. Nevertheless, we cannot help thinking that, entirely apart from the doctrinal, or literary bearing of such an inquiry, it ought to possess for every well-regulated Catholic mind a deep and practical interest ; and that, if the opportunity be used aright, it may serve as a means by which not only to instruct our intellects, but to elevate and chasten our hearts.

With this view it has occurred to us, that some instruction may be gathered from an occasional glance at the devotional books of the Eastern Church ; and our present purpose is to bring under the notice of the reader a small Greek Prayer-book of private devotions, similar in object and character to that class of prayer-books in use among ourselves ;—intended partly for the purposes of private, and purely personal devotion, partly, and perhaps principally, as a companion to the public services of the Church—not, indeed, containing provision for every one of the proper services of the several times and seasons, but fitted to serve as a companion and guide in what is common to them all, and as a means of turning to profitable account the general spirit which breathes through each in particular. It is entitled, "The Sacred Synopsis ; containing Services and Prayers suitable to all Christians ; and other profitable things." Although designed for circulation in Greece, it bears the imprint of Venice, in which city were printed, until very recently, most of the Service-books, as the "Euchologion," the "Horologion," used in the service of Christians of the Greek tongue throughout Greece proper, and of all the Greek communities in the Levant. The "Synopsis" is a Prayer-book of the Schismatical Church, exhibiting their distinctive characteristic in the omission from the Creed of the clause regarding the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son ; but, with the exception of the Creed, the prayers and exercises are, in substance, the same which are in use among the Catholic Greeks in communion with the Holy See. In the present notice, however, we desire to consider the Synópsis distinctively as a Prayer-book representing the private devotional exercises of the members of the Schismatical Church.

The "Morning Prayer" of the "Synopsis" is taken, without any change beyond the introduction of one or two short prayers, from the "Horologion," or Breviary of the Greek Church.

It begins with the direction which is familiar to ourselves, "When thou awakest from sleep, arise from thy bed and say: 'In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Glory be to Thee, our God! glory be to Thee!'"

The Morning Exercise commences as follows:—

"O Heavenly King, Comforter, Spirit of Truth, who art present in all places, and fillest all things! Treasury of all good, and leader of life, come, out of thy goodness, and dwell in us! purify us from all stain, and save our souls. Amen."

After the well-known prayer called *Trisagion*:—"Holy God! Holy, Mighty One! Holy Immortal, have mercy on us!" and the Doxology, which is the same as that of the Western Church, comes a prayer to the Blessed Trinity, and then the Pater Noster, which is followed by a series of short prayers, proper for the beginning of a new day. We shall make room for one of these:—

"Arising from sleep, I give thanks to Thee, O Holy Trinity, that, out of Thy manifold goodness and long-suffering, Thou hast not borne anger against me, sluggard and sinner that I am, and hast not cut me off in my sins, but hast raised me to repentance, that I may stand up and glorify Thy power. Enlighten the eyes of my understanding, open my lips to practise Thy law, to understand Thy precepts, and to do Thy will; to sing to Thee in confession of heart, and to celebrate the Most Holy name of Thee, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, now and ever, unto endless ages of ages! Amen."

The office of the "First Hour" consists of three Psalms, the 5th, *Verba mea*, the 89th, *Domine refugium*, and the 100th, *Misericordiam et judicium*; which are followed by a series of prayers to the Blessed Virgin Mary, so remarkable that we shall be excused for transcribing a few specimens of this portion of the service.

The opening address to Our Lady is highly poetical in its form.

"What shall we call thee," it begins, "O thou full of grace! Heaven?—since in thee arose the Sun of Justice? Paradise? since thou didst bear the Flower of incorruption?—Virgin? since thou remainedst incorrupt?—Spotless Mother? since thou heldest in thy sacred arms thy Son, the God of all? Intercede with Him to save our souls!

"We magnify thee, more venerable than the cherubim, more glorious than the seraphim! Thee who didst bring forth God the Word without stain of thy virginity! Thee truly the Mother of God!

"Through the prayers of our holy fathers, O Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on us!

"O Christ, the True Light, that enlighteneth and sanctifieth every man who cometh into the world, be the light of thy countenance signed upon us, that in it we may see the light inaccessible!

Direct our wandering feet to keep thy commandments, through the intercession of Thy immaculate Mother and of all Thy Saints! Amen."

Among these prayers to Our Lady is one of the compositions found in the division of the Greek Breviary called by the name *Kontakion*;—short verses, or strophes, to be inserted in hymns which are designed to be introduced into the proper portion of the office of the day, and which commonly embody some distinctive fact in the history of the saint or of the festival to which they refer.

"O Mother of God, to thee our victorious leader, we thy servants devote the crown of victory; to thee, we who have been ransomed from evil present our thanks-offering. O thou who art endued with power irresistible, deliver us from all dangers, that we may cry out to thee, Hail, thou unwedded bride!"

"O Christ our God, through the intercession of Thy immaculate Mother, and of all the saints, have mercy on us, and save us, Thou good and merciful God! Amen."

The Night Prayer is a selection from what is called in the Greek Breviary the "*Little Apodeipnon*," which corresponds with the "complin" office of the Roman Breviary.

After a few introductory petitions, similar to those of the Morning Prayer, as the Trisagion, the Doxology, the Pater-noster, Kyrie Eleison, &c., and three psalms, the 50th, 69th, and 142nd, follows what may be considered the body of the service, viz., the Gloria in Excelsis, the Nicene Creed (omitting the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son), and a series of petitions which bring out very forcibly the belief of the Greek Church, as to the intercession of the saints and prayers for the dead.

They begin with one which will bring to mind the Preface of the Roman Missal:—

"It is truly meet that we should give praise to thee, O Mother of God, ever blessed, all-immaculate, more venerable than the cherubim, incomparably more glorious than the seraphim! We magnify thee who didst bring forth, incorrupt, God the Word; thee truly the mother of our God!

"O God of our fathers, who ever dealest with us according to Thy good will, withdraw not Thy mercy from us, but through Thee direct our life in peace!

"O Christ our Lord, Thy Church, robed in the blood of the martyrs throughout the world, as in purple and fine linen, crieth out to thee! Pour down Thy mercies on Thy people; grant peace to Thy kingdom and bestow on our souls Thy tender mercy!

"O Christ, grant rest with Thy saints to the souls of Thy servants, where there is no labour, nor grief, nor weeping, but life everlasting! Amen.

"Through the intercession, O Lord, of all thy saints and of the Mother of God, grant Thy peace and mercy to us, O thou alone all-merciful!"

The prayer "to the Most Holy Mother of God," which follows, and another prayer to "Our Lord Jesus Christ," are too long to be translated here. But they are well deserving of careful study, both for their singularly beautiful and effective language, and for their doctrinal import. In the latter respect, however, the ejaculatory prayers with which the *Apodeipnon* concludes, leave no room for doubt as to the belief of the Church for whose use they are intended.

"O most glorious ever Virgin, blessed Mother of God, present our prayers to thy Son and our God, and entreat that through thee He may save our souls !

"The Father is my hope ; the Son is my refuge ; the Holy Ghost my tabernacle. Glory to Thee, O Holy Trinity !

"In thee, O Mother of God, I place all my hope, guard me beneath thy protection !

"Through the intercession of Thy most immaculate Mother, and of all Thy saints, have mercy on us, O Lord Jesus Christ, our God !

"May the Lord God receive the prayers of us, sinners, and have mercy on us !

"May Thy mercy be upon us, O Lord, according as we have hoped in Thee !

"O good Mother, thou shieldest those who with faith betake themselves to the hope of thy powerful hand. For in our dangers and tribulations, bent down under our many sins, we, sinners, have no other unfailing mediatrix but thee, O Mother of the Most High. Wherefore we fall down before thee, and pray thee to deliver thy servants from all dangers !

"O joy of the afflicted, protectress of the oppressed, support of the poor, comfort of the wayfarer, staff of the blind, strength of the weak, tabernacle and resting-place of the weary, help of the orphan, Mother of the Most High God, thou art immaculate ! Make haste to help us ! we earnestly implore thee to save thy servants.

"O Lady, receive the prayers of thy servants, and ransom us from all danger and tribulation.

"In thee, O Mother of God, I place all my hope, guard me under thy powerful protection !

"Holy Father, bless, pardon me a sinner !

"May God grant pardon both to me and to you ! Amen."

These specimens may suffice to show what is the spirit, if not the absolute form, of the daily devotional exercises commended for practice in the Greek Church. In all substantial particulars, bating the single characteristic dogma which formed the foundation of the differences between the East and West, these prayers have come down from the days of Catholic unity, and are common even still to the schismatical body and to the members of the United Greek Church.

On the questions of the Invocation of Saints, of the efficacy of their intercessory prayers, of the special and permanent effi-

cacy of the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God, and of the practice of prayer for the dead, they abound with evidence that the faith of the Greek Church is one with that of Rome.

We hope that the extracts which we shall have to submit on future occasions will equally illustrate the consent of East and West on other points of distinctive Catholic doctrine and practice.

## THE SUMMONS TO THE COUNCIL.

[The great Vatican Council is prorogued, not dissolved. When shall the summons go forth again? This ode comes to *Catholic Ireland* all the way from Australia. Whatever regards the Everlasting Church can never be out of date.—  
ED. C. I.]

### I.

FROM the shores of yellow Tiber,  
From the throbbing heart of Rome,  
From the shrine of the Apostles,  
From St. Peter's gorgeous dome,  
From the aged eye of Pius,  
From the hoary Pontiff's tongue,  
A beam of light, a word of might,  
Is o'er the nations flung.  
That gleam of light dispels the night,  
As fast its flash rebounds;  
That powerful word has millions stirred,  
As free its echo sounds.

### II.

Come, haste ye to the Tiber,  
Haste to the walls of Rome—  
Haste, haste o'er broadest continent,  
O'er wildest ocean's foam.  
Haste, haste to join the Council  
Where thronging Prelates meet,  
With reverent eye, love warm and high,  
The Pontiff haste to greet.  
Let brow be bowed, let love be loud,  
As round his throne ye cluster;  
May heaven-sent fire all hearts inspire,  
As 'neath his flag they muster.

### III.

To earth's remotest regions  
The mighty summons flies,  
To northern ice-bound waters,  
To sunny southern skies.



The mandate thrills through Italy,  
Recalling happier hours,  
When that fair land, 'neath Rome's command,  
Stood first of living powers :  
When Gregory's form dispelled the storm,  
And saved from sack and shame ;  
When every art supplied its part  
To crown great Leo's name.

IV.

What earthly voice so powerful,  
What worldly monarch's sway  
Will millions, spread thro' every land,  
Thus loyally obey ?  
The Lady liege of England  
Is powerless on the Rhone,  
The stern ukase which Russia sways  
Old Tagus will disown ;  
Alps, Baltic, Rhine, have traced the line,  
" Thus far shall realms extend ;"  
King, Kaisar, Czar, meet bound or bar  
Where all their empires end.

V.

Let earthly realms be bounded,  
Where good such bound shall seem,  
Let mortal voice be checked or chilled  
By mountain, sea, or stream.  
But free o'er land and water  
The voice of Peter rolls ;  
No mountain vast, no river fast  
His word or will controls.  
The prophet's rod, by power of God,  
Gave path across the sea ;  
The words of fire from our grand old sire  
Cleave course as broad and free.

VI.

Hark ! haste ye to the Council  
From the glorious soil of France ;  
From the kingdom where St. Louis reigned,  
Ye souls of fire ! advance.  
Come fast from merry England,  
With burning hearts restore  
The gorgeous blaze of by-gone days  
Of Alcuin, Bede, and More.  
From Belgian strands, from German lands,  
Crowd, crowd ye to the tryst ;  
Hark ! Switzer hills, Iberian rills !  
Sad Lusitania, list !

## VII.

From the shores of Mississippi,  
 Where beams young Freedom's smile;  
 From Amazon, great queen of streams,  
 From Ganges and from Nile;  
 From the dearer land of farthest West,  
 From Shannon, Liffey, Lee,  
 The green old sod which our fathers trod  
 Amidst the smiling sea.  
 Victoria's Lord shall glad record  
 Your faith, your love, your trust;  
 Australia fair, have thou thy share  
 In the mitred throng august.

## VIII.

Christ still says "Thou art Peter,  
 On this rock my Church I found;  
 Nor gates of hell, nor lapse of years  
 Shall beat thee to the ground."  
 While rolls the sleepless tide of time,  
 Unconquered shalt thou tower,  
 The world shall own in Pius' throne  
 Unfading life and power.  
 May that life be long, may that power grow strong,  
 Till all earth with its voice shall ring!  
 Heaven's blessing fall on the Council Hall,  
 And God save the Pontiff King!

W. K.

## OUR FOREIGN POSTBAG.—LETTER II.

## A RUN TO ORVIETO.

THERE being now no longer any possibility of lingering out more "last days" in Rome, it was resolved to hold a council forthwith, and determine the precise hour of departure and the route by which we should make the homeward journey. Seated on a heap of stones in the grassy arena of the Coliseum, we spent an agreeable half hour muddling the whole subject as a preliminary step to a satisfactory decision. In this we were immensely assisted by our good friends from the Piazza di Spagna, and the Palazzo Sabini, who, having come to the Eternal City by different roads, had at least as many opinions to offer. The railway had broken down in one direction—was unfinished in another. The brigands were out on this road—vetturini could not be had on that. If we went to Perugia for the sake of art, we should give up a pilgrimage to Portiuncula at Assisi; and so on *ad infinitum*. At last our volunteer courier declared he would stand the confusion of a deliberative as-

sembly no longer, proclaimed himself dictator, and scampered off to consult his maps and guides in peace, and hold counsel, for all I know, with a friend of his in the Propaganda. We heard nothing more on the subject of routes until towards evening, when G—— announced that he had hired a berline to take us to Orvieto, within four hours' rail of Siena; that we should set off early next morning, and might expect to reach the Tuscan city, on the evening of the second day's journey, that is to say, on Saturday the 14th instant, the date of this letter; which, for the satisfaction of my present correspondent, who loves, I know, accurate detail and chronological order, I mean to throw somewhat into the form of a journal. The cost of the carriage would be, he said, £8, including the driver's fee or *buonamano*. No one appeared to have any objection to make to this arrangement, and I, for my own part, was more than content. I was delighted at the prospect of seeing the birth-place of St. Catherine, to whose burial-place in Sta. Maria sopra Minerva, I had been a daily visitor for several weeks past, and whose history had long ago fascinated me as being that of one of the most remarkable women, as well as one of the greatest saints.

Next morning, as usual, the bells began to beat about our ears at cock-crow; wakening the drowsy with a tremendous toll, clattering and clapping in a babel of tongues, and insisting with all the power of bell-metal on sleepy heads getting up and hastening with the early sacrifice of praise and prayer to one or another of the innumerable sanctuaries of holy Rome. I never could rightly distinguish these bells. I never knew which was the ring of the Minerva, which the summons of the Gesù; nor could I discriminate between the voice of St. Ignazio, and the call of St. Andrea della Valle, if the latter indeed own a peal, or even a solitary clapper. All I can be certain of is that they fell out of the sky into the hotel every morning, and shook the walls with a clangour strange and strong. On this particular morning, after the bells had done their duty and made us arise in time for mass, we got through our preparations with commendable expedition, and soon after eight o'clock said good-bye to the elephant and the obelisk in the Piazza, and took our places in the carriage, which we found yoked to four very good horses, and drawn up, not before the door of the hotel as might have been expected, but at the corner of the street close to the American College. Several of our friends came to see us off—one among the rest who many a time already, and in quite other scenes, had given us a cordial welcome or a hearty *bon voyage*. As we were all likely to meet again before very long, the parting was by no means a melancholy affair. In fact it was turned into a scene of merriment when the Signora C—— was espied flying down the street with a bottle in her hand freshly filled from the sparkling fontana di Trevi. Of course we had not been all this time in Rome without learning that when strangers drink of the waters of Trevi, they are certain to return to the Eternal City before they die; but we had none of us thought of dipping

our heads in the gigantic reservoir where Neptune and the Tritons watch the ceaseless dash of the cascade, the pure and copious flow of rippling dancing water. The magic draught now brought to our lips passed round with befitting solemnity, and produced an immediate and exhilarating effect. The pledge was given, the future secured; farewells were taken with a joyous *au revoir*; conduttore cracked his whip and sent the *ragazzi*, the goats, and the portly Roman housewives flying into the doorways along the narrow *via*; the four brown horses shook their manes, and tails, and ropy harness into a pretty entanglement; and away we went, out by the Porta del Popolo, over the Ponte Milvio, up a little eminence, and into the midst of the solitary Campagna.

There stretched the vast plain up to Soracte—the many-hued mountain standing alone in the picturesque desert—on to the heights in the direction of Viterbo, the rising grounds towards Civita Vecchia, the beautiful Sabine hills. Nowhere was there a building, a village, or even a hedgerow to be seen; nor could I discern a single-corn field or other sign of cultivation. As we travelled on, now at an easier pace, droves of white oxen with their small heads, long horns, and gentle eyes, passed us on the road. Occasionally a mounted herd galloped across the plain. G—— was most anxious to discover some trace of ancient Veii, the site of which we approached. Nothing, however, was to be seen but a deep valley guarded by a lofty cliff. At Monterosi we dined on homely fare in a wayside inn, rested the horses, visited the poor village church, and tarried no longer than was absolutely necessary. Lake Braciano, though near enough, could hardly be caught sight of; but the dome of St. Peter's, at twenty-six miles distance, we still could see. Presently we arrived at the romantic-looking town of Rancigli-one, seated at the head of a deep ravine. Here two additional horses having been yoked to our carriage, we began a long ascent of 2800 ft. For a considerable part of the way the road wound round the crater of an extinct volcano, in the hollow of which lies the lovely lake of Vico. From the summit we looked down into the motionless water reflecting the stainless sky and a noble forest of oak trees; while the view over the Campagna, now spread out in greater breadth, and still more wondrous beauty, formed a scene which I thought it would be well worth travelling over half the globe to see. Soracte had been left beneath and behind us to the left. Between that isolated mountain and the chain of Apennines now glorified by the evening light, and flecked with colours as delicate and varying as the tints of an opal, the Campagna spread like a vast sea. I never saw such wealth of colour as was lavished on that wide waste. Such dashes of green and brown! such vapoury blue, such royal red! Here and there, very far off we saw, or fancied we saw, towers, or domes, or campanili, and supposed they must indicate the position of Spoleto and Corte, and other towns.

With all this splendour around us we kept ascending higher and higher, until just at sunset the summit of the road was reached, and

then we began immediately to descend. The faster we came down, the quicker the darkness descended. By-and-by the moon made her appearance, brightening all the open way, but flinging such startling forms, such fantastic shadows across the path as we galloped through the wood, that all the warnings we had got ament the brigands assumed a very inopportune seriousness. At once we ceased to look out for picturesque effects, lost confidence in the moon, which was just as likely to show her unconcerned face to light these Italian highwaymen on their bad errands, as to help us to get safe to Viterbo, and only became anxious to see lights or buildings, or have any other comfortable assurance that we were approaching a town. Nothing, however, was to be descried, and we fancied we must still be miles and miles away from our destination, when suddenly the walls of Viterbo rose up within a stone's throw of the horses' heads, and we knew we had reached a place of safety. We rattled through the narrow heavily paved streets and stopped at the gate of the Aquila Nera, a sinister-looking edifice, in perfect keeping with the old world town itself, as far as I could judge from the glimpses I got of its tortuous ways and gloomy habitations.

It cannot be said we were uncomfortable in our quarters; and yet, I for one did not feel perfectly at home. A sufficiently good supper was served, but the wine did not sparkle in the light of the spectral *bougies*, that hardly did more than make sensible the gloominess of the vast apartment. The place was as still as one might suppose a fortress in the Apennines to be. A little noise would have been rather a relief. The waiters were not unlike others of the race all the world over; yet it was quite possible they might be *briganti* in disguise; and when the door opened it would have seemed more natural for a knight in armour to make his appearance than for one of these gentlemen in black to step in. M—— had hardly retired for the night when she reappeared, looking for "Bradshaw," or "Murray," or anything at all to read; for the staircase she said was so fearfully barred with iron gratings, and her room reminded her so much of the castle of Udolpho, that she was determined not to go to rest until the last moment had arrived, and she had become so tired as to be safe from dreams. I recommended "Bradshaw" as a safe narcotic. G—— desired her on no account to take "Murray," which was full of stories of terrible things done in Viterbo in the middle ages. A—— suggested that if she commended herself to Sta. Rosa she might possibly sleep in peace, under the invocation of the titular saint of the city. Thereupon we were asked when it was Sta. Rosa lived, and what were her special gifts and characteristics. To which very natural inquiries not one of us could give a satisfactory answer. Madame —— herself, who is generally pretty well "posted," as the Americans say, in the lives of the saints, at least as far as Mrs. Jameson gives them in her delightful Legends, could tell little more than that Sta. Rosa di Viterbo was one of those citizen saints who have exercised extraordinary influence

over their own people in times of crisis or trouble, and have left behind them in their state or city a name cherished with exceeding love, as well as invoked with supreme confidence; that she lived in the thirteenth century, in the time of Frederick II.; stirred up the people to resist that emperor, shared in their misfortunes, participated in their triumphs, and died at a very early age. M—— said she would be very glad to read the life of the patriot saint if we could let her have it; but that as we could not, she would take "Murray." After all, it might be better, she thought, to know the worst about this cut-throat place, and give hard facts a chance of expelling fearful fancies.

There was not a moment to spare in the morning for seeing the town or looking for some trace of Sta. Rosa. G——, who had heard there was much up-hill work in getting to Orvieto, and that the railway lay some distance on the other side of the town, was seized with a panic lest conduttore, standing on the letter of the contract, should decline to bring us on to the station, and should drop us in Orvieto to be fleeced by the inn-keepers and prevented getting on to Siena as intended. We were called up at five o'clock, required to breakfast with what appetite we might in the grey dawn, and whisked out of the Aquila Nera by the now animated conduttore, who having been promised five francs for himself if he brought us to the station by noon, set to work with the heartiest good-will to accomplish the task. However as the morning was lovely, we highly enjoyed the drive. Soon we came in sight of Montefiascone, crowning the summit of a hill. A number of the country-people were already on the road, the women wearing as cloaks the scarlet cloths they carry folded on their heads when they visit Rome on festa days. The colour of these garments gave great effect to the landscape, which, though not so enchanting as the country we passed through yesterday, was still most beautiful. I thought we should go through Montefiascone, for we ascended higher and higher, to the very base of the precipitous hill on which the picturesque town is planted. Here, however, the road suddenly turned to the right, and we dashed along a fine smooth avenue, running through a forest. For about a quarter of a mile on each side of the road the trees were cut down, for the purpose, as it was plain to see, of depriving the brigands of covert. The condition of things implied by this precautionary measure was not particularly reassuring, any more than conduttore's way of shouting "*Ah ! briganti ! briganti ! briganti !*" as he galloped his four-in-hand through the wood. This, we afterwards ascertained, was not a notice to the robbers to come forth from their lurking-place and demand our money or our life, but an appeal to the horses to put their best foot foremost and earn five francs for the driver. Nothing we saw on this part of the journey pleased us so much as the troops of cavalry we met patrolling the road. By-and-bye, having got lovely glimpses of the lake of Bolsena, we arrived at the Sardinian frontier. Here again

the promise of the five-franc piece worked magically. Instead of being stopped, searched, and provokingly delayed, we ran through after a moment's parley between the officer and the driver, and the offer, willingly accepted by the former, of a couple of francs. Then began a long and toilsome ascent, ending on the edge of a precipice, from which we caught a first, and truly a never-to-be-forgotten view of the fortress city of the Popes, seated on the summit of a crag 1000 feet high, rising abruptly from the centre of a valley enclosed by the Apennines and the lofty ridge on which we stood. The inaccessible walls appeared to rise directly out of the stupendous rock, and, indeed, were hardly to be distinguished from the mass. Below ran the Paglia, which we at first supposed to be the Tiber's yellow stream. It seemed hardly more than a quarter of a mile from the height on which we stood, to the impregnable city perched upon the rock, and yet it took an hour to reach the gates. First, we went down to the depths of the valley; then ascended by a zig-zag to the craggy eminence; conduttore swearing horribly all the time, and the four *briganti* pulling for the bare life. With all the efforts of their sixteen legs, they could not scramble up the last height faster than we could walk. In mercy to the animals we got down, and toiled up the precipice on foot. Plainly it was market-day in Orvieto. The road was crowded. I never saw so many pigs, out of Ireland. The creatures grunted and squealed, and ran under the feet of men and horses, just as the swinish multitude do in the Green Isle. But, instead of being driven by Connaught-women or Munster-men, they were taken in charge by fair Italian girls and women wearing coral necklaces, great earrings, and having their jet-black hair looped up with golden pins. Our driver did not delay a moment, except to have a word with a man belonging to the company we had hired the carriage from. The man wanted our post-boy to drop us on the hill-top, but the latter persuaded his employer to let him go on. If it had not been so, we should have had to remain till next day in Orvieto. As it was, we arrived in good time at the station, and conduttore was made happy with his five francs. Nevertheless, the rushing into and out of Orvieto was one of the worst mistakes of a journey. The fortress city, older than Rome itself, and the refuge of thirty-five Popes; the world-renowned duomo, a perfect museum of art; the surrounding country rich in Etruscan remains; the famous well—a marvel of engineering and architectural skill, and called, in honour of the Apostle of Ireland, *Il Pozzo di San Patrizio*—all remained unvisited. I longed for another Trevi, with its copious flow, its merry sparkle, its hopeful cheer. The fountain at which we slaked our thirst as we passed through Orvieto, was no more than a trickling rill sufficient to satisfy the momentary need, but giving no foretaste of delight to come. It was all right. For certain I am that people who have been once so foolish as to rush through Orvieto are never likely to have another chance of lingering there.

## JACK HAZLITT.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

## CHAPTER VI.

SHOWING HOW JACK HAZLITT AND HIS COMPANIONS MAKE A VOYAGE TO NEW YORK, AND HOW JACK HAZLITT MAKES SOME UNPROFITABLE ACQUAINTANCES.

ANY one who supposes that Jack Hazlitt went to Cork or to Liverpool in search of Detectives, who perchance might light upon him from the newspaper announcements, would be very much in error. Jack Hazlitt had had the advantage of a University education, and the further advantage of clever men's experience, who many a time entertained one another with hair-breadth escapes of "wild fellows" while dodging the police. The stupidity of those "spoonies" who went to Cork, London, or Dublin, was a positive disgrace to genius; and if caught, such fools deserved their fate. Had they not Galway? Had they not Belfast? Had they not Londonderry—Scotland—the Clyde, and the world wide?—To be sure they had: and though Jack hardly anticipated the dignity so soon, he made up his mind, if ever he were "on the run," that he would give the honour of his attention, in the first place, to "Bonnie Scotland."

It took both time and, will the reader believe it? tears to bring Jack Hazlitt to the resolution of absconding. He had an untouched spot in his heart for his mother, the "best, kindest and dearest in the world," as he always called her. For Nanny, before he went to the Queen's College, he had a boy-love that was chivalrous, and a brother's love that was active and pure; but in College *that* love suffered a horrible wreck, died and was buried. How was it?—how did it come to pass? Alas! the greatest merit among Jack Hazlitt's companions was the least sentiment; and when youth comes down to this sad depth, the light of honour is gone! There was an immensity of truth in the speech of the proprietor of the Covent-garden Hotel, and the lives of our youths, where the competition is in licence, is an apt illustration. The torrent roars along—and the rich mould yields, and is swept away; plant and shrub and green grass are carried off, until only the rocks and the clayey substance remain; and bud, fruit or flower cannot grow ever more, for ever!



It is a half revelation of the future to say that Jack Hazlitt became careless about Nanny. Self has driven out the honour of humanity in such a case; and then self stands forth as a prophet of what is to come. At first, a remark about Nanny was worse than a blow given to her brother—we mean by a remark the introduction of her name, at all. One less fresh or more insensible afterwards, bore something worse touching his relative or his friend. Another laughed at the quakerly nonsense of tying up people's tongues regarding things which every one knew. And then the claims to beauty, fortune, position, and a full vaticination of the future of all the female friends of those present were freely discussed—until Jack Hazlitt began to think his sentiment childish and his objections unmanly; and having once “turned the corner,” as he expressed it in his sad misfortunes, he became much worse than any one in “the Great Havanah Club.”

But the mother kept her hold in spite of the power of vice, and the dangers created by corrupt intercourse. The queenly look, of which Jack had always been so proud; the gentle voice, that might be sad but never angry; the weariless care that had hung round him, and cherished him, and borne with him since he was a little boy, and had so nearly made a man of him when he was sent far away from his home, had hold upon his memory. The father was nothing. He was never consistent, and was often unjust; but the mother! ever explaining, ever excusing, ever hoping, ever warning, warning so lovingly,—and never, never seeming to have a thought unless of himself and Nanny! How could he break her heart? How bring her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?

However, the die was cast! He owed hundreds of pounds—debts of sensuality and honour! The revelation should soon be made and himself disgraced for ever. To suppose his father would help him was out of the question. His mother could not. Father Rearden was too poor, even if he were approachable. What was he to do? He would depend upon his father's pride—his father's love of his wife and daughter—he would become a forger and a robber! He cashed bills in several banks during the interval between his return to Hazlittville and his escape by the Upper Shannon; and, we regret to be obliged to say, he left little money in Hazlittville behind him.

And Jack Hazlitt had a conscience according to his kind. He had been always kept with a hard hand, he thought. The money would be *his* in a short time, and he only anticipated his right. His father's proprietorship was nothing when the son was in such need. No man could think of such a thing! And of course those old superstitions of divine retribution here or hereafter—the “Great Havanah” had long since clearly demonstrated that they should be relegated to the region of amiable romance. With those he had a long time ago shaken hands and parted. Indeed we must add, that Jack Hazlitt had very strong doubts whether the

laws of property were not a pure invention, by which knowing ones in the old time locked the coffers which they called their own ; and whether a new state of society, where those who did nothing should share the fortunes of those who worked hard, was not the arrangement which NATURE intended. Nature in this case means every man's hobby or disposition, or instinct, and means her power, in the supposition set forth, not only to eat her own offspring, like some bad beasts, but finally to eat up even herself by her philosophy !

Londonderry, Glasgow, Edinburgh, a quiet rest in Dunblain, and over near the Trossachs ; and a Christmas-tide at Dundee ! Was not that an excellent arrangement, and worthy of the Queen's College, and a liberal education ? What was more, the male companion of Jack Hazlitt had engaged as a porter in Greenock, "until called for," and the young woman, the female whom we formerly mentioned, acted as a kind of companion to Minnie Hennessy.

With all these wise precautions, and wise proceedings, and plenty of money, it is not very wonderful that Mr. Eardly Wood, his man Ned and two "young persons" going under his protection to friends in America were received without suspicion on board the "Centaur," and treated with the attention which Mr. Wood's luggage commanded. A busy day it was, that Wednesday in February, when these four new comers came to take their places on board the Liner just named. What confusion ! trunks running wildly on men's shoulders in this direction ; portmanteaus swept off in that ; women burning with exertion, and carrying bundles of every description, cotton handkerchiefs tied up, bandboxes, hat-boxes, pillow-cases, bolster-cases, and a lot of men bending and sweating under black and brown deal chests, that looked as if they were filled with iron-bolts, they were so heavy. All kinds of goods, packages, and bags, were at the same time scattered between people's legs all over the deck ; and all kinds of people ran up and down, or shouldered their way up and down, looking for things lost or mislaid, or for friends, whose names they cried out like Stentors—while the missing party was just beside them. There were some two or three reading newspapers, and two or three taking notes, and here and there were young maidens weeping ; whilst one man looked over to Birkenhead very steadily—looked steadfastly, but never saw Birkenhead, or cared for it a bit. That man was shedding tears, and thinking of his mother and his sister, and of one more, whom he shall never see more. The gentleman is Mr. Eardly Wood, whom we have recognised to be Jack Hazlitt. The two "young persons" whom Mr. Wood is taking to America are busily engaged arranging their cabins—very snug apartments that make a kind of crescent around the entrance to the grand saloon, and can hardly be called second-class accommodation. The younger of the two is Minnie Hennessy, travelling as Miss

Carroll, and the other, who is simply called Kate, is really Peg Doherty—big John Hennessy's servant maid. Both look sad, but they are not weeping; and one might observe, by looking once or twice, her maid was to be her sole companion. Hazlitt and Ned, the yachtman, were to consort, and approach them "only when called upon."

Leave-taking is over at last. The anchor has been hauled on board. The crowd has adjourned from the vessel to the landing-stage, and the steam-tug screams and hisses, and roars and chokes in its effort to be off. Gracefully the noble ship wore round with the quiet dignity of a lady—an old lady—in a minuet, and she bowed the tops of her masts as her farewell to Albion, as she moved down the muddy Mersey towards the West.

Why Jack Hazlitt chose a Liner need not be discussed; but probably as four of them were "going across" the expenses might have influenced him; the greater probability, however, is that he thought his movements would be less observed, and the class with whom he travelled more available for his half-formed purposes than the class which travels by steamer. For our own parts, if nothing happened to render time important, we believe Hazlitt was wise in choosing to link his fortunes with the magnificent "*Centaur*." She was a perfect piece of naval architecture, not so low in the water as to look heavy, nor so high as to look giddy or uncertain. No creature looked more proud and stately, and swept on with more majesty of power than the "*Centaur*," when she was in full sail; and she was so sensitive to the touch of the helm that it appeared as if the boy from the cabin could govern her. She had her full complement of men—thirty in number. White, the chief mate, was a thorough sailor, and any one who once travelled with Captain Malin would ever after like to meet him, on or off the sea. Friendships became mature during those old voyages, and the amount of information attained was often more valuable than time well remunerated. In fact it made fortunes, and it led to reputations afterwards that seemed hardly possible if parties had not had the intercourse which made the ground for the seed, or taught people where to sow it.

The cabin-passengers were numerous, and some of them remarkable. There were a Roman Catholic clergyman, a clergyman of the Church of England, and an old gentleman with grey hair, large head, and piercing grey eyes. He was of medium height, but very muscular. An Englishman named Pollen formed one of the party too, and a lot of Americans returning home, but "taking stock" of every man, woman, and child in their neighbourhood. We should not forget the ladies, of whom there were a dozen at least. Some of them were both handsome and intelligent, and others seemed to doze away over novels and crochet. Indeed, the novel-readers were very numerous among the whole passenger body; and the gentlemen of the light-reading genus

seemed to have no other thought or vocation unless their picture-bound books, their wines, and their cigars.

We must not forget Captain Brackenbridge, either, a gentleman born at sea, and who had been very little on shore during his whole life until he had made his fortune, and Jacob Johnston, with whom the said captain seemed to be on very intimate terms. The captain had a large turnip-head, with a profusion of black curls over a low brow, and was a man of evidently herculean strength and vigour, and, besides all that, was six feet high. Mr. Johnston had a thoughtful look, peered with black eyes under very black brows, and had a hand that was made to have and to hold whenever and wherever the owner had a mind to use it.

The lunch on board was a grand time for making fun and making acquaintances; but as lunch was only a preparation for the pipe or the cigar, the real work of social outpouring and solidarity of enjoyment was reserved for the dinner. At dinner all manner of things were discussed with freedom, if not with accuracy, and antagonists thought one another peculiar and sometimes stupid; the talk of the evenings, nevertheless, shortened the passage by many an hour and many a league.

We ought not pass over the interesting hundreds who formed the emigrant passengers of the "Centaur." The captain had done his best to make them comfortable: and to do the crew common justice, they were civil and obliging. But then, the fires for cooking could not be occupied by all of them together; and some wanted more fresh water than the regulations could distribute. There were little rows between themselves, and little rows with the officers, and often the belligerents seemed prepared for hard blows. But the oil upon the waters came early, and lasted all along the highway of the sea. The Catholic clergyman, Dr. Conway, went among his countrymen, and he spoke to them in the heart-language which they knew. He told them of the strangers listening and looking on; of the honour of faith and Ireland now in their keeping; how little they would gain by contest, and how much they and their country would lose in honour; and how soon they would be freed from the little inconveniences which some treated as if the said inconveniences were to last for ever. The doctor had the good fortune, too, to be able to address them in a language that made him one of them, and made them all one, while he was speaking; so that during the whole voyage, the conduct of the passengers was not only peaceful, but edifying. The captain had never had so easy a time, and he declared that "the owner [and in fact the owner was on board] had authorized him to say that a priest or two would always be welcome to a free passage and thanks, if they would honour the Liners, of which the 'Centaur' was one, with their company."

The position of Jack Hazlitt on board the "Centaur" was very extraordinary. Among the sailors, and under the hatches, his

popularity was unbounded. He conversed with the tars, and though he himself never drank, he had always a "pull" in his pocket for the men who came on watch, or came to relieve the helmsman. He larked with the young men, and joked with the young women, and romped with the children, and contrived to do something agreeable to every one, so that there was joy about the fore-castle when Jack Hazlitt appeared on deck. Then his dexterity and activity astonished the most experienced. His amusement was to lie in the shrouds when the weather was not stormy, or to walk, like a horizontal shadow on the quarter-deck and over the state room when the ship's side lay down upon the seething sea. Captain Malin began to have a kind of superstition about him; and the older sailors sometimes shook their heads and said "that 'un be med to see life, I know." The deck and the mast were Jack's element.

It was very much otherwise in the cabin. There Jack Hazlitt was reserved, not to say morose. He had a look askance which gave his hazel eyes a suspicious fire, and he spoke with a snarly and biting-kind of guttural voice that sounded like a corn-crake's. He agreed with few, and questioned everything, plain or obscure; and in fact Jack was not an agreeable companion at all. Evidently, where he could be master, and obtain the flattery of small homage, he was everything to every man; but to an equal, who pretended to equality, or any one of a class superior to his own, Jack Hazlitt was a worry, and was steadily on the watch to make battle with him in the first place; and in the second to have the best of it.

Among the emigrants was a woman named Lacey, going to seek or to meet her husband at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and early in the voyage she became very intimate with Jack Hazlitt. Jack fancied she bore a likeness to some one he knew, and thought, perhaps, he loved, though she was much older than the person for whom she made a mnemonic. Besides this, she had a charming boy about eight or nine years old, who had become, after a manner, "the child of the ship." The boy was fair, with a profusion of flaxen hair, which was allowed to hang over his shoulders. He had a little "nor'-wester" hat, and a waterproof cape, and little knickerbockers to his knees; and when he looked up at one with his large blue eyes, his rosy lips apart in joyous frankness, and his arms wide open for an embrace, no human being could help loving "Little Willy." Jack and Willy became wonderful friends, and perhaps it was well for Willy they were so. It was to be numbered among those providential pre-arrangements which make the mystery of God's government, and man's perfect freedom.

Every one on board, however, loved little Willy Lacey. He was welcome to men, women, and children, rich and poor; and with a native gentleness and benevolence that never forsook him, he shared with the little folk like himself whatever he chanced to obtain as gift or privilege, and he was particularly kind to the little

creatures who could not afford nor'westers or knickerbockers, and who could not sail in first or second class cabins.

With Jack Hazlitt, however, Willy sought to be day and night. He had perfect freedom, the little fellow, for his mother saw that Hazlitt was a gentleman, and with woman instinct divined that he liked herself. She not only permitted but encouraged the intercourse, therefore, and mother-like felt proud of the attention paid to her offspring.

The "Centaur" had been eight days out, and the weather was generally what mariners call "dirty." Occasionally a squall overtook them, and for a time tried the nerves of young travellers, and the readiness of the hands. On all the occasions of confusion, and what some thought danger, Willy Lacey kept near Jack Hazlitt, and Jack of course kept the deck. Jack on such occasions got an expression of face which was very striking. The lips became compressed, and the eyes looked out steadily, or rather defiantly. You would call the man at such moments reckless. Jack Hazlitt was cool then; he was cool, and physiognomists would say he was dangerous. The full strength of the will summoned the full amount of energy, and the full result was to be anticipated where the energy was expended; in wrong-doing, or in well-doing—nothing remained behind.

And Jack Hazlitt would hold the beautiful boy by the arms, and hang him over the side; or he would run up the ladders carrying the boy under his arm like an umbrella; or he would make him hang by his little ankles from one of the lower yards; and the boy would crow with delight, or shout for joy, and his great eyes would gleam with light that made him look like an angel, when his positions were made more and more difficult, whether the weather were foul weather or fair.

While Jack was with him, there was of course no danger: but he had been so often in out-of-the-way places with his protector that people, even his friends, gave themselves no concern to watch him. In fact he seemed as safe alone as in company. This, however, was not the case.

One day little Willy was lying against the ladders on the lee-side, and held a tiny little dog in his left arm. The right arm was twisted round the ropes. The ship was making way—though under reefs and sailing close to the wind. The wind was N. N. W. at the time. Little Willy was rocked by every spring of the vessel as she topped a wave, and he went down himself and his little dog to the water's edge. He was dreamy and jubilant. There he felt himself the bravest of all the boys on board, and that day not many of the men remained upon deck to practise their sea-feet. A sailor passed from time to time and patted him on the shoulder; a gull swept by, wildly carried off by the half gale—and the thunder of a crashing wave as it smote the beleaguered side of the "Centaur" sometimes made women shriek. Little Willy shouted for joy!

The cabin passengers were at lunch—those who had an appetite; but most of them kept their state rooms, or lay stretched upon the sofas. The value of brandy and soda was practically acknowledged; and “going to be a hard night” was more than once prophesied. Jack Hazlitt and Dr. Conway had got into an argument about “liberty” and “freedom of education,” and the doctor was on the point of crushing his antagonist into a logical strait-waistcoat, when, like a trumpet, through the cabin—nay through the very heart and soul of every one in the ship, rung out, “a man overboard—a man overboard!”

Hazlitt disappeared!

The cries on deck were frightful, and the trampling of feet here and there, and the crash of the waves and the seething sea! The tables bowed to leeward, and nearly everything upon them became a wreck in one minute’s time.

The cabin became crowded; the ladies began to scream; the gentlemen to give hasty explanations and run on deck. The captain’s voice was heard high above the elements, giving orders: and then a cheer! a cheer so tremendous!

“Two points off—two!” cried the captain. Then was the situation awful to look upon indeed.

The brave little Lacey had paid the forfeit of courage. A lurch of the “Centaur” had sent him headlong right into the surf. The ship was going ten knots. The waves ran high. The child disappeared, but they caught fitful glimpses of the poor little fellow, as wave seemed to cast him to wave like a stray weed of the waters. Oh! how his mother shrieked in agony—shrieked and called for Mr. Eardly Wood!

There stood “Mr. Wood” by her side!

A look!—one of the flashes usual to the wayward Jack—and a spring, he leaped headlong into the boiling gulph before him! And that was the cause of the cheer which was heard in the cabin.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### SHOWING WHAT IT WILL SHOW.

FOR a moment after Hazlitt’s disappearance, the excitement on board became terrific. The waves rose up, and reared as if to trample out the daring adventurer who would rob them of their victim, and mountains of waters seemed to fall together—in the midst of which all lost sight of him!

“There he is! there he is!” cried some one who was striving to steady himself so as to hold up a binocular. “There he is!” cried the same voice. “There, there, nearly east!” shouts the man with the binocular again.

Something black was seen now; and soon seen again, but frequently disappearing, while at the same time the “Centaur”

wore beautifully round, and seemed to "right" with joy as she became relieved of the pressure of the gale.

"Hurra! hurra! hurra!" cried three hundred souls in a kind of frenzy of triumph, as Jack Hazlitt was seen within a quarter of a cable's length holding up little Willy Lacey.

"The rope! the rope!" shouted the captain.

"The rope it is, sir!" answered a voice like the ring of a gong.

The good ship neared and neared, and the rope was flung; but whether from the motion of the vessel, or the unsteadiness of the aim, it fell far from the place where Jack Hazlitt was struggling.

A cry of terror rose from the whole ship's crew and passengers; and Hazlitt himself, upon whom nothing was lost, most evidently shared the disappointment. To those who could catch a glimpse of his features, his countenance seemed to fall. Still with the left-hand arm he held up the little boy, whilst by the aid of the other, if he made little or no way, he kept clearly over the water. Sometimes he was seen on the top of a mountain bearing his little favourite, and again he went down disappearing in the raging billows, and for the moment the hearts of the lookers-on felt the chill of the grave.

Soon another fling, and a more successful one, brought the rope near; and fortunately the seamen remembered to make a noose upon the end of it. At the same time, Captain Malin cried through the trumpet, again and again,

"Throw the noose over your head! the noose over your head!"

Hazlitt heard and evidently understood, for the play of his body and the disposition of his burthen showed he was preparing for the feat. He took the noose, flung it over his head, but a violent gust blew it in a south-easterly direction, while, at the same time, the swimmer went down! Lost! gone! No; no! Jack Hazlitt has only rushed after the lost line; and when next seen, he is held round the waist by the rope, now quickly, quickly hauled taught by the watchful deliverer on deck; and high above the water is handsome Willy Lacey, like beauty sleeping its last sleep; and of all things in the world, he still holds his little favourite dog in his arms.

It would be difficult to imagine anything equal to the raptures of the merest strangers, when they saw the boy placed in his mother's arms by Jack Hazlitt. But it was too much for the overcharged heart. The poor mother fell down as one dead!

Mrs. Lacey was attended to by kind friends of ten days' making, and by the Roman Catholic clergyman, and the clergyman of the Church of England, and by every one who thought that attention would not be intrusion. Before long the little fellow was quite himself again; and Jack Hazlitt only the better of his benevolent bathing; and every one was running to him, as well as the ship-



would permit them; and men were wringing his wrists, and clapping him on the back, in their own honest way; and, for historical truth, we are compelled to say that the arms of two or three enthusiastic young women found their way round his neck! But Minnie Hennessy's arms were not among them.

Now the grey-haired gentleman looked sharply at every one, and saw every thing, and he saw plainly enough that Miss Carroll was neither afraid nor ashamed, nor in love, apparently; and, as every one was speaking of Mr. Eardly Wood, meaning, of course, the chief personage of this story, the grey-haired gentleman thought he would speak of him too—and to Miss Carroll, aforesaid, the veritable Minnie Hennessy.

"Well, Miss Carroll, that was a noble act—noble and courageous!"

"Thank God! the boy was saved," answered Miss Carroll.

"But surely you agree with me that the act was singularly noble, and even grand?"

"Oh! indeed, sir, I am far from denying what you say; Mr. Eardly Wood is often doing good actions, an'tis kind mother for him."

"Kind mother?" answered the grey-headed gentleman, "what was his mother's name?"

"Well, his mother's name ought to be his own name, sir," answered Miss Carroll, but she blushed deeply.

"Alas!" cried the grey-headed gentleman; "alas!" he repeated.

The grey-headed gentleman was going away, but something seemed to strike him—he turned back.

"Miss Carroll," he said, "your father is a very fine man."

"My father, sir! my father!"

"Yes," answered the grey-headed man; "but—"

"Oh! my God, sir, but what? Ah, sir, you cannot know my father!" and she burst into tears.

"Very well," answered the grey-headed man, "very well," and he was moving off again.

"Oh! sir," interposed the young woman, "you look a kind man, and you are old, and may be you have daughters yourself, and know an honest man's home; may be you—ah! may be, sir—may be!—do, do! tell a poor girl the truth—with your fine eyes, and your fine hoary head—you won't mock me! *what do you know?*"

The tears rose to the stranger's eyes, and his lips moved, and he murmured, "Minnie!"

"Holy Mary! holy Mary!" sobbed the poor exiled girl; "holy Mary!" she cried again, and she looked in mortal terror: she shook from head to foot.

"Do not fear me, Minnie Hennessy," he continued, "do not fear *me*! But, Minnie Hennessy, **REPENT!**"

"Repent, sir, repent! Oh! God knows my meaning was good, an' holy! I never would leave my poor father, and little brothers an' sisters, on'y to help *them*."

"To help them—how did you mean to help them?"

She paused; she seemed to doubt; but this time there was no blushing or embarrassment; she looked up into the grey-haired gentleman's face. He returned her look steadily, and stealing his hand into his breast-pocket, he took out a small case, which started open on the touching of a spring; he turned the open case towards her eyes.

Nothing could be more affecting than Minnie's motion; she went down upon her knees there in her little cabin; a shower of tears fell upon a picture, and then her lips became sealed to it a minute or two.

"Oh! sir," she cried in a low voice, "Oh! sir, the mother of the poor—my mother, since I can remember! darling Mrs. Moran."

Nothing more was necessary for the grey-haired gentleman, though he listened like an old friend to the story of the young traveller.

From the time of her father's embarrassment, Minnie Hennessy had made up her mind to go to America, and save him from poverty, or die! How that was to be done she did not calculate. She was a paid monitress in a National School, at home, and, very likely, she thought of teaching. But she was an admirable work-woman besides; she could make point lace with a hundred bobbins, or work Limerick lace to perfection; and, at all kinds of plain needle-work she felt perfectly in her element. She had, therefore, resources enough to encourage a creature less romantic and less loving than herself; and she made up her mind to try her fortune—the fortune of nearly half a score of others, as well as her own—by the great adventure.

Minnie made one confidante—that was Peggy Doherty, her father's servant-of-all-work, who had made up her mind to go herself. And Peggy, to whom Hazlitt's yachtman had a "great leaning," as she said, told the same yachtman the thought which filled their imaginations. People who afterwards heard the way the thing shaped itself were quite of one opinion, that Peggy wanted to have things "on or off;" and that such was the real motive for announcing to Ned, the yachtman, her determination to cross the Atlantic.

By one of those coincidences not uncommon, Ned and his master were agreed upon the same journey, though their reasons were very different. What these reasons were, the reader is acquainted with; but he is to be further informed, that Peg Doherty in due time informed her young mistress of the condition of affairs; and how they had the voyage now "for th' axin'."

Minnie had been looking at the movement as more remote; and when Peg Doherty presented the crisis, Minnie wept. She looked around her little home, and kissed her little brothers many a time, when they wondered at the demonstrations of affection, because they did not know the welling-up of feeling within. And then she

began to realize the awkwardness of the proceeding, as regarded her relations with the young rake of Hazlittville. But Peggy had a panacea for all. For her own part, Peggy said, "'twould be the rising of herself. She towld Ned, to be sure, that if she married him at all, it would be to get rid of 'im, he purshued 'er so. But, afther all, he was a good father and mother's son, so he was, an' a dacent boy, that nuvur dhrank a half a crown, or was in a coort-house for or agin' any case in his life."

"But what will people say, Peggy?"

"What 'll they say? Let 'em say what they like! Ain't I there to purtect your father's child—your own Peggy Doherty; an' ain't Ned there to purtect me an' you; an' as for Masther Jack, we'll give him an' Ned a corner uv their own, an' kiss hands to 'em, darlin'; ain't that id, Miss Minnie?"

"Ah, Peggy!"

"Ah, darlin', ther's no use in talkin'; sure you know the masther can't hould out, an' the little flock will . . . Well, no matther. *No wan belongin' to 'em ever was in the work-house—not wan!*"

Here was a home blow, and the wicked Peggy Doherty knew it very well.

"Not a bit use in axin' yer father, an' you know that well; but in a year he'll go down upon his knees to bless you, so he will."

Peggy's logic prevailed. Minnie consented to see Jack Hazlitt once or twice. Her maid was to be her sole companion. Hazlitt and Ned, the yachtman, were to consort—and approach them "only when called upon;" and Jack Hazlitt was to find the funds and name the day.

Jack Hazlitt had very undefined notions about his own share in this transaction. He was in a kind of reckless mood, which seldom ceased to govern him; and this thing fell in with his fancy. Hazlitt had sentiment, and he might have had principle, had his lot been different; and in such a case there was material for a fine character, now shattered irrecoverably. Cranky, contradictory, a pest in conversation, and a marplot always, unless when he was master, as we have said—let him be master and he would ascend the funeral pile for an idea—or as for little Willy Lacey he would tumble into the sea!

Whatever may have been Hazlitt's changeful views, or dreams, or designs, Peg Doherty was always equal to the occasion, and Ned, the yachtman, quite approved of Peg's reserve. He was "fond of his masther!—masther Jack an' he had many a hard night in the yacht; but there was 'a mayjum in all things,'" by which "mayjum" Ned, the yachtman, meant, that the rule was an admirable one, that kept his young master in his young master's own place—an' *that* "wasn't wid Miss Hennessy or Peggy!—'faith Peggy wouldn't stand it—so she wouldn't"—Ned proudly asseverated.

The grey-haired gentleman had found all this, and a good deal more, and had become very attentive to the two young women. From

him they learned that Frank Moran was likely to be a great man, and that Lelia and her mother were by that time in London. They learned, moreover, that the old gentleman was very fond of Mrs. O'Connor Moran, and that her name sometimes brought a tear to his eye. And Peggy Doherty divined the whole matter in a very brief period—he was a “great man intirely—near as great as a king; an’ he proposed for Mrs. Moran when she was very young; but she was over head an’ airs wid the masther, at the time. Arrah! he *was* the man! an’ the prence, or whatever he was, was obliged to give up; an’ that was the very man! God bless him!”

Of course it was not necessary to Peggy’s hypothesis to possess one word of truth for its foundation—an independence belonging to many productions of genius, and which marvellously distinguishes many writers in the daily press. The eighth wonder of the world, Mr. O’Connor Moran—God be merciful to him!—used to say, was, how England and Ireland had not eaten each other up a century ago!

The ship had been now eighteen days out; and some of the passengers began to feel weary. A strange sail was a God-send, because it brought the voice of a new life, and gave a kind of assurance the “Centaur” had not missed her road. The captain and mate “taking the sun” or the stars, when the stars would let themselves be taken, was an event; and during the latter operation Ned, the yachtman, kept very near the officer in charge; for he saw a great mystery in the matter of “axin’ the stars the road to America.” But Ned, the rogue, on these occasions, we hear, used to “howld out” the officer by his Irish simplicity, and obtain permission to be a good piece up on the quarter-deck. What attraction that place had for him it is not for prying eyes to watch, or ready tongue to communicate. But the grey-haired gentleman declared in the cabin, that he had heard Ned, the yachtman, “croonauning” a song that was not at all applicable to the heroes of antiquity from Brian Boru, backwards or forwards. The grey-haired gentleman had the whole of it, but we need not publish the introduction, which is well known to fidgets and philosophers, and very much approved of by matrons who have daughters, i. e. the “declaratory clauses.” Whom does Ned mean? Not the captain certainly, nor even masther Jack.

You’re nicer than rosies  
Made up into posies!  
Or Daffy-down-dillies, or violets fair!  
An’ th’ Aurora borealis,  
Sure nothin’ at all is,  
An’ goes off quite bate, *three*, if you are but there!  
Oh! the blackbirds an’ thrishes  
Brake their hearts in the bushes,  
An’ the sweet Robin-red-breast to sing you to rest;  
But your *name* is all *wrong* dear. . . . .

"Come, come, my man," Captain Malin said, very gently, "you must not sing so near the saloon, you know. People may be interrupted in their conversation, or 'wakened from their sleep."

"Now, what do you say to that?" said the grey-haired gentleman? "You will not 'waken poor dogs, or interrupt good fellowship?"

"Why thin, captain, many a talk would be bether killed than let grow bigger; and, as for *wakenin'* the cabin passengers, the juice a fare o' that."

"And why?" asked the grey-haired gentleman, smiling.

"Why, the captain feeds 'em so that you might as well think of wakening a steel-bar by spaking to 'id as wakening *him*. They're fed, ochone! they're fed!" cried Ned the yachtman.

The grey-haired gentleman laughed heartily.

"Well Ned," asked the captain, "what do you say to a glass of grog?"

"Sir, 'twas an angil spoke," answered Ned; "the stuff I brought from Liverpool is rank pison, so it is."

And Ned, the yachtman, had his grog, and he made a friend, and carried a large black bottle below the hatches. And Ned asserted then—and held all his life afterwards, that the pleasantest feeling in the world is the feeling that you are making a fellow-creature happy by allowing him to suppose he is humbugging you! "A thing, all the time," Ned said very philosophically, "a thing the man generally pays for besides—an' why not?"

Captain Brackenbridge and Jacob Johnston became very intimate with Jack Hazlitt, and seemed to pay great deference to his views. The captain was a man of magnificent physique, and appeared to devote himself to travelling; whether for pleasure or profit, or both, one hardly discovered. He had, since his days of commanding a vessel, been everywhere, and had seen every thing; and incidentally, in conversation, his allusions to his ordinary pursuits made it manifest that his wealth must be unbounded. He was just the man whose esteem and homage would be more valuable than gold to Hazlitt—they were the incense so delightful to people who live in self.

Johnston and Hazlitt were observed not only to be frequently together, but frequently to move up to the end of the saloon, when the company began to group after dinner, to take their wine or pursue conversation. For two or three nights, or for a week, they had on the table pencils, pocket-books, and playing-cards. The grey-haired gentleman was one, however, who watched them closely after the first evening; and he had an earnest talk with the steward that night, before "turning in." As afterwards appeared, he was giving views and directions respecting the gambling, and vainly devising means to save the unfortunate A. M.

Jack Hazlitt was spoken to—but not reasoned with. He was spoken to by the steward, and warned that Mr. Johnston may not be a safe-man. The Rev. Dr. Conway ventured, but was summarily dis-

missed, with a suggestion that the world was a little astray from people not "minding their own business." The grey-haired gentleman ventured to inquire if he was winning?

"Yes, I am," answered Hazlitt, with his peculiar twist of his lip, and his look under his eyes.

"He is able to afford great losses," answered the grey-haired gentleman. "He is a man of immense wealth."

Hazlitt was flattered. The grey-haired gentleman minded his own business.

"He could lose £ 20,000," continued the grey-haired gentleman, "and hardly find his fortune impaired."

Jack Hazlitt's heart beat. Twenty thousand pounds! Oh! if he had only half the money—just half—or quarter! Then a pale and weeping mother, and a dismal home, and a poor and lonely sister, passed before his mind—and a father stamping with rage, cursing him—cursing *him*, for the poverty he had brought upon an honest family.

He mentioned, quite passingly, that he had won only about four hundred pounds.

"Oh, a trifle!" said the grey-headed gentleman; "a mere trifle!"

The passion which Hazlitt caught like a fever, during his stay at the Queen's College, burned in him now. He thought the day long till the dinner-bell rang; and he ate little, for his mind was filled with the excitement of expectancy. He made for the trysting-place of gambling with a bound, and seemed rooted to the spot afterwards. The hands, and books, and pencils were busier and busier every night; and Jack Hazlitt was growing pale and thin. The fire of his passion was drying up his blood.

"Well, sir," asked the grey-haired gentleman, when they had come within five days' sail of New York; "Well, sir—luck continues?"

"*Fifteen hundred!*" hissed out between his teeth (not good ones), Jack Hazlitt. And his eyes flashed with preternatural flame—the flame of self-assertion, victorious.

"Good!" answered the grey-haired gentleman; "very good!"

The "Centaur" had now been out six-and-twenty days, and had encountered some very severe weather; yet, when the day of separation approached, it is surprising how mixed was the feeling with which the arrival in port was anticipated. The poor had begun to know one another, and to love Dr. Conway; and they could not help asking themselves how they would face to-morrow, or after, among strangers, and badly able to live. The cabin passengers had had a really pleasant time of it, and published *The Daily Gazette*, for three weeks or more, a periodical which gave infinite hope, and as much memory. Indeed, we intended to extract some of the articles, and make them decorations for our "o'er true" history, but space is inexorable, and type refuses compression. Taking every thing into consideration, one is not surprised that the

tug of breaking links should be felt, and the disappearance of something we learned to like should be like a disappearance of light, and cause a gloom.

But come it must—the parting hour, and it came, for the passengers of the “Centaur.” The number of ships in company increased; the pilot-boats multiplied here and there at various distances, and the captain of the “Centaur” tried for a long while not to see them. The longer he did his own work, the less he would have to pay; and no man was better able to do his own work than Captain Malin. At length, the captain was obliged to yield, and the note for parting was the pilot’s first cry—“Port!” All became conscious of a new form of government, that must last only a day.

Every one has become acquainted with the formula of the last dinner on board of ship, when the voyage has been a long one; champagne from the captain, speeches and address from the passengers. He, the captain, never met any people like them; and they, the passengers, never met a commander like the captain. The Catholic and Protestant Episcopalian made speeches on this occasion, and the grey-haired gentleman said “hear, hear!” The captain made an excellent speech, though not exactly ex tempore, and he looked a finer speech than he spoke, the fine captain Malin did. “He had done only his duty, his duty to his passengers, his owner, and to himself.” The owner was on board. All people began to look at one another and the grey-haired gentleman looked over where Jack Hazlitt used to sit. But Jack Hazlitt dined in his cabin. “I give you, Ladies and Gentlemen, the best employer that ever put a vessel afloat. I give you the owner of the ‘Centaur,’” and the captain bowed to the grey-headed gentleman, “JOHN JAMES McCANN!” What! the good old gentleman so unpretending and kind, and patient ever with the bitter “Mr. Wood,” is the owner of the “Centaur!”

Not a doubt of it.

Arrived at length! cleared of inspection, quarantine and “botheration,” to add Ned the yachtman’s quota—the moment has arrived!

The ship has found her berth.

Shouldering along through the crowd on deck was Ned, the yachtman, following his master; his master looking like a man who wanted to knock somebody down. They are stopped by Mr. McCann, with a particular expression and tone of voice.

Jack shook his head.

“Lost?”

“Lost everything!” hissed out the wretched and unfortunate victim of an idea. “Everything!” he said.

“Poor fellow!” ejaculated Mr. McCann.

Yes, he had lost everything, but he had gained Captain Brackenbridge, and had secured—yes, secured THE FUTURE.

[*To be continued.*]

## THE LEGEND OF ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA.

BY ELLEN FITZSIMON (*born O'CONNELL*).

## INTRODUCTION.

**B**ENEATH Saint Clement's venerated dome,  
 Most perfect of the Basilics of Rome,  
 (Where a good Irish friar hath done more  
 Than all the rich and pious had before  
 In many centuries), there met my sight  
 A fresco painting, not long given to light,  
 The which a noble, simple story told  
 Of triumph by Saint Catherine won of old  
 Against the heathen sages, and the day  
 When for the Christian Faith she gave her life away.  
 Recalling this, and many a glorious feat  
 Of that great Saint, her legend I repeat,  
 Laying my homage humbly at her feet.

## THE LEGEND.

In Alexandria, centuries ago,  
 Amid a circle of philosophers,  
 Of solemn sages, throughout Egypt famed,  
 With others from the walls of palmy Rome,  
 And Greece's classic clime, sate Catherine,  
 A Christian virgin, stately, fair, and young,  
 Descended of a high Imperial race,  
 And further graced with genius' golden gifts.  
 Calmly she sate, and disputation held  
 With all those mighty masters of the mind,  
 Alike on sciences and curious arts,  
 On all thy varied forms, Philosophy!  
 And higher still, Theology divine.  
 In admiration, mixed with awe, the crowd  
 Of listeners hung upon her silvery tones,  
 The while with wondrous eloquence she spake  
 The might, the majesty of Heaven's ways  
 Revealed to man! refuting thoroughly  
 All arguments, however plausible,  
 By her opponents brought forth to support  
 The worn-out faith on fable solely founded,  
 On fable, feeble, foolish, and unclean!  
 At length the pseudo-sages—struggling still  
 Against conviction, nor content to own



Defeat, except by silence—suddenly  
Broke up the assembly, on some poor pretence,  
And each departed, feeling envious hate  
Invade his inmost soul 'gainst Catherine,  
Who thus had humbled them before the people.  
She meantime to her very palace doors  
Was by the shouting citizens attended  
As in a triumph. Then, the crowd once gone,  
She sought her secret cell, to purity,  
To constant faith, true love, and hope divine,  
Kept sacred. There, before the crucifix  
Kneeling, she cried, "To Thee, to Thee, O Lord,  
The glory and the praise, that Thou hast lent  
Thy handmaid power to triumph in Thy name!"  
Not many days now passed, ere to the city  
Came Maximin, the tyrant Emperor.  
Soon summoned to his court were all the nobles,  
And all the brave, the youthful and the fair;  
Amongst them Catherine, as a kinswoman  
Of the Imperial Cæsar, held high place,  
No less than for her bearing and her genius.  
Scarce had the Emperor beheld the maid  
When love (as fierce as hate) possessed his soul!  
Oh, no! not love, but passion, such as fills  
The brindled panther's panting breast, for her  
His bright-eyed, cruel co-mate of the woods!  
All unaccustomed, save to swift success,  
He signified his feelings, doubting not  
Of joyful acceptance. Catherine,  
Without or exultation or disdain,  
Declined his suit. Fired fourfold by repulse,  
He, who at first had nothing meant in honour,  
Now cried, "Thou surely dost not understand  
That Cæsar woos thee for his bride, his Empress?"  
Still calm, unmoved, the maid rejected him;  
For she had bound herself by secret vow  
The bride of Heaven alone, nor would resign  
For earthly throne the virgin's privilege  
To follow in the path the Lamb doth tread.  
Foaming with fury, yet not daring aught  
Against a daughter of Imperial line,  
The tyrant saw her leave his courtly halls,  
The while he cried, "Oh! for a safe revenge  
On this insulting woman!"

Since this earth  
First ran its destined course around the sun,  
Was never wanting to a tyrant's rage  
Fit instrument! A false philosopher,

Of those whom Catherine lately overcame,  
Gladly embraced the occasion offered him  
To work her evil. To the infuriate Cæsar  
Did he denounce her as blasphemer 'gainst  
The gods of Rome, of Athens, and of Egypt,  
As being that most vile of all vile things,  
A Christian ! Summoned to the dread tribunal  
Of Maximin, who triumphed in the thought  
Of humbling her, came now without delay  
The lovely lady. Stately and serene  
Did she approach, and, questioned of her faith,  
Unhesitating owned herself a Christian.  
The Emperor, his passion moved anew at sight  
Both of her beauty and unflinching courage,  
Offered her life and freedom on condition  
That she unto the gods made sacrifice.  
Again rejected, he went further still,  
Promising safety, liberty of faith,  
If she would only bless him with her hand.  
Needs not to say what Catherine replied ;  
Enough that in his rage he sentenced her  
Instant to perish by a fearful death,  
By cruel torture on a whirling wheel !  
His orders were obeyed. Amid the groans  
Of many, and the secret tears of more,  
The maid, upon whose brow sate peace and joy,  
Was bound upon the wheel, while Maximin,  
Panting for vengeance, loudly called upon  
The executioner to do his duty.  
The wretch approached to turn the fatal wheel,  
To which the maiden was already bound,  
When, lo ! a miracle ! As struck by lightning,  
The horrid engine into pieces fell ;  
And Catherine, her arms crossed on her breast,  
Stood, calmly there, uninjured and unbound !  
Then rose up to the firmament a shout  
Of jubilee from all the multitude,  
"The gods forbid that Catherine should die !"  
And breaking through the strongest barriers  
They placed the virgin on a lofty car,  
And drew her with rejoicing to her home !  
The tyrant dared not then oppose the people  
In their wild moment of enthusiasm ;  
But when dark night enwrapped the slumbering city,  
Was Catherine seized, and secretly conveyed  
To prison by his orders. There some days  
She languished in the deepest of the dungeons.  
Thence, still in silence and in secrecy,

Brought forth at dawn, she perished by the sword,  
Her latest breath breathed out in prayer and praise !  
Towards morn, a rumour of the virgin's death  
Spread through the city, whence derived none knew :  
Nor did the people dare to speak aloud  
Their doubts and fears upon the matter now ;  
For Maximin with armed satellites  
Had filled each public square and market-place,  
And made the craven-hearted people quail  
By vast display of force.

The night had come,  
The dead of night. The city slumbering lay ;  
No star shone sparkling in the firmament,  
But, like a pall, hung darkness on the earth :  
When lo ! a sound such as no instrument,  
No trumpet, save archangel's, e'er gave out,  
So sadly sweet, so thrilling, terrible,  
Roused sudden from their sleep the citizens ;  
While, high in air, a dazzling, blinding light  
Shone, 'neath whose glare the Pagans, all aghast,  
Fell prone to earth, the while the Christians saw  
A band of bright-wing'd angels cleave the sky,  
Bearing the body of *Saint Catherine*,  
And chanting hymns of triumph as they flew,  
Until they reached the summit of a hill  
Where they deposited their holy charge  
In safety on a spot where, long years after,  
A church and monastery were up-raised,  
Who owned Saint Catherine for their Patroness,  
Their pious intercessor with the Lord !  
Such is the legend handed down to us :  
In truth and wisdom from the ancient days.

## THE TWO MULETEERS OF MOLLARES:

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY, M. R. I. A.

### CHAPTER V.

ON the condition above described, the estate or *hacienda* of Peace passed into the possession of a new master, to whom it had been sold by the heirs of its young owner, who lost his life in the war of invasion by Napoleon. But a year later, no one would have recognised it; such was the transformation it had undergone beneath the hand of its able and matter-of-fact restorer, Don Anacleto Ripio.

Now might the whole place be seen blazing in all the cheap and bare-faced brilliancy of whitewash; its great and heavy black window gratings might be beheld painted with the fresh green of the month of April, like old beaux aping juvenility. The great porch had been shorn of its fair proportions; because, in its ruinous condition, the repairing of it would have occasioned a very heavy and *useless* expense. The two side pillars and the cross lintel necessary for the hanging of the door were, however, allowed to remain, which, when the door lay open, produced the beautiful and picturesque effect of a gallows. As a consequence, the niche and the image of our Lady of Peace which it contained were suppressed, the statue being preserved with great devotion by the family of the steward, and placed in a case of mahogany and glass, the cost of which, though subjecting them to a thousand privations, had been joyfully incurred. The name of Peace which the said image had given to the estate had been changed to that of *Abundance*, a name which was more in harmony with the new master, who gave orders to have it printed over the entrance, with tar, upon the uneven surface of the whitewash. The arms of the preceding owner, sculptured in marble, and placed over the door of the house, had been taken down, because, in the opinion of Don Anacleto, they gave an air of age and antiquity to the building which was no advantage to it, and because the walls were subjected by it to an unnecessary weight.

The good taste, the judgment, and the consideration displayed in the restoration of the interior were no less worthy of the distinguished new proprietor. The clay walls, from which their hapless progeny of wild flowers had been torn, badly repaired and badly whitewashed, their tops bristling with pieces of broken glass to exclude trespassers, defied all assault, like the ramparts of Sebastopol.

In the great court-yard, the brambles, the wild fig-trees, the rose-bays, the nightshades, the mallows, the poppies and other intruders had been banished without pity, their place being occupied by a liliputian field of barley, the harvest of which, as its master hoped, would be sufficient for the annual support of the steward's mule.

The hens had been made prisoners in a dark and narrow yard. As for the rabbits, the Herod of the estate instituted another twenty-eighth of December, for the slaughter of the Innocents. The winged musicians had been frightened away by guns, and some scarecrows formed of an old coat and hat of the master, whose elegant appearance they still somewhat faithfully preserved. As to the poor old ass, well might it elevate its ears, which stood up like two enormous notes of admiration, at seeing itself convinced by irresistible arguments taken from the wild olive-tree, that it must go elsewhere with its little foal. The children of the neighbourhood had received an intimation that they were not to be seen under any pretext within the *hacienda*, because the new master, as may well be supposed, detested children.

Nor were the swallows treated with more consideration by our hero; their nests were ruthlessly destroyed. In vain did the wife of the steward represent to him that these gentle and innocent creatures, so universally beloved, who seek the protection of man, and rely upon his hospitality as in the time of the patriarchs, bring with them in exchange good fortune to the houses that give them shelter; in vain did she tell him that they were so good and so intelligent, that on a certain occasion a gentleman of great position having been excommunicated for his wickedness, they all abandoned his dwelling and went to that of a just man, which being witnessed by the sinner, made him enter into himself, and become reconciled with the Church, after which the good swallows returned to his castle. Don Anacleto declared, with all the disdain of positivism (which is more detestable in the moral sphere even than in the material), that these were antiquated notions and superstitions (what prosaic stupidity to confound an inoffensive fancy and a poetical utterance of the heart with the austere teachings of the faith!); that they were sillinesses, good enough to be told to children, but not to him, a man of enlightenment who had travelled, and who had absolutely been in . . . the United States.

Don Anacleto crowned his work by commanding the magnificent mulberry-tree to be cut down, which, with the tower of the church, was the highest and most beautiful ornament of the village. When Erostratus committed the crime of destroying the temple of Diana, he had an idea, however erroneous and absurd, that there was something grand in the achievement; but Don Anacleto, in committing the almost analogous crime, had no other idea (if idea it can be called) than what was suggested by the foolish and miserable fear that the roots of the tree by some possibility might do an

injury to the masonry of the well. O positivism! thou antithesis of the beautiful, why didst thou not reward thy disciple Don Anacleto with the medal of thy order—a farthing suspended by a ribbon? Then was seen that tree, the glory and the pride of nature, bound by solid cables which at a distance were firmly fastened in the ground; subsequently its healthy and robust trunk was sawed across at the base, when the wetted ropes produced their effect, and the fall of the giant was completed to the entire satisfaction of Don Anacleto, who had planned and directed the apparatus for its destruction—this being a sort of physical illustration of the miserable means which at the present day men make use of to effect the fall of everything that is grand and elevated in persons and things.

When he saw his crime of *lèse majesté* accomplished, and beheld that proud and beautiful work which the great architect nature had constructed of strong boughs and graceful leaves laid prostrate on the earth, Don Anacleto perceived with pleasure that the quantity and quality of the wood thus obtained exceeded his expectations. The little children of the steward applied themselves with all despatch to pick up its fruits, without reflecting, in their greedy eagerness and thoughtless joy, that they were the last that it would give them. His wife exclaimed, “Alas! for the poor mulberry-tree, that gave me such pleasant shade when I went to draw water from the well!” Even the birds expressed their grief by coming to perch upon the dead boughs, and piping sadly their elegies and mournful ditties, as they had sung joyfully their idyls and pastoral songs on the living branches. In exchange, there was built around the well, to a moderate height, a circular rim of stones and mortar, forming a great open mouth to applaud this vulgar piece of vandalism—so ready is everything that is low to applaud the fall of everything that is elevated.

There will not be wanting those who may think that the person who has described the neglect and restoration of this *hacienda* is some apostle of indolence and all its consequences. It is not so. The writer of these pages is, as much as any one can be, the friend of the useful; he is only desirous that it should not be separated from the really beautiful, a separation that is altogether unnecessary—which is only the creation of narrow and vulgar minds, and which stupid and greedy avarice can alone require. Beauty claims its share in the external life of man, as in the interior life the expansion of the soul claims its own part, one delighting in meditative abstraction, the other in gladness. It is thus that festivals of a good character are a necessity among a people; even though among thousands of persons innocently amused, there may be some wayward and perverse spirits who conduct themselves therein according to their instincts.

## CHAPTER VI.

DON ANACLETO passed thus the whole of his life upon his farm, without being particularly interested in the occupation, or from being fond of the country, but only with the object of watching the labourers engaged in the vineyard, and the sale of the wine which the muleteers brought away with them. His wife passed hers at Seville, without liking the place, or even knowing it, since she scarcely ever stirred from her easy chair, when she was attended by a negress whom she had reared, and who was an excellent hand at making coffee and sweetmeats. It thus happened that Don Anacleto, knowing that his wife never cared to stay at the villa, instead of furnishing the upper story, which commanded a beautiful view, for her reception, turned the whole of it into a granary, contenting himself with fitting up in the lower part, for his own accommodation, a small sitting-room that enjoyed but little light, adjoining a narrow bed-chamber that had none.

This position, however, had the advantage of enabling Don Anacleto, who was miserly enough, to observe from it everything that occurred in the house, the persons who came in and went out, and what they brought with them, or carried away.

"Pascual," said he one day to the man who had been the caretaker of the house, the son of the former steward of the *hacienda*, to whom, on account of his intelligence and honesty, the new master had entrusted the post of his father; "Pascual, pray tell me who is this mendicant who comes and goes here so frequently, and who is the very image of the old woman that tricked St. Anthony?"

"Is it the tia Ana Panduro, sir?"

"The what? Panduro,<sup>1</sup> what a name!"

"It is not her real one, Señor, it is only a nickname which the boys have given her, because the poor creature is so considerate and so humble, that when hunger compels her to ask for bread she asks for what is hard."

"This woman," said Don Anacleto (who had the most profound aversion for beggars, and the greatest admiration of work-houses, provided he was not asked to contribute to their support), "this woman comes here only for gossip and idle tattle, and to take away with her whatever she can pick up."

"Señor," replied Pascual, "your worship is under a mistake, the tia Ana is the peace of God everywhere she goes, and she is incapable of creating dissension amongst any people; and as to what she takes away, she takes away not what she can pick up but what she is given. The poor creature does all she can to assist herself. She washes, and goes of messages when she is wanted.

<sup>1</sup> Panduro means stale or hard bread.—TR.

and often walks a league for a bit of bread. At present she goes on errands for us, because, as your worship does not wish to keep a maid, my wife, who has to do the work of the house and the cooking, cannot herself go out, for the same reason that you cannot toll the bell and follow the procession at the same time."

"And has your wife no other person to give her assistance? Why don't you go yourself?"

"Sir," replied Pascual with firmness, but without disrespect, "I am your worship's steward, but not your messenger."

Don Anacleto swallowed in silence the sturdy reply of his servant, whose honesty and intelligence he could not well dispense with. It cost him no great effort indeed, for pride was one of those evil passions in which, as we know, this gentleman was deficient, or, if it grew in him at all, it was like the moss that has no roots.

"Then I wish you to know that I do not like the visits of this old woman, who looks as if she was made of copper, and who is more bent than a hook."

"It is true, sir, that the poor wretch looks as if she had been forgotten by the cemetery, because afflictions overwhelm her, and the bread of charity, though it may preserve life, does not make the recipient fat. I am only thirty-two years of age, and I remember her when I was a child: she was then very well off, and had quite a different appearance; but she has been very unfortunate, and is bowed down more by sorrow than by the weight of years. Cipriana endeavours to do her any little good she can."

"Doubtless at my expense," observed Don Anacleto.

"Ah! 'tis there the water is boiling!" replied the steward. "No, Señor, the good that we do her we do from ourselves, since, in my daily wages, the poor who are poorer than myself have a share. Do not be so distrustful, your worship, for distrust unawares brings on us grey hairs."

"Does she get her dinner here every day?"

"No, Señor, not always, and only if she happens to be present when we are going to dine, and that I say to her, 'sit down, Señora, for this dish, if it is enough for three, will be enough for four.' Will you be good enough to tell me, Señor, who could eat before a hungry person, and not offer him a bit? Besides, the poor creature hardly uses anything. She has no appetite, a circumstance at which she rejoices, because she says the want of appetite is what supports her."

"Then she is very well fed!" replied Don Anacleto, this heart-rending expression of want moving him to mockery instead of pity.

"For know now," added he, taking his great straw sombrero, in order to go out and inspect his vineyard, "that beggars are not to my taste. In the whole world there is no country poorer than Spain, because no country is more infected with the plague of beggary."



"Beggars do not necessarily prove that a country is poor, Señor," replied Pascual.

"What do they prove then?" asked his master impatiently.

"That there are many people in it who give alms, Señor."

"Then I am not going to increase the number with mine, so see that none of them cross the threshold of my door, including the tia who is my aversion."

"What did the master say?" asked the wife of the steward, after the other had gone out.

"He said that tia Ana is his aversion, and that he did not wish her to come here any more."

"Then she'll come in spite of his wish three times over, I can tell him," replied his wife impatiently. "If not, who is to go of messages, since I cannot attend to them, I who am fixed here faster than the bolt? What an idea! Truly and well has it been said that between pride and riches there is scarcely the breadth of a hand's difference."

"Yes, they give him these whimsies; the same thing happens in the fields. When he orders some absurdity of this kind (for he would sometimes lose the flour to save the bean), I say to him, yes, and I do what is right, saying in my sleeve, I go in with your idea, and I come out with my own."

"And is he not angry?"

"Yes, he is angry, but he restrains himself, for he knows I am well up to my business, and that is what concerns him most."

"Well, in my opinion, Pascual, the master, with all his money, is a very poor and foolish creature, and all his ideas are worldly and mean."

"Like a rich man of yesterday," replied her husband. "As for me, I reverence wealth and rank *ab initio*, and not these neutral tints. But the worst of it is, Cipriana, he hasn't charity like the masters in the good old times, and without charity I wouldn't care for money."

"If charity you lack, my friend,  
Although you've countless gold to spend,  
You're but a pauper in the end."

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## CHAPTER VII.

ONE night at the beginning of autumn, when it was raining as if, to use the ordinary expression, the clouds were falling, Don Anacleto entered the kitchen of his steward, whom he found seated comfortably at the fire. He had sent him to the vineyard, about one of those miserable and unmeaning precautions that usually occupied his shallow brain; seeing him enjoying himself in this way, he addressed him in the following words:—

"Have you returned?"

"Si, Señor."

"Then you were able, as it seems, to ford the river, which must have been very much swollen?"

"In all cases of that kind, Señor, and in order that I may not be drowned, I rely upon a little prayer."

"To what Saint, may I ask you?"

"To Santa Prudencia."

"I congratulate you. And what is it?"

Pascual replied, without losing his gravity—

My dear little river  
So turbid and black,  
Here stay if you like,  
But I'd rather go back.

"From this it appears that you did not go to the vineyard," said Don Anacleto, somewhat annoyed.

"Señor, I am neither a fish nor a bird, nor do I carry a bridge in my saddle-bags," replied Pascual.

"I tell you what you are, you are a sly fellow and a bit of a wag into the bargain, who likes to have his own way, and not to be subject to me."

"Subject, yes, but servile, no," answered the steward. "Will you be so good, your worship, as to sit down with us here for a little while in the light of the fire, which gladdens one more than a song or a dance. Don't be uneasy because it is in the kitchen, which Cipriana keeps as clean as if it had never sinned."

"Here," added the steward's wife, handing him a chair, "it was in this very spot that the deceased master, who is in glory, used to sit and distribute amongst us—for we were children then—a few pence."

"He did very wrong," said Don Anacleto, taking the chair, though in a very bad humour.

"Why, Señor?" asked the steward's wife.

"Because children should not be given money to play with, it makes them avaricious."

"What! . . . No, Señor, and it is plain to see that it is not so; since none of our people, though poor (and it may be, perhaps, for this very reason that we are so), have ever been covetous or avaricious. We all bear in mind the answer given by a man possessed by a demon. He was asked what were the enemies of the human race that had done most evil to man, and he replied that they were three, to wit—Close-heart, Close-mouth, and Close-fist."

"And thus it is, you are so overflowing with money," replied Don Anacleto. "All your life, as one may say, from father to son you've had a good place here, and you have not saved as much as would pay for a prayer from a blind beggarman."

"And I feel no concern on that point," replied Pascual. "Poor was I born, and poor will I go to my grave, but with an easy and undisturbed conscience, for God created us to gain the riches of eternity, and not those of earth; and His laws, as well as those of man, say, be honest, but they never say, be rich."

"From this fine talk," exclaimed Don Anacleto, "and from that other phrase which is always in your mouths, that God never is wanting to any one, you seem to believe that God commands idleness and not labour, and that you should lead a careless life. They have good reason for saying in the United States that the Spaniards don't like work."

"Señor," replied Pascual, "can your worship believe that we do not know God has commanded the very contrary; that He has said to man, in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread? Have you ever heard me complain that I could not get work done for want of hands, and is it not your worship yourself who always urges me to dismiss the labourers, who in consequence remain in the greatest distress from want of employment?"

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and tia Ana entered the kitchen, dripping, wet through, and trembling with cold.

"Good God!" exclaimed Don Anacleto, who was already very much out of humour, "Do you come here even on such a night as this?"

"I could not help the night," humbly replied the old woman with a smile.

"Then you need not have come."

"And if she had not come, your worship would be without your supper," interposed the steward's wife, "since it is tia Ana brings the eggs of which it is composed."

"How is that, are not the hens laying?" asked her master, who in the fear which his question implied, never passed a thought upon the zeal and assiduity with which, on such a terrible night, the poor woman had searched through all the village, and had succeeded in procuring eggs for his supper.

"No, Señor," replied Cipriana, "ever since they have been shut

up in that confined yard, instead of being allowed to go free and just as they liked through the whole *hacienda*, they haven't laid."

"Kill them, then," ordered her master, sententiously.

"Tia Anna," said the steward, pretending not to hear the sentence of decapitation pronounced by the tyrant, "why don't you come nearer the fire and dry your clothes, that are soaked with the rain, and warm yourself, for you must be very cold?"

"What's the good, Pascual," replied the mendicant, who had retired into a corner, "if I must go out into the rain and get wet again?"

"You will not get wet, please God," said the steward, "for the moon is rising and the clouds are passing away. Come nearer, I say, and sit down beside Cipriana. This hearth is mine, and as long as it is mine, any one who is cold may warm himself at it."

The poor old woman approached timidly and sat down on the floor beside Cipriana.

Don Anacleto had some idea that it scarcely was consistent with the dignity of a rich man to remain seated in the same circle with a beggar; but as he was cold, and was not proud, he did not stand up, contenting himself with giving his insipid and disagreeable countenance as great an air of importance as it could assume.

But dignity of manner, according to the dictionary, is that which inspires respect, admiration, and fear, and which in the Andalusian peasant creates the first easily, the second rarely, and the third never. Don Anacleto at any rate made his imposing demonstration in vain, and the conversation went on, quite irrespective of those grand airs of his, which were either unperceived, or disregarded.

"Señor," said Pascual, "here is the tia Ana, who, if she had not persisted in the very improbable idea that her husband was not dead, could have married when she wished, for she was a woman of a thousand, and she could easily have met with some one who would have supported her, without letting her pass through the many miseries she has endured. Have you still any expectation, Señora, of hearing the fate of your husband and son, after their having disappeared more than twenty years?"

"Yes, Pascual," said the poor old woman, "because I have always heard it said, that between heaven and earth nothing can be concealed."

"Nothing remains hid from God, Señora."

"Nor from men; for though wickedness may hide the truth, it cannot extinguish it."

"This is not an article of faith, but an opinion of men, which though founded in good sense, and frequently confirmed by experience, is sometimes erroneous."

"See, your worship," said Cipriana, addressing herself to Don

Anacleto with the object of interesting him in the fate of that unhappy mendicant, "what a great, great—I am never tired of saying—what a great and singular thing has happened to tia Ana, in seeing her husband, who was better than bread and truer than gold, go out of the house one day with his son, who was the best boy and the pride of the village, on a journey to Seville with wine, for they were muleteers in good business; and never again to see either of them cross the threshold of the door, or from that hour to this to discover the slightest trace of what became of them, notwithstanding all her diligence, and her having done little else since then but make inquiries after them. Was I not right, Señor, in saying that this was a great and most horrible affliction?"

Don Anacleto made no reply; and for some moments nothing was heard but the subdued sobbing of the mendicant.

"Poor creature," said the steward's wife compassionately, "do not weep, for this life is only an instant; and in the glory where, on the faith of all that is good, these portions of your very heart await you, we shall all be consoled and made happy in the presence of God. Is it not so, Señor Don Anacleto?"

The interrogated did not answer.

Then Pascual stood up, and advancing towards his master said, in a loud voice (for on coming near him he perceived that while his wife had been relating the terrible and strange misfortune of the poor old woman, whose sobs would have melted any one to pity, that gentleman had fallen comfortably asleep beside the fire), "Señor, tia Ana has gone through the whole village and beyond it, poor creature, for the purpose of collecting eggs for your supper; your worship will surely give her a trifle to buy a little measure of charcoal to warm her, and a little roll of bread for her supper."

"Do I not pay you for your wife's services?" replied Don Anacleto, opening his eyes. "It is her concern to pay her messengers."

"You are right," rejoined Pascual, indignantly; "Cipriana give me half of that large loaf." Having received it, and having taken two reals out of his purse, he presented them to the poor woman, saying, "take them, tia Ana, they may suffice for your wants to-night; to-morrow, what you may need will be given you by Him who is never tired of giving."

"Pascual," replied the old woman, "may God, who is a good payer, repay you for this; but the half loaf you have given me will last me three days. Keep then the two reals, for from the poor nothing should be taken except what is absolutely necessary, since it would not be just that I should have more than I want, and you perhaps less."

Saying this, she went out rapidly, without taking the money.

"Why, Pascual," said Don Anacleto, who, in spite of his stupidity, could not avoid perceiving with a certain repugnance that

the conduct of his steward put him a little to the blush, "you have the manners of a duke, wherever the devil you got them."

"I never had any such high idea about myself," replied Pascual, "nor even thought I was generous, Señor; and I know that next to courage, generosity is what is most becoming to a man, but that is a virtue that cannot be practised by poor people like myself."

"And you will always remain so. Why do you not save rather than give?"

"Señor," replied Pascual, "that which I save I shall leave here; that which I give I shall take with me."

"How ready you are with texts of Scripture! They won't take you out of your poverty nevertheless."

"Be it so! They were not written for that purpose. But why, Señor, is your worship so anxious that I should rise above the condition of being poor? When a poor man becomes avaricious and grasping—

The eyes are restless in his head,  
His weary feet are clogged with lead,  
His hands are numb, his peace is fled,

and he thus passes his whole life in continual torture. I am very well content with my poverty, and I have no wish to exchange it for anxieties that would take away my sleep and my relish for food, as well as the tranquillity of my life and of my soul; for, in my poor dwelling, as over the porch of your worship's house, I would rather have the word *Peace* inscribed than *Abundance*."

[*To be continued.*]

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## LUGGELAW.

FARE ye well, of rural glory.  
 Brightest scenes mine eyes e'er saw !  
 Scenes surpassing song or story,  
 Mount and vale of Luggelaw !

Lake and lawn, and circling highland,  
 Wooded slope, and heath-clad hill—  
 Fairest spot of this fair island,  
 Luggelaw ! I love thee still.

Still methinks I see thy mountain  
 Peering o'er the lake profound ;  
 And in fancy, by yon fountain  
 Still I tread the fairy ground ;

Where so oft alone I pondered,  
 Roaming through the wooded dell—  
 Still more oft my footsteps wandered  
 With the friends I loved so well.

There to tale of angel childhood,  
 Through the wild wood and the glen,  
 Oft I listed, and beguiled, would  
 Think myself a child again.

Blissful dream ! But hark, resounding  
 Thunder rolls yon heights among ;  
 And from cliff to valley bounding,  
 See the foaming torrents flung.

“ Haste we home ! The thunder rolling  
 Tells us of a troubled day.  
 Lightnings gleam, the bell is tolling—  
 Wanderers, home ! No longer stay.”

Homeward then we quickly hied us,  
 Swift we gained the cottage door ;  
 Circling Innocence beside us,  
 And a happy home before.

Such was Luggelaw. For ever  
 Parted now its magic spell ;  
 But no change my soul shall sever  
 From the friends there loved so well.

M. O'F.

## THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART IN IRELAND.

THE national consecration of Catholic Ireland to the Heart of Jesus, on Passion Sunday in this year of grace 1873, has already produced, and will continue year by year to produce, the most blessed fruits, visible and invisible, amongst the children of the Irish Church. One of its visible fruits is the increased eagerness of the faithful to enrol themselves in the various confraternities established in honour of the Sacred Heart. Please God, every church and convent in Ireland will very soon be each the centre of an ever-widening circle of hearts devoted specially to the love and service of the Heart of our Divine Lord. Perhaps the most easily propagated form of this devout organization is that known as the Apostleship of Prayer, or League of the Sacred Heart. This Association is itself affiliated to the Archconfraternity of the Heart of Jesus, established at Rome in the Church *della Pace*; and one of its statutes, signed by the Cardinal Prefect and the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, declares that all the faithful who are members of the Apostleship will, by the very fact, be able to enjoy the Indulgences and other spiritual favours granted to the Archconfraternity. [Omnes fideles qui Apostolatui Orationis aggregantur, Indulgentiis aliisque gratiis spiritualibus dictae Archconfraternitati concessis ipso facto frui poterunt.] To this League of the Sacred Heart—to give it the name by which the Apostleship of Prayer is beginning to be known, a name which it deserves by its spirit, its objects, and the principal act of piety which it prescribes—the Holy See has moreover granted several additional privileges, doubling, indeed, the Indulgences of the Archconfraternity.

In the hope of being able hereafter to discuss in detail the nature and practice of this favourite form of the devotion of all devotions, we may briefly state the easy terms on which a share in this spiritual treasury may be secured. Find out a church or convent which possesses a diploma of aggregation to the aforesaid League of the Sacred Heart, and to which you can conveniently apply. Let your name be inscribed in the register of members, and you will receive a certificate of this enrolment. which certificate, amongst other things, will explain the chief Indulgences to be gained, and on what conditions. The only pious act imposed on the members of the Apostleship is simply to offer up their thoughts, words, and actions, once at least each day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus. To gain furthermore the Indulgences of the Archconfraternity, they must say also the prayers of the Archconfraternity, a *Pater*, an *Ave*, and a *Credo*, with the ejaculation which is now, thank God! so familiar to all:—

“ O Heart of Jesus, I implore  
That I may love Thee more and more.”



For more reasons than one, we proceed now to enumerate the convents, colleges and churches in Ireland, which are joined in this Holy League of the Sacred Heart. We are aware beforehand that our list is imperfect, and we shall be glad to receive additions to it. But our list of Irish communities will, at least, be fuller than the latest one published officially—namely, in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus* for December, 1872.

For instance, classifying the Colleges together, we add to the list referred to the most important, not only of Irish Colleges, but the largest and most important institution of the kind in the whole Catholic world—we mean, of course, the great College of St. Patrick's, Maynooth. The other affiliated Colleges are—Carlow, Thurles, Navan, Clongowes, Castleknock; St. Stanislaus', Tullamore; St. Malachy's, Belfast; St. Colman's, Newry.

In the list of affiliations we find no parishes but the following:—Aughrim, Ballygarry (near Callan), Ballymoney (County Antrim), Bruff, Cappamore, Cappawhite, Clara, Ennis, Falcarragh (County Donegal), Kinetty (Diocese of Killaloe), Little Bray, Ring (near Dungarvan), Templemore, Tubbercurry (County Sligo), Tullaghbegley East (County Donegal), and Tullow.

The affiliated Churches are—St. Peter's, Phibsborough; St. Francis Xavier, Dublin; the Augustinian Church, Dublin; St. Nicholas Without, Dublin; St. Ignatius, Galway; and the Church of the Sacred Heart, Limerick.

Grouping the Convents together, the most numerous, as we might suppose, are the Presentation Convents and Convents of Mercy. Of the former, the Holy League of the Sacred Heart includes the Convents at Bagnalstown, Bandon, Cahirciveen, Carrick-on-Suir, Cashel, Castleisland, Clane, Doneraile, George's Hill (Dublin), Terenure, Dungarvan, Enniscorthy, Fethard, Fermoy, Galway, Kilkenny, Killarney, Limerick, Lismore, Listowel, Maryborough, Maynooth, Middleton, Millstreet, Mitchelstown, Mountmellick, Mullingar, Oranmore, Rahan, Thurles, Tuam, Tralee, Wexford, and Youghal. The Convents of Mercy in our catalogue are those at Adare, Ardee, Athlone, Athy, Ballina, Ballinasloe, Belfast, Birr, Castlebar, Charleville, Clara, Clifden, Clonakilty, Cork, Derry, Doon, Downpatrick, Dublin (three Convents), Dundalk, Dungarvan; Ennis, Enniscorthy, Enniskillen, Galway, Gort, Kilrush, Kingstown, Limerick, Longford, Loughrea, Lurgan, Mallow, Moate, Naas, Newcastle (County Limerick), New Ross, Newry, Queenstown, Rathkeale, Rochford Bridge, Rostrevor, Sligo, Templemore, Tipperary, Tralee, Tuam, Tullamore, Westport, and Wexford.

The Dominican Convents at Blackrock (Dublin) and Drogheda; the Convents of the Sacred Heart at Dundrum (Dublin), Armagh, and Roscrea; the Loreto Convents at Rathfarnham, Bray, Dalkey, Navan, Balbriggan, and the two Dublin Convents; the Ursuline Convents at Blackrock (Cork), Waterford, Thurles, and Sligo; the Carmelite Convents at Dublin, Delgany, Blackrock (Dublin),

Loughrea, and Moate; the Convents of the Faithful Companions of Jesus at Limerick, Bruff, and Newtownbarry; the Convents of the Good Shepherd at Limerick, Belfast, Cork, and Waterford:—these, with the Dublin Convents of the Sisters of Charity, the Franciscan Convent at Drumshambo, the Brigittine Convent at Tullow, the Convent of Redemptoristines near Dublin, and the Convent of Poor Clares at Newry, complete the list of Irish Convents affiliated to the Holy League of the Sacred Heart. It will be seen that it nearly exhausts the list of Convents in Ireland absolutely; and probably some omissions have occurred in even the latest official catalogue which we are copying. The only communities of Christian Brothers recorded as belonging to this confederacy of prayer are those at Borris, Cashel, Gorey, New Ross, Limerick, and Tuam. But we have no doubt that here also the list is defective. There are some other affiliated institutions, which cannot be classed under any of the categories enumerated in this paper; such as the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, at Milltown Park, Dublin; and St. Joseph's Orphanage, Kingstown.

One of the statutes approved by the Holy See for this Association provides that no new aggregation shall be made without the approbation of the Bishop of the diocese. This approbation has already been given beforehand in general terms by almost all the Bishops of Ireland. When this approbation has been obtained thus, or for an individual case, diplomas of aggregation may be procured from the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., Milltown Park, Dublin, who is the Central Director of the Association in this country. The names registered at each centre of the organization need not be sent further; but the Holy See, in removing the previous obligation of transmitting such names to a central registry, ordered that certificates of enrolment should, where possible, be given to the members. Such certificates may be procured by the Local Directors from Mr. J. F. Fowler, 3, Crow-street, Dublin.

If any one is surprised at the rich treasures of Indulgences lavished by the Church on those who perform the simple and easy acts of devotion prescribed by the Apostleship of Prayer, let him remember the mysterious power which God has attached to prayer, especially to unselfish prayer, more especially to the prayer of many praying as one, and more especially still, to the prayers of many praying in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

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## NANCY HUTCH AND HER THREE TROUBLES.

BY ONE OF THE WRITERS OF "IN RE GARLAND."

NANCY HUTCH was not a brunette, though as brown as if she was; the next best thing you would say, were you to see her sometimes. With her black hair wetted by the early morning air, and polished by stroking down to keep the breeze from blowing it into untidiness, and her hazel eyes glistening as she glanced up along the branches of the currant trees to catch the ripest bunches, she looked so fresh and fruity that she would give you the notion that she herself had grown at the sunny side of the bush. She had eaten strawberries with the dew on them—so good for the lungs, doctors say—all her young years, till, in fact, the withdrawal of all watch on her took away her taste for them; so that her voice was clear, clear and healthful. And the gay, short talk she used in the vending of her fruits, the four seasons round, kept it so, and gave her a cheeriness of manner delightful beyond resistance to her younger customers; and not a little pleasing to her elder ones, the married men and women of her town, who liked to see their own age look so far from old.

Nancy was reared to her trade, and left alone in it. But after hard years of competition, her wares, both home and foreign, came to be so sought for that she rarely needed to leave her home for their disposal. There was she besieged for "good pints o' nuts" on All Hallow Eves; and from under a little thatched roof brought out fruits of her own picking "in the saison time, cool and fresh, as fresh as a rose, my dear!" Then and there, Nancy could afford to demand her own prices. "Good money for good fruit," she would say with a half-saucy smile. "'Tis none o' your washed gooseberries Nancy has. I wouldn't keep wan iv 'em if they were to be left on me han's. But indeed they don't, thank God! *now*," she would add, to an envying fellow-dealer. "But many's the shilling's worth I threw away, or sold for half nothin' to s thrangers or counthry people, not to give me basket a bad name; an' many's the heart-scald they ga' me. Well, good times to us all why! an' don't *you* be cast down whin you have to do the same. Your fruit will soon go, wan way or another; but your customers 'ill keep for another saison; an' 'tis them a body must thry an' keep on their han's!"

Nancy's dwelling was, like herself, quaintly suited to her calling. Behind the main street of the little town, and leading from what was styled its Square, a lane ran down to a small piece of open ground beside a wide, shallow, lively-running river. And there, perched against an angle formed by two yard walls, was the craziest and cleanliest of huts, which Nancy called "The Cottage." A saw-

pit at a little distance in full work took from the place the ill look of a spot deserted amidst populous surroundings. And thus, neither in nor out of company, you might take a seat high and dry upon the white balk beams laid by for sale or sawing; or at times, if you were choice, upon a tree with the moss yet green on it, and feel that if you could not pluck your fruit in the garden, you had the very best place could be for eating it in town.

With three little troubles to round in her comfort, Nancy was one of the happiest bodies in the world. She saw herself "brought, with a light heart, through all her struggles an' the hard times an' bad times—if 'twas no harm to call 'em bad. An' she had something to look to in the Savings Bank again the time when she'd be beyond her labour." Below her own condition Nancy witnessed more to be endured, and less enjoyed: and above it, she frequently found reason to doubt that matters were far otherwise. Almost daily, throughout the long fruit season, her business led her to the seats of gentlemen of more or less wealth. Her visits were early, before restraint was up and about. As she crossed the sweep, that at a later hour she would not presume to set foot on, a housemaid was washing the door-steps, or with the aid of a stray stable-boy shaking carpets; or she met the cook in the garden "getting her herbs or vegetables for the day," and each and all ready and willing to give country in exchange for town talk; or "where all went to all, she had her rest, after her walk, in the porter's lodge, an' her little bit o' chat there." Thus she learned, open-eared, that "it wasn't the selling o' the fruit itself—that wasn't the only mainness the master had in him, but the mistress couldn't put the poor price iv it in her own pocket with him, he was sich a nagur. Goodness knows she (Nancy) was a more independent woman herself that blessed moment—quare a thing as that was to say!" Or she heard how "Miss Honoria was breaking her heart after the young gentleman she was coorting this time back. After the balls and peek-neeks an' all the goings on for him, he 'ouldn't look at the side o' the road she walked on, in the way o' marriage. The family wasn't good enough for him at the mother's side, if you please. So all her beauty didn't do for her, poor thing." With such-like insights of high life Nancy would wend her way home, thinking that "after all it was well for her to be what she was." "All" meaning all her three troubles—her house, her back, and a ball-alley.

First, of her house. The spot on which it stood, used as commonage, was, in fact, the property of the lord of the manor; and somebody was always saying that somebody else was about to lease it, and turn off all trespassers. Nancy's mother had squatted there on sufferance. But in these days of Ordnance Surveys and Town Commissioners, Nancy could not expect to be permitted to rebuild her hut, and she could not endure the thought of leaving it. She loved the very holes in the mud floor, at which she had played marbles with her only brother, "poor Jack"—enlisted, drafted to India, and

buried there in years long gone. The mud walls would not bear a new roof; and the old one was dangerous, the neighbours said. Nancy could not imagine it falling on her, "after all her years on-dher it;" but as little could she fancy its holding on through that interminable period that one looks upon as life. So constancy and obstinacy—the least little bit of which was growing up through Nancy's habits—cleaved to "The Cottage;" whilst common sense gave notice to quit, as plainly as could any landlord.

Her second trouble was her back, "an' all it brought on her," as she told a friendly shopkeeper, round the corner of the lane, who used to change her coppers for silver, and do her other small services, and who, more than any other, was in her confidence. "It never was sthrong, sir, to bear burthens, sence the start I got when my poor mother died," Nancy said; "an' so I'm obligated to pay a person to bring me fruit home for me from the gardens."

"Why, Nancy, what does that signify to you? you can very well afford it."

"Why, sir, 'tisn't what it costs me; that's a thrifle—at laste it isn't so much. But there's more than that in it, Mr. Fennessy. 'Tisn't unknown to me han's I got the little I have. But I declare te you, you'd think they begradge me the mains o' getting help for meself, them that go to the same gardens with me. An' the Lord knows if 'twas in a carriage *they* wint, I wouldn't envy it to them! But when they see a girl bringing me basket—sometimes two, maybe, if 'tis a great saison, 'Tis a bonnet an' sunshade she'll be coming with next year,' they'll say."

"That's only a joke, Nancy, don't you know?"

"I know 'tis a nasty sort o' joke, Mr. Fennessy, if it is. They know well, that if I got Damer's estate I wouldn't put a bonnet on me head, not alone a sunshade!"

Nancy belonged to a class once numerous in Ireland, but now of a generation fast passing away, as constant to its tradition of costume as is or was the grisette of Paris. To Nancy, then, the putting on of anything that she was not born to would seem a fall, not a rise. So that a sarcasm more painful than this could not be addressed to her.

"An' now sure, you know yourself, sir," she continued, "'tisn't pleasant to a body to have a sthranger over an' hether through their little business. They get a knowledge of all your dalings, an' maybe cut the ground from on-dher you with your customers. An' still, if you don't get 'em purty crabbit, they 'ont be sthrong enough."

"There's something in that," Mr. Fennessy said. "Why don't you get a donkey, Nancy?"

"Yea, sir, I wondher at you! How could I manage it? An' them little boys are the very deuces."

"Well, then, I don't see how you can help yourself, unless you get a husband," said Mr. Fennessy, laughing.

"Is it me?" Nancy said.

"Is it you? 'Why not a Connaughtman as well as any other man?'"

"Oh! why"—began Nancy, but she pursued the argument no further, audibly.

Subsequently to this conversation came Nancy's third trouble, the ball-alley. This—but that would be telling. However, it is no harm to say that it modified her view of her first trouble. The alley was located on the same strip of ground with her cottage; and through the same facilities for interlopers. The landlord was absent, the agent passive, and so the alley became a settled thing. "Late an' airly she was stunned with noise," she said. She was forced to carry her wares to many customers, who no longer would come for them; and, when at home, was constrained to keep her doors shut, and herself inside them: a sad exchange for the easy open-air life that she had been used to on her little bit of by-way. Then her window was broken. The cost of repairing it was small, and the new panes let in more light. But it no longer looked the same old window when the old bull's-eye and the almost as old three-cornered mendings were removed. In short, Nancy's heart began to loose its hold upon the Cottage. She needed but an excuse to her constancy to quit it; though, looking round her, she shed tears at the thought. If she really were to marry, as Mr. Fennessy advised, she needs must go elsewhere. In former days she had been indisposed to marry, through her very cleaving to the Cottage. "A quare thing that the Cottage should bring her round to think of marrying at last! Her father come to live in it the year she was born. They were the same age; thirty-four years be her mother's calculation." Nancy, in her own mind, thought it must be more.

One morning very early, Nancy was up and just dressed, in preparation for her daily work; and, as usual in fine weather, the alley was engaged by players. The game was going on very satisfactorily, when suddenly away went the ball. The wall bounding two yards was of unequal height; that part against which Nancy's hut was built was lower by a third than the part used by the players; and over that it was that the ball had gone. The young man who had thrown it, being obliged to find it or procure another, proposed an instant search.

"You must go round to the shop an' ask lave to go in for it; but I have me doubts about your getting it," observed another player.

"Where's the use of such a round-about way—an' to get meself refused, maybe—whin I can get it in a minute?" rejoined the loser, a young fellow known as Dick the Thatcher. His business frequently keeping him weeks together in the country, out of the way of sports, he was more than commonly eager to go on when once engaged in them.

"You'll be settled if you're caught going that way!" said a bystander, suggestively.

"Egor, 'nothing venture, nothing have,'" said Dick, placing one foot on a projecting stone and the other on the edge of Nancy's roof, which sided one wall and backed that over which the ball had gone. "'Tis airy; an' 'twill do no harm to any wan to slip down an' ——." As he spoke, he moved across to gain the wall, and with the last word disappeared through the long-decaying roof. Coming down on his feet, he stood for a second upon Nancy's hearth. With a movement to avoid the wreck that might be coming down after him, he threw himself aside into an old arm-chair that had been Nancy's father's seat; and there, as Nancy said to herself, "looked quite the man o' the house to begin with."

On finding no injury to himself or others to have ensued upon his fall, Dick's first impulse prompted to a hearty fit of laughter. Then he looked at Nancy,—who, as he descended, was lifting her face from out a large wooden bowl filled with water; her black hair put up less rigidly than usual,—and then round Nancy's house. The Thatcher had observed the inside of so many houses, that he could not fail to be struck by this interior; it was so little like what the outside would have led him to expect. He sat still, surveying it, whilst Nancy wiped the dripping water from her eyes.

"Faix, young man," she said, "wherever you come from, you seem inclined to stay where you are."

The Thatcher rose to his feet, and looked again at Nancy.

"Egor," he said, slowly, with a half-bold, half-bashful air, "it seems as if I might do worse—if I'd be let."

"Call bym-by, an' you'll be tould," rejoined Nancy, laughing, as she finished the wiping of her face.

"I must mend the roof for her at any rate," the Thatcher thought, as he issued from the doorway, ushered out by Nancy, to meet the jests and jibes of his playmates. "She'll think it quare I didn't say I would at wance, if she knows what I am."

"Matches are made in heaven, they say," uttered Nancy, after a moment's thought. "If he didn't come so far, 'twas down he came at all events. I wondher if he'll come to ask what mischief he done!"

Dick the Thatcher was a tall, good-looking, merry-going fellow, with an ease of eye and air which was pleasant in contrast with the somewhat over-careful primness of Nancy's own demeanour. Each lacked something of the other's gifts and qualities; and nature abhors a vacuum: 'tis the easiest way of accounting for the instant attraction that had drawn them towards each other. Whilst Dick covered other folks' houses, the rain might unheeded drop into his own. He was the more struck in Nancy's hut with what his own "han'some twelve couple iv a house" very sorely wanted. He had, too, of late—particularly since the opening of this new ball-alley—been spending more than his earnings would allow of. And though by character and custom an open-handed fellow, he now needed an excuse rather than an inclination to "turn a new card." "Twouldn't be a bad opportunity," he thought. "A man mightn't

find a betther excuse every morning he got up. Egor, no; nor a han'somer wan you might almost say." Like Venus rising from the sea, Nancy had looked her best and brightest on withdrawing from her wooden bowl.

"She's a dail younger than I thought she was," pursued Dick; "if it isn't that I never looked much at her before."

Still under this impression, he returned to the Cottage in due time, that is, when he calculated that Nancy might expect his calling "to make an offer at mending the mischief he was so smart in making." And after a little half-shy, half-friendly chat he went about his work; finding it, as he did so, "the roof was har'ly worth mending, 'twas so far gone intirely. Not that he wouldn't do his part with a heart an' a half, an' lave it maybe something safer than it was before; but it was a shocking place for her to live in."

"'Twill do very well for me," Nancy said.

"If she stayed here another winther," Dick rejoined, "she'd be dhrownded all out. It 'ould be no harum for her to be on dher another roof before then, if she thought well iv it."

"Winther is a good spell from us yet," Nancy said, evasively. Then the work proceeded in silence for a time.

Nancy got dinner ready for the workman. "She could do no less in any dacency," she thought. Then Dick would not sit down to it "without the misthiss." And so they took opposite places at a little three-legged mahogany table, one of the most prized heir-looms of "the Cottage." So seated, with only a bit of blue sky looking down on them, and around them the well polished tins and well-furnished dresser, and a queer-looking little pair of sugaun sofas (seeming to Dick's eyes compact enough to bear removal, "wholus bolus," to his own dwelling), the couple appeared so settled down and so much in their proper places, that it would not be easy for minds less prepared to think of matrimony to avoid imagining the continuance of such a scene. Dick seemed to suit Nancy, and Nancy to suit Dick. "Even if she hadn't the name o' money," the latter said to himself, "now that he see something of her, he thought he wouldn't mislike her for a wife. She was ouldher, a thrifle" (that is, he chose to hold it such); "but sure she'd be the betther able to take care iv him." In short, Dick's fall seemed to have proved, as nearly as is possible where such a disparity exists, a fall in love.

Dinner was got over; and a little dessert, neatly set out, lingeringly eaten. Nancy was too polite to bid her amateur thatcher resume work. And, indeed, "the day was long," she thought.

Dick thought of his job; but he only thought of it. And yet, when Nancy, having cleared the table, returned to her place, and they again sat face to face, he felt so awkward with having nothing to keep hand or eye engaged, that he knew not what to do, till at length, through sheer inability to rest as he was, he went further, or as he himself would tell it, "with the dint o' bashfulness he got bould."



"Isn't it a quare thing," he said, "that you an' me that har'ly knew aich other's names this morning should be setting here, such good company at this time o' day?"

Nancy assented.

"There's many a couple," pursued Dick, "that knew as little iv aich other iv a Shrove Tuesday morning were man an' wife before night."

Nancy was sufficiently familiar with this fact; but on coming to consider such an occurrence as her own case, she looked, as she was, a little flurried at the thought of getting on so very fast.

"Sure 'tisn't frightened you are?" Dick said, pushing nearer. "I couldn't marry you without the priest, you know. But what 'ould you say to it, Nancy?"

"Well," Nancy said, after a moment; and then paused and hung her head.

"Well," repeated Dick, "silence gives consent; doesn't it? An' maybe 'twould be as happy as if we were coorting these seven years. How little a man knows what's before him in the morning," he continued, gazing up through the yet open bit of roof. "Little I thought I was going to dhrop in here for a wife, when I stepped up there so smart."

"Without saying, 'by your lave,'" Nancy added, smiling.

"You'll forgim' me that! won't you?" Dick said.

"Well, go home now," Nancy rejoined, gravely.

"Say that again to me!" exclaimed Dick. "Is it to lave the house open over the woman that owns me I would?"

"Make haste then, an' finish it any way. I don't want to have the neighbours talking."

"They never 'ould think iv it till they hear tell iv it," Dick replied, with an unwittingly conceited air.

"Maybe they wouldn't—nor hear tell of it aither," said Nancy.

Dick glanced down at her, and let fall the hand that he had outstretched to resume his work. Perhaps if she had looked less really dignified at that moment, he may not have been so unfeignedly ashamed of the vanity he had betrayed.

"Egor," he said, "I'd like to vex you: you look so well with that frown on you."

Nancy was silent.

"Sure 'tisn't goin' back o' your word you'd be though?" asked he.

Still no answer.

"If it was, I'd make haste enough, never you fear. But in airnest, Nancy, you don't want to go back iv it?"

Nancy's gravity relapsed. "I want to see the Cottage clear o' you for this day," she said. "Will you be done in an hour or an hour an' a half?"

"About that, asthore machree."

"Well, then, I'll be back be the time you're going." So say-

ing, she took down her cloak from its peg behind the door, and putting the hood of it over her head, though the day was warm, she went forth, leaving Dick, as he said, "master an' man," in the Cottage during her absence.

Looking straight before him, he had visions of a garden and orchard on a decent scale, fit to be regarded as a country cousin of "the Dublin Sthrawberry Beds that he hear tell of," with a good-humoured, painstaking partner to "manage the place, an' hould the purse betther than he knew he would for the life iv him. Thim that might say now why that he did a quare thing, would be the first to say then what a sensible fellow he was, and what luck he had! Nancy was nothing the worse for having a little penny saved already. There was nothing like money for making money, all the world over. Wance you had it together tidily, 'twas like a snow-ball: turn your hand what way you would, it increased with you. But till you got a han'ful o' good hard cash, in a lump, if it was just falling down from the sky before you, 'twould just melt away like that same."

Nancy's thoughts, meantime, turned a somewhat different way, but led towards the same end. "Earning her money hard," and spending little, she was half conscious of gradually growing "close." Of late she had been sensible of a sort of sting left after the "losingtuppence where a penny might have answered the purpose;" and even of advancing towards a wish to make one penny do duty for two. This was not at first a pleasant consciousness, but the subtleness of habit was beginning to bring it home to her as if she had been born with it. She had at times wished that her poor brother could return to her and make her spend more. "If he did, 'twould be a different story with her. An' as he couldn't, 'twould be no harum if somebody else gev her an injucement to make herself more comfortable, an' do what she never 'ould do for herself alone. What was this world to a body to be toiling an' moiling, an' saving beyand reasonable prudence; to lave it, may be, behind her to sthrangers? Where was the wan to remember her afther the sod was laid over her? An' this young man's thrade an' her own wouldn't intherfare with aich other: they'd do right well together."

A tacit understanding that what was to be would be, in good time, marked the parting of the pair that evening. Dick left undone "just a han's turn, not worth talking of, that a spell afther hours next evening would finish first rate."

But, before the roof was altogether done with, news of the match in progress under it spread throughout the neighbourhood. It was looked on pretty much as people view an alliance in higher life: that is to say, just according as the lights and shadows of their own position fall on it. The observations of her neighbours mattered little to Nancy, except in so far as they helped to fix her mind upon the half promised arrangement. For more than once, as

she sat alone and looked around the little old home, where, during so many long years, "she rose up misthiss, an' lay down masther," that same woman's mind misgave her as to whether she was acting wisely now. She was in such a mood, seated just within the doorway—her knitting resting on her knees, and her hands folded on her knitting, when Mrs. Fennessy (her friendly neighbour's wife) came down the little lane into the open space before the Cottage, seeking for a missing hen. Mr. Fennessy had shortly before strolled into the ball-alley, and stood to see a game going on; and now, as his wife drew near, he also turned towards Nancy's door.

"Looking for a hen I am," Mrs. Fennessy said to Nancy. "An' I declare I'm fairly sick of 'em for hens! If you get an egg a week from one of 'em 'tis the most. An' still, when a body has 'em wance, they don't like parting 'em. You did well not to mind thyring 'em, Nancy."

"I have no place fit for 'em," Nancy said.

"You won't be so," Mr. Fennessy said, smiling broadly.

"That's true," added Mrs. Fennessy, "you're going away from us, I'm told. You won't stay long in the Cottage now, fond as you were of it, by all I hear?"

"It sot me to stay in it ever sence the alley was brought here, ma'am," Nancy replied. "Such cursing, an' swearing, an' fighting, isn't fit for a Christian to be listening to. Sure all me days, when I'd get up in the morning—I had to be so airy—there wouldn't be a sound here but the birds singing. Now they're at the game—young vagabones that ought to be at home in their honest beds, or minding their father an' mother's business—often before I open me eyes, or at laist before I'd want to open 'em, for I can't sleep a wink wance they begin. An', what's more than that, your little place [meaning Nancy's own] isn't safe with 'em. When they lose a ball 'tis only poke here, an' poke there with 'em; they'd put their noses into your eye for it. An' a poor body's little substance isn't safe where sich a set as the most of 'em are resoart."

"'Tis a good excuse, at all events, Nancy," Mr. Fennessy said, laughing.

"Why, then," his wife said, "if I were you, Nancy, I'd go live elsewhere, if it suited meself and me mains; but my hand and word to you I wouldn't mind the boy: you that are so well off as you are, and that can do what you like with your money an' yourself: when you airn a shilling or a pound you can spend it or let it alone."

"As much as to say that's what I can't do?" suggested Mr. Fennessy.

"I needn't say it; 'tis what no married woman can do, except maybe some *skuresha*\* or other that 'll make her husband in dread of his life of her."

"You're right to take the ball at the first hop, Nancy. Don't you mind what those women say to you," said Mr. Fennessy, adding, as a young man sprang forwards to pick up a ball that had

\* Termagant.

fallen and rolled towards the little group of talkers, "'tis no use for you to be losing any more of your balls in this direction; Miss Hutch is bought and sold."

The young man nodded knowingly and ran back to his game, and Mr. Fennessy followed him to see it played out.

"They say," pursued the good man's wife, "that 'tis because you have to pay a stranger for bringing home your fruit from the gardens for you that you thought o' marrying! Why, you foolish woman, won't a husband cost you anything?"

"If he does itself, he'll be airning something for me too," Nancy replied with spirit, "is it to set with his hands across, he would?"

"I don't know but it is, nor you don't know naither. When men marry women that can airn for 'em as you can, an' that have as much put by, they often an' often turn idlers on their hands."

"All the world isn't alike," Nancy said, "bad as it is."

"All *mankind* is very much alike, b'lieve you me," urged Mrs. Fennessy, "you aren't the first that 'plagued her heart to plase her eye.'"

"Why should I plague my heart, ma'am, any more that me mother before me?" Nancy asked indignantly.

"Why, Nancy—for wan thing—you know your mother was younger when *she* married."

"Betther late than never," returned Nancy. "An' if I married a man eldher than meself, when I'd be past me labour, what 'ould he be? Will you tell me that, ma'am?" she asked, rising, and throwing her knitting from her.

"Well, you'll live to say I'm not far wrong, I'm ver—y much afraid!" concluded the matron, impressively.

"Why then you may take your oath, me good 'oman, that if I do 'tisnt to you I'll tell it," muttered Nancy, as she took the tongs and stirred up the embers of her fire, preparatory to putting on her kettle, and blew them pretty forcibly, "poo! poo! poo! I'm not as ould—poo!—as you'd make me out; but I'm ould enough to keep me own counsel."

Just then, with his best clothes on, after his day's work, Dick the Thatcher was seen sloping down the lane, looking neither towards the ball alley nor the Cottage, and trying to walk like a man not a bit afraid of being observed. And so, forgetful of the missing hen, and resigning Nancy to her fate, Mrs. Fennessy went home.

And so, also, on the following Sunday week the destined pair were married. And as Nancy kept thoroughly her pledge of discretion, her wedding was in the world's eyes, as is the marriage of all old-fashioned heroines, the end absolute of all her troubles.

J. M. O'R.

## PASSING EVENTS.

THE *Pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial*.—One of the Irish contingent in this band of pilgrims—shall Ireland have a pilgrimage of her own in the first year of the reign of Henri Cinq?—summarises his account of this pious enterprise in the “Freeman’s Journal,” in what he terms three grand central facts. First, that the pilgrimage was, in every sense of the word, an extraordinary success, impressing France, impressing England—a wonderful and memorable act of sacrifice to our belief in the supernatural, in this materialistic age. Second, that it was no mere tour of pleasure, but a forced march, wearying and fatiguing to the last degree. Third, that these fatigues and hardships were borne with unruffled good temper: that not an unpleasant word was spoken; that not an unpleasant incident occurred; that a spirit of gentleness and peace presided over all. Though so much has been written lately about this little town, which Blessed Margaret Mary (whose Feast, by the way, is the 27th of this month) has made renowned, it will still be information for many that Paray is about two hundred miles due south of Paris, one day’s travelling, and that a ticket there and back costs from two to three pounds.

Of the Pilgrimage Hymn, written for this holy occasion by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, we have seen only a few lines cited in the newspaper accounts, and these not quite correctly. Our readers will be glad to have an authentic copy of these lines, though they, of course, lose some of their effectiveness in being separated from the associations of time and place, and the music of many voices joining in prayer and song:—

O Jesus! Jesus! dearest Lord!  
 God of all love and boundless power,  
 “O light in darkness, joy in grief!”  
 Smile on us, Lord, in this Thine hour.  
 From our own sea-girt Isle we come,  
 The Isle of Saints in days of yore,—  
 Faith’s pilgrim-sons we cross the main,  
 Thy heart, O Jesus! to adore.

That Sacred Heart on every breast  
 Tells of the love that burns within,  
 For Him who showed that Heart of His,  
 These hardened hearts of ours to win.  
 High let it wave, the badge divine,  
 The pilgrim’s banner raise aloft;  
 Its flutter speaks of Him whose voice  
 Has stilled an angry world so oft.

Oh ! by the words of sweetest power  
 Thou erst didst speak in Paray's walls ;  
 By every spell whose lingering grace  
 On listening heart and spirit falls ;  
 By every hope which thrills our souls ;  
 By every pledge in mercy given,  
 Hear, Lord, the English pilgrim's prayer ;  
 Fling open wide the gates of heaven.

Send down Thy grace in bounteous streams ;  
 Rain on us, Lord, Thy choicest gifts ;  
 Patience and love and faith, whose might  
 Mountains of hopeless weight uplifts.  
 Yet once more speak the words which turn  
 Darkness to light—oh ! let light shine  
 On our dear country, and those homes  
 Which once, O dearest Lord, were Thine.

We love to kiss each print where Thou  
 Hast left the impress of Thy feet ;  
 We love to kneel in every spot  
 Where traces of Thy love we meet.  
 Oh ! turn Thy footsteps, show Thy heart  
 To England, once so dear to Thee ;  
 Give to her pilgrims, one and all,  
 Heralds of hope and peace to be.

Yet one more prayer, one louder cry,  
 Than e'en for kindred and for home,  
 We raise, O God, for him who mourns  
 O'er thine own fallen city—Rome ;  
 The captive lord of countless hearts ;  
 The father and the pontiff king,  
 Beneath whose sway we love to lie  
 As children 'neath a mother's wing.

And as we tread a foreign soil,  
 And catch the oft repeated strain,  
 That floats along the lucid air  
 And hovers o'er the sunlit plain ;  
 Let heart and voice join in the prayer  
 That swells the breeze for Peter's dome ;  
 " Oh ! by Thy Heart, Thy Sacred Heart,  
 " Jesus, save England, France, and Rome !"

§ II. *The Education Question in Queensland.*—All that involves the interests of the Catholic Church in Australia, a Church almost

wholly Irish, has a special interest for us at home. In Queensland, for instance, out of about 33,000 Catholics, more than nine-tenths are our own countrymen. It is with deep sorrow, therefore, that we perceive that anti-Christian principles in education are not to be confined to the Old World; but that the secularist system is about to be introduced into the young colonies of Australia. From a Brisbane journal of the 8th July we learn that the new Education Bill contains a clause, which is to come into force in 1876, according to which the Government ceases to afford aid to any schools but those vested in the National Board, thus shutting out a large section of the schools of the colony from any share in the public educational grants. The effect of this enactment will be understood from the following brief statement.

The Catholic Bishop of Brisbane, Dr. Quinn, during the first years of his residence in the colony, experienced much difficulty in obtaining Government aid for such schools as he could succeed in establishing, these being practically denominational in character. The Catholic population, and almost all the Anglican body, with their Bishop, Dr. Tufnel, at their head, have always been supporters of the denominational system. Hitherto, owing chiefly to Dr. Quinn's energetic efforts, the Government has granted aid to non-vested schools, in which the teachers reach a certain standard of qualification. A return, which we shall cite presently, shows that this category comprises one-fourth of the schools of the colony. Now, as the Government education is wholly gratuitous, the action of this new clause will be either to draw the Catholic children to the Godless schools, with peril to their faith, or to impose on the Catholic congregations, already heavily burthened by the needs of a young mission, the cost of providing free schools which Catholics can conscientiously frequent. Besides the manifest injustice of compelling the Catholic to pay for an article which he cannot conscientiously use, the framers of the new Act know well that in the majority of cases the Catholic body will not, unaided, be able to establish schools of their own, and that their children must, therefore, be left in ignorance, or allowed to drink at tainted fountains.

We append a few figures, taken from the Annual Report of the Board of Education, recently presented to both Houses of Parliament:—

	1871.	1872.
Schools in operation . . . .	136	150
Schools opened during the year . . . .	26	17
Schools closed during the year . . . .	1	3
Increase of schools . . . .	25	14
Number of vested schools . . . .	87	95
Number of non-vested do. . . .	33	38
Number of provisional do. . . .	16	20
Number teachers and pupil-teachers . . . .	325	373
Aggregate attendance of scholars . . . .	18,963	21,482
Average attendance of do. . . .	9712	10,779

As to monetary matters, and the amount of property held by the Board, the statement is as follows :—

	1871.	1872.
Parliamentary vote . . . . .	£34,500	£40,000
Local subscriptions to buildings . . . . .	2198	1753
Teachers' salaries and allowances . . . . .	24,715	29,759
Buildings, repairs, furniture, &c. . . . .	6764	6657
Total expenditure for all purposes . . . . .	35,411	39,315
Estimated value of property vested in Board . . . . .	52,562	58,378

The journal which has furnished us with the foregoing facts informs us that, "Outside the House, the Bill has provoked much discussion. Mr. Lilley, the founder of free education in the colony, at a mass meeting in the Town-hall, explained the provisions of the measure. The Roman Catholic Bishop (Dr. Quinn), in moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Lilley for his address, added a kind of 'rider' to his resolution, deprecating any interference with the present system, which includes non-vested schools; whereupon an amendment was moved, simply conveying a vote of thanks, and ultimately carried by a large majority.

"In the Church of England Synod, which has just closed its sittings, a lengthy and animated debate on the question terminated in the adoption of a series of resolutions approving of the maintenance of the existing non-vested schools, in connexion with the National System. On the other hand, most of the 'non-conforming' sects—if such a term be permissible where there is no State-supported religion—have pronounced in favour of the Bill. As the question now stands, the 'to be, or not to be' of the Bill threatens to become the *cri de bataille* of the approaching elections."

§ III. *Germany*.—The judicial persecution to which the Bishops of Prussia are to be subjected has begun. On the 28th August, the Archbishop of Posen, Count Ledochowski, was condemned to pay a fine of two hundred thalers (£30) for having appointed a parish priest without previously seeking the approval of the Government. On the same day, Mgr. Kött, Bishop of Fulda, was sentenced to a fine of four hundred thalers, or three months' imprisonment, for two ecclesiastical appointments made within his diocese without the sanction of the Government.

The demeanour of the Bishops is firm and dignified. The "Saturday Review" discovers, with evident gratification, some tendency to a spirit of submission in the conduct of the Archbishop of Posen. A German paper which "supports the same principles" as the "Saturday," but bears the more imposing title of "The Present, a Weekly Register of Art, Science, and Public Life," gives us a different view of the character of the Archbishop. According to this enlightened periodical, "He is one of the most conspicuous of the leaders of ultramontanism. Cold and hard as an ice-block, smooth as all the snakes of the universe, and grave as the mummy of an embalmed saint, the Archbishop Miecislaus I. of Posen and Guesen, sets him-



self to oppose the State for which he had once his sweetest smile, and his most hypocritical sympathy. It is ambition which pushes him on. He contemplates, in all seriousness, the possibility of his occupying the chair of Peter after Pio Nono, and if the State had the weakness to aid him in compassing his end, Ledochowski would, we are persuaded, be the most loyal prince of the Church in the German Empire." We venture to think that our readers will form another estimate of the Archbishop's character, and of the motives by which he is influenced, from the few extracts which we subjoin from a document which has lately appeared in the German newspapers. It is a reply to a communication addressed to him by the Ober President, requiring him to cancel the appointment which he had made in the parish of Filehne.

"In reply to your communication of the 9th, I have the honour respectfully to reply that the vacancy in the parish of Filehne has been filled up in accordance with the prescriptions of Canon law which is binding on Bishops, Priests, and people. This being the case, and it being furthermore true, that the appointing to ecclesiastical offices is an undoubted attribute of ecclesiastical power, I should be guilty of a grave dereliction of my episcopal duty, and should betray the independence of the Church of God, did I, without a sufficient Canonical cause, and merely to gratify the wish of the civil authorities, deprive Pastor Arndt of the rights duly conferred upon him. When Christ sent His Apostles to preach the Gospel in His name, to baptise, and to administer the Sacrament of Penance, He did not seek the approval of the rulers of the world, nor did he ask them to confirm the election which He had made of His Apostles. The Lord has conferred upon the Church a power like His own. He has given her authority to send labourers into His vineyard, and has made the exercise of this authority independent of the approval of men. . . . I find myself, therefore, obliged to refuse the request which you make. As I have already stated, Canon law does not permit me to interfere with the rights which Pastor Arndt at present enjoys, or to withdraw from him the power to exercise all the functions of his ministry within his parish. I am even obliged to declare that Herr Arndt alone is the rightful Pastor of Filehne, and such he must remain. His removal from that office can only be effected for the reasons which Canon law assigns, and in accordance with processes which it prescribes."

The following incident, which has attracted considerable attention throughout Germany, will serve to show how the spirit of persecution can find expression even in the most trifling details.

It is the custom of the Archbishop of Posen to visit, once every two years, the churches of his diocese. On these occasions the children, in accordance with an order of the Government, are brought by their teachers to the church in order that the Archbishop may himself test their knowledge of Catholic doctrine. At the Archbishop's last visit, the teachers were forbidden to follow the usual practice, and were moreover directed to forbid the children to present themselves before the Archbishop. Notwithstanding this prohibition, many parents brought their children to the church during the visitation. On the following day their absence from school was punished severely, corporal chastisement being inflicted in some cases. The interference of the police was necessary to quell the disturbance which this unjustifiable cruelty ex-

cited. It is, no doubt, a theory of Prussian statesmen that the child is the property of the State, entrusted to the care of the parent, but the Poles have not yet realized these modern doctrines, and do not yet understand the lawfulness of flogging a child for obeying his father.

On the 13th September, the "Old Catholic" congress was held in Constance—in the theatre. About two hundred delegates were present. Reinkens saluted the assembly with the words, "Fear not, little flock." Presumably his "lordship" was thinking of the protection which Chancellors, Cabinet ministers, and police officials are affording to his "Church," when he spoke the comforting words. The aid which Divine Providence is giving to the movement is not very manifest. "Increase and multiply" usually accompanies the divine benediction when imparted to religious associations; but nothing leads us to suppose that such a blessing has been spoken over the "little flock" of Dr. Reinkens.

§ IV. *Austria*.—The Imperial mandate for the election of the Reichsrath has at length been published. The new assembly is to be elected in accordance with the election laws, which the "liberals" have passed in order to secure the election of their own candidates. Everything inclines us to the belief that dark days are in store for the Austrian Empire. It is confidently stated that one of the first tasks of the new Reichsrath will be the defining of the relations between Church and State. The friends of Catholicism entertain well-grounded fears that a code not at all unlike the Prussian "Maigesetz" will soon find place among the statutes of the empire. The Catholics are at length becoming alive to the danger in which they are placed, but they have now no time for organisation. There is therefore little doubt but that the majority of the new Reichsrath will be "liberal;" and when "liberalism" triumphs, the Church must prepare to suffer.

§ V. *France*.—The war indemnity has been at length paid, the Germans have quitted the soil of France, and she is once again free to choose her own future. Some few weeks ago, it seemed probable that the Comte de Chambord, or, as so many in France love to call him, "Henri Cinq," would be called to the throne. It was even rumoured that the Assembly might be convoked upon the liberation of the territory, to settle by a final vote the vexed question of succession. But things have changed since then; and the welfare of France would now seem bound up with Marshal M'Mahon's continuance in power. It will be remembered that the vote which called forth M. Thiers' resignation was carried by a small majority, and was due to a union of the Legitimist, Orleanist, and Imperial factions, in face of a common danger. Now, however, that the danger is past, and party interests have come into collision, the Imperialists declare that they will not be made the tools of legitimacy. Hence, as they can count upon some thirty votes, all hope of settling the question in the Assembly is, for the present, at an

end ; and, as each party hopes to gain strength by delay, it is probable that a majority will be found to retain Marshal M'Mahon in office.

The next most interesting event in the past month's history of France is, without doubt, the publication of a pastoral by Mgr. Guibert, Archbishop of Paris. A day of prayer and supplication had been ordered by the Holy Father ; and the Archbishop, in announcing it to his diocese, has taken occasion to speak of the evils which afflict the Church, and of the probable term which God will put to them. He characterises, as it deserves, the invasion of the Papal States by the Italian Government, and draws a striking picture of the consequences to the Church and society which were to have been expected, and have actually arisen from it. Looking into the future, he sees still darker days in store for both, unless the rulers of Europe learn that the interests of temporal government are identical with those of justice. But if kings refuse to act the part which Providence has assigned them, then will He carry out His plans through viler instruments. The Revolution, to which they would fain have sacrificed the Church, will cast them to the earth, and she will rise again upon their ruins, vigorous and beautiful as of old. He then goes on to express a hope—dictated, no doubt, by his own deep sense of justice, but destined, we fear, never to be realized—that Italy may see fit to withdraw from the annexed territory, before being forced to do so by the armed avengers of the Church. And as the hour of the Church's deliverance may be hastened by the prayers of her children, he exhorts them to comply with the Holy Father's admonition, and do gentle violence to Heaven by their tears and supplications.

To say that this pastoral has called forth bitter comment would be to use a very mild expression. The liberal party in Italy sees in it a threat of war for the time when France shall be at liberty to avenge the violated Convention of September, and the base flattery so profusely offered to the victorious German. The Germans themselves are irritated that France should gain the prestige, which in the eyes of all Catholics will belong to the upholder of the Church's rights ; while English Protestantism is determined to see no injustice or aggression where Popery is the victim. Everywhere, but more especially in Italy and Germany, liberalism has been more than outspoken upon the subject. It has characterized the pastoral as, "a call to revolution," "a cloak for political manœuvre, persecution, and crime," &c., &c. ; though it shows how thoroughly it feels the truth of what Mgr. Guibert says, since it has confiscated all the Italian papers which dared to publish the pastoral.

For us the struggle at present waging between good and evil loses great part of its interest, since its issue is already known to us. The punishment of personal sin may be deferred to a future state ; but nations, as Mgr. Guibert tells us, which live for this world

alone, cannot long enjoy the fruits of crime of which they have been cause or abettors.

——— “Godless power is frail to trust;  
 Sure the millstone of His vengeance; late it grinds, but grinds to dust.  
 Search the tale of fallen nations. Justice banished, rights forgot.  
 History's record tells the sequel. Seek her place and she is not.”<sup>1</sup>

§ VI. *Requiescant in Pace.*—Two deaths occurred during the past month, which may be fitly recorded in a journal of Catholic literature. Mr. James F. Meline, one of the writers in the excellent American Magazine, “The Catholic World,” is best known among us for his vigorous defence of Mary Queen of Scots against the unchivalrous ex-parson, Mr. Froude. The other Catholic writer lately deceased is the Rev. Thomas Potter, one of the Professors in All Hallows College, Dublin. He was the author of many tales and of a volume of religious poetry. But the most useful, and also the most pleasing of his books were those devoted to professional subjects, sacred oratory, &c. The zeal and perseverance which this priest and this layman displayed in the field of Catholic literature, not very fruitful of temporal reward on either side of the Atlantic, deserve this slight notice from CATHOLIC IRELAND, and a prayer from its readers.

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<sup>1</sup> Dean Mansell: Phrontisterion.



# CATHOLIC IRELAND.

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NOVEMBER, 1873.

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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE FATHER  
HENRY YOUNG, OF DUBLIN.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

## INTRODUCTION.

TWO years ago the writer of the following pages met at Bournemouth some Irish friends, who happened to make mention of a holy priest who had lately died at Dublin, in odour of sanctity. What they said of the work Father Henry Young had done for God during a long period of years, of his singular devotion to the poor, and the miracles attributed to his intercession, awakened in her the desire of writing a short account of his life for some English Catholic periodical.

In consequence of this expressed wish, an unexpected number of letters, notes, and recollections, collected for that purpose, were kindly forwarded to her; and one of her correspondents, whose abilities and opportunities peculiarly fitted her for the task, offered all the help in her power towards the accomplishment of the object in view. This changed in some degree the character of the projected publication, and seemed to indicate that it was for Ireland that Father Henry Young's life should be written, and in Ireland that it should be published; and, in accordance with that feeling, the little work was prepared for the press.

In the meantime a new periodical—"CATHOLIC IRELAND"—had been started in Dublin, in commemoration of the Consecration of Ireland to the Sacred Heart. This National Journal has opened its columns to the record which an English pen has drawn up of the virtues of one of Ireland's holiest sons, whose burning love for the Heart of Jesus Christ renders his life a most appropriate subject for its pages.

On the other hand, it might seem, perhaps, hardly fitting that this record should be written by one who has never seen the land of his birth—never visited the scenes of his labours—never personally known the people amongst whom, for three score years, he worked, suffered, and prayed. But a deep sympathy with the country he loved so well, and as great a reverence for its devoted priesthood as any of its own children can feel, partly make up for this deficiency. Neither has there been wanting a zealous co-operation, without which the work would have been impossible. The friend above alluded to has spared, during two years, neither time nor trouble in seeking information from all most able to furnish it. She has employed her able pen in preparing the materials for a work which might well have been left to her zeal and talent to complete. But this she would not agree to; and, in truth, the authoress of this little sketch would have regretted to disconnect herself with the undertaking. In paying this slight tribute to the memory of a saintly Irish priest, it seems to her as if she established a sort of claim on Irish sympathy, which she would not willingly forego.

She cannot resist adding, that, if there was one class of persons towards which Father Henry Young did not evince as much overflowing charity as he lavished on all the rest of his fellow-creatures, it was ladies. There seems a sort of poetical justice, if not of holy revenge, in the fact that one of this class should commemorate and publish those virtues which it was the passion of his humble heart to keep concealed from all but God.

SLINDON COTTAGE, ARUNDEL.

*Feast of the Nativity of our Lady,  
September 8th, 1873.*

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## CHAPTER I.

DURING the closing years of the last century there was a house in the parish of St. Catherine, Dublin, which presented an admirable specimen of a Catholic home, where the Christian virtues of charity and hospitality were constantly practised, and the laws of the Church observed most fervently. Mr. Charles Young, the owner of this house, was a wealthy merchant, well-known and much respected in the city, for his exact probity, his unremitting attention to business, but chiefly for his piety and generosity of heart. He held his riches as a trust for the benefit of others, and looked upon himself, not as the absolute master, but as the steward under God of his large means. His wife was as good and pious as himself. They had both received from their parents the priceless inheritance of the true Catholic Faith, and they transmitted it pure and

undefiled to their numerous children. Indefatigable as he was in the transaction of business, Mr. Young found time to cultivate his mind. He was a gentleman in education and feelings, and enjoyed the society of men of letters. But the guests whom he most willingly invited to his house, and gathered round his table, were the Catholic Clergy. From the Archbishop of Dublin to the humblest country curate, they always received from him the most heartfelt welcome. His own brother was Bishop of Limerick, and he numbered amongst his intimate friends almost every member of the Irish hierarchy. Archbishop Troy, his successor, Archbishop Murray, the learned Jesuit Fathers Betagh and Kenny, and many other eminent ecclesiastics of that epoch, and a little later, frequented his house, and often met there for important objects.

The Church of Ireland was beginning at that time to raise its head, so long bowed down by relentless persecution. The impending French Revolution, presaged by sympathetic throes in almost all the countries of Europe, was soon to convulse the world, as the shock of an earthquake is felt at the most remote distances. It required the greatest wisdom and prudence on the part of the Catholic Bishops of that day, as it has done ever since, to steer their course amidst the surging passions around them. They had been winning by slow degrees an increasing amount of religious liberty for their persecuted flocks, and watched the progress of events with careful circumspection. It was difficult for them, on the one hand, to take the side of their oppressed fellow-countrymen—to advocate their just claims—to espouse their interests—to stand in the front of every contest for liberty of conscience, for equal rights, for justice to the poor, and to the poor man's Church; and, on the other, not to go one inch beyond the limits that God's commandments set to the assertion of those rights, and to keep clear of the shadow of sin in the defence of a righteous cause. Questions of the utmost delicacy often arose, which required their presence in Dublin; and it was frequently at Mr. Young's house that they met to deliberate upon them.

Holy Scripture says that he who receives a prophet in the name of a prophet will receive a just man's reward. This seems exemplified in the case of this good man—this fervent Catholic, whose doors were always thrown open to those who, by their sacred office, and their virtues, belonged to that chosen class whom our Lord speaks of as "the salt of the earth." We find him receiving a commensurate recompense for his devotion to the Clergy, and his hospitality towards his Fathers and Brethren in the Faith, in the gift of religious vocation bestowed on so many of his sons and daughters. Four of his sons were chosen by Jesus Christ, the great High Priest, to minister at His altars, and three of his daughters elected to follow the Lamb as His spouses for all eternity.

At a time when many noble hearts, goaded by a sense of into-

lerable ill-usage, were throwing themselves into desperate courses unsanctioned by the Church, and, dazzled by the words liberty and brotherhood, so freely and falsely used by the enemies of God and man, entered secret societies, advocated wild doctrines, and joined in hopeless plots, the children of the true Irish patriot, of the upright Catholic merchant, whose life was one series of good actions and generous sympathies, turned in another direction their energy, their aspirations, the fire of their youthful zeal. They enlisted amongst Christ's soldiers, they entered the battle-field where war is waged against the devil, and against sin. They joined that secret society of souls whose sacrifices, whose self-conquests, whose burning love for God, and for God's poor, are known only to Him who reads all hearts, but whose works testify to the moving power within, the faith which overcomes the world.

No doubt that the training they received in their paternal home prepared the way for their vocation. Rich as their father was, they had not been reared in luxury and self-indulgence. Exact obedience, strict discipline, early rising, punctuality in all their duties, and especially in their religious exercises, had been constantly enforced; and as they grew up, the society and the associations that surrounded them must have had an influence on their future lives, and impressed them with a sense of the nothingness of all that has not God for its object, and Eternity for its end. They saw the Catholic Faith subjected even then to severe social disadvantages and galling restraints, and those they loved and honoured valuing it all the more deeply for the sacrifices it entailed. This practical comment on the words of our Lord, "but one thing is needful," impelled most of them to embrace lives of no ordinary zeal and self-devotion. Few parents have given to God and His Church so great a number of faithful and devoted servants as Charles Young and his pious wife. It would be difficult to form an idea of the amount of work which in their several avocations, and at their various posts, their children must in the course of their lives have accomplished. This biography will show, at least in part, the unceasing labours of one of them; and we will preface it by a brief sketch of the lives of some of the other members of his family.

William Young, the next in age, gave evidence, as well as Father Henry, even from his earliest years, of the apostolic spirit which was to be the passion of his life. Whilst a student at college, he was in the habit of spending his vacations with a relative who lived in the country. When there, it was his favourite recreation to take his cousin's children into the fields, and choosing some quiet spot, to make them sit down on each side of him, whilst he read and commented on a chapter of the Imitation of Christ. These hours of peaceful converse on holy things bore ample fruit in subsequent days, when the young missionary had the consolation of seeing both these children members of a religious order. Another spiritual practice by which William Young sanctified these school-



boy excursions of his was, to collect the little country children as he passed through the villages, and teach them their prayers and catechism. This was a great work of mercy, at a time when there were very few schools, and children had scarcely any opportunities of attending catechetical instructions. On his ordination, Father William Young at once became a priest noted for his sanctity and zeal. He reformed the population of Bray, at that time a neglected sea-side village, and established in it various practices of piety. Even to this day old fishermen are heard to express a grateful recollection of the holy priest, who years ago effected such great changes, and wrought so many conversions in their native place. Many anecdotes of his devoted and self-sacrificing life are still current among them. Leaving Bray, Father William Young carried on his apostolic labours as Parish Priest at Kinsealy, Howth, and Baldoyle, at all which places he built churches, and established schools. At Phibsborough he began the work which has since been so effectually completed by the Vincentian Fathers. His chapel and school prepared the way for their magnificent church and convent. He built, in all, five churches, and established numerous schools during the years he spent as a missionary in Ireland. Besides those already mentioned, he opened one in the Island of Lambay for the children of the fishermen who frequent that place. Tormented by the desire for a yet higher perfection of life, which often haunts God's holiest servants in the midst of their most devoted labours, Father William felt impelled, as his brother James felt later, to flee from the world and enter the Order of La Trappe. He indeed actually began his noviceship, but his health so utterly failed that he was advised to give up all thought of the monastic state. He accepted this counsel as an indication of God's will, and resumed what was evidently his true vocation, not this time in Ireland, but in a remote corner of England, amidst the mining population of the wildest part of Cornwall. There he worked in the same spirit, and with the same zeal as in his native land, building churches, winning souls to the Faith, instructing the young, and leaving behind him remembrances which have not yet died away. The people of Cornwall were among the last in England torn away from the Church. Traces of the old religion still linger in its fastnesses, and haunt its rocky shores. The teachings of the fervent missionary, no doubt, found a response in the bosoms of those poor miners, to whom life offers but slight attractions. Emerging only for a few hours from the recesses of our mother earth, whence they extract by painful labour the means of existence, and in many cases those of luxury for their more fortunate fellow-creatures, brief are the glimpses they enjoy of the brightness of this world, dark and cheerless their earthly lot; welcome, indeed, must be the light of the true Faith when it dawns on their dull lives; welcome the voice which speaks to them of what "eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived" of the good things God has prepared for

those who love Him. If to every weary wayfarer along the road of life these words sound like the music of running waters to the traveller in the desert, how much more to those who know of this world little beyond its dark regions of endless toil! No wonder that the priest who brought the blessed teachings of the Catholic Church to the doors of this wild and simple people was received as an apostle, and remembered as a saint.

Many were the Missions and Retreats which Father William gave in conjunction with other priests and religious. At Liverpool, at Gravesend, at Bayswater, and at Spitalfields, he carried on his apostolic labours. He used to go into all the poorest courts, finding out his country people. If he could not influence them by preaching and exhortations, he joined in their amusements, so as to win them by degrees. The milk girls were the special objects of his zeal. No one, he said, could imagine how simple and innocent those poor Irish girls often remained, amidst the corruption and misery of London. At last, fairly worn out, he came, at sixty years of age, in the year 1855, to Hanwell, a small place about twelve miles from London, and devoted himself to the infant mission recently established there. In the small cottage, in which a room was arranged as a temporary chapel, he resided. This cock-loft, as he called it, was his delight; and the little convalescent home adjoining to it afforded scope for his unbounded zeal for souls. When he entered the house, he declared he should never leave it, and he kept his word. In vain did some of his relations offer to support him entirely, if he would return to Ireland, and live with his brother James, the P. P. of Finglas. But no, his heart was in the little work of mercy whose first beginnings he had witnessed. Since those days it was for a while interrupted, but resumed again in the year 1867. It has gradually grown and expanded. Who can tell that the blessings which have rested on it are not in a measure owing to Father William Young's prayers? His quaintness, as well as his piety, is well remembered at Hanwell. Though his congregation at night prayers in the chapel was composed of women, he always called for the hymn by crying out, "Now, boys, strike up." Some of the anecdotes recorded of him remind us of St. Philip Neri's habit of hiding holiness under a playful assumption of folly. We recognise in the old man the same spirit of humility which had made him some thirty years before, when in Rome, in 1832, write the following note to a young relative of his, then a student at the Roman College—one of those very boys who had shared his country walks, and enjoyed his holy teachings, in the summer evenings of their native land.

*"Eve of the Feast of St. Aloysius.*

"DEAR ———, You must have long since forgotten my appearance. If you go into your church to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock, A.M., you will see the ugliest person you ever beheld in priest's

soutane, kneeling in the centre of the church; that will be your cousin, William Young. He wants you to get him the privilege of saying Mass in the room (now a chapel) of St. Aloysius."

The necessary permission being obtained, Father William celebrated Mass, and all present were struck by the sanctity of his demeanour at the altar.

James, another of the brothers, became a priest in the College of the Propaganda, and after graduating as a curate under his brother, Father William Young, was for many years parish priest of St. Margaret's and Finglas, a few miles from Dublin. He was distinguished, not only for his piety, but for an attractive sweetness of disposition which captivated all who approached him. He made St. Francis of Sales his model, and won souls to God by the resistless influence of his affectionate and gentle nature. He had a great wish at one time to resign his parish and enter an austere religious order, but his brother Henry dissuaded him from it, on account of the great delicacy of his health, which would not have admitted of his practising the severities of the rule. This being the case, he thought it Father James's duty to remain at the post which Providence had assigned him; and the prudence of this advice had all the more weight as coming from one who himself led a life of the most austere penance. Perhaps on such a point as this it is easier for saints to give advice than to take it. Yet we may conclude that his zeal for his brother's perfection would have led Father Henry to favour his zealous desires, had not a Divine light showed him that such was not the will of Him who leads the souls He loves by different paths to the same blessed end.

Father Charles Young, the fourth and only remaining brother in the priesthood, was educated for a profession in the world, studying at Oscott, and at Trinity College, Dublin. But he also became a priest in the Society of Jesus.

One of the four daughters of this favoured family, Catherine, entered religion in the Order of Poor Clares, at their convent at Harold's-cross, and lived to an advanced age. She was for three years Superintendent of the Orphanage, twenty years Mistress of Novices, twelve years Abbess, and she filled each of those posts with the zeal, the charity, and the humility which we should expect to find in the sister of such holy priests. The final parting between her and her brother, the subject of this memoir, was characteristic. The night before her death, Father Henry Young stood by her bedside, and, taking leave of her before he left, as if for a temporary separation, he said, "Farewell, Catherine, I wish you a happy passage." Death seems a simple thing to those who have lived as that brother and sister had done. The three score years and ten which they had spent in God's service had prepared the way for a joyful parting, now that the hour had come for one of them to precede the other in that last transit which both had so long desired. On

the following morning the aged priest was again by that bedside ; and as the nuns knelt round the remains of their spiritual Mother, he calmly spoke to them of their vows, of the duties and the obligations of the religious life, and of the reward which awaits the spouses of Christ, who guard their lamps with watchful care, and are ever ready to answer the welcome summons of the Heavenly Bridegroom. He had no occasion to illustrate his meaning by pointing to the serene and holy aspect of his departed sister. It spoke for itself—they all knew what her life had been, and had just witnessed her death—that peaceful transition from time to Eternity which he had so quietly wished her in their parting interview. Two other sisters became nuns in the Ursuline Convent at Cork. The well-known Ursuline Manual was composed by the eldest of these, Mary. She also wrote an excellent History of England, which has been lately reprinted. It may be said that she was the foundress of the Ursuline Convent at Thurles, and thus, like so many of her relatives, left behind her what the great American poet calls “footprints in the sands of time.”

It was not only on Mr. Charles Young's sons and daughters that the grace of vocation descended in so remarkable a manner. Many of the children and grand-children of his sister-in-law also became priests and nuns. Thus the holy influences of that Christian home are even now extending and multiplying. Soul after soul, withdrawn from sin and error by those zealous servants of God, those devout spouses of Christ, are helping to save others, who, in their turn, will leaven the world with the teachings of the Gospel. It is almost bewildering to sit and think of the possible consequences of the Christian or the godless education of a single child ; its effects may go on affecting generation after generation, stretching far into time and on to the threshold of Eternity.

We have followed a somewhat unusual course, by speaking at some length of Father Henry Young's relations, before mentioning him otherwise than incidentally. We have, as it were, framed our picture before painting it, and unconsciously adopted the method of St. Ignatius in the Spiritual Exercises, by making use of preludes and compositions of place before entering on our main subject. We plead, in excuse, that the life of a holy person is one of the most fruitful themes for meditation, and, as such, may in its measure be dealt with according to the same rules.

## THE EARTHLY TABERNACLE.

POOR earthly House of flesh and blood !  
 Through thee what gifts were mine of old !  
 What joys on mountain and in wood !  
 What rapture-thrills in fountains cold !

And yet what art thou ? Bond and chain—  
 The whole withheld, thou giv'st the part :  
 The mother clasps her babe—'tis vain ;  
 She cannot hide him in her heart !

The whole great soul would hear, would see :  
 The sense is bound to eye, to ear ;  
 Still "Touch me not," remains for thee :  
 "Not yet ascended," still we hear.

AUBREY DE VERE.

## JACK HAZLITT.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

## CHAPTER VIII.

SHOWING HOW MR. EARDLEY WOOD BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH GRACE BRACKENBRIDGE.

IT was close upon April when the Centaur liberated its prisoners.

Days before the arrival of the ship in port, Captain Brackenbridge had given an earnest invitation to Mr. E. Wood to stay at "The Hall" in Brooklyn where he, Captain Brackenbridge, resided. He paid "Mr. Wood," by which name Jack Hazlitt shall be henceforth designated, the compliment of saying that he was a young man for whom he had conceived a liking, and in whom he took an interest. Moreover, he added, that as he himself had been the builder up of his own fortunes, he admired the pluck and self-reliance of men like Mr. Wood, who determined upon working

out their own destiny, by the power of merit. "And," the captain added, "if in the nautical line or the commercial line I can be made your servant in any way, you have only to command me. Meanwhile, make my house your own until your arrangements for the future can be completed."

Mr. E. Wood did his best to make a suitable acknowledgment; at the same time he was very much flattered, and indeed his mother would say, injured. Mr. Wood, as we have been before suggesting, thought it likely that few men in America were his superiors in many things—perhaps in anything—if he had an equal start and equal fortune. The captain's good opinion was, therefore, only a proof of his, the captain's, sagacity, and Mr. Wood grew, like the frog of whom we read, considerably larger.

Mr. Wood, however, by chance turned his head in the direction of Ned the yachtman, and then instinctively looked into Captain Brackenbridge's face. The captain understood him.

"Of course," the captain said, "your man will never leave you. I suppose he knows how to handle a rope as well as his master."

"Ned is a first rate yachtman—will never lose a puff of wind or an inch of sky in steering or managing the sails. But I have had some experience in harder work during some years I resided in a seaport."

"Oh!"

"Yes; I am a graduate of a university which is situated on the sea: and for some years pilots and commanders allowed me to harden my hands and learn to reef, and master the tiller."

"I saw, Mr. Wood," replied the captain respectfully, "many a time, during our voyage, that you were no lubber. I think I see the road to your fortune—to any amount of wealth and any eminence of honour."

Mr. Wood's cheek burned.

"And," continued Captain Brackenbridge, "I do not think you and your companion need ever separate. He is devoted to you."

"My foster-brother—a companion from childhood."

"Constant and courageous?"

"Constant as the needle, and not knowing fear."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Wood! Only such men of mark as yourself meet the fortune of such fidelity."

Mr. Wood had grown bigger and bigger, and he began to like Ned more and more! In fact he began to *have* the sentiment he *talked*.

However, we laugh when we are young at the crow who opened his bill to sing for the fox's flattery, and lost his piece of cheese to his vanity, alas! are we not every day losing something to the delusion of ill-regulated self-love? Outwardly falsehood deceives us, and betrays us, nearly always, by the instrument of our own folly; and inwardly the passions play the same game of delusion. All are

telling us our worth or falsely naming our pleasures—till tired and worn we sit down with empty hands, and learn there is only ONE THING true in all the flitting universe—the CHANGELESS !

[This passage is to be left out of the next edition, if the reader has experienced much trouble in reading it.]

Mr. Wood and Ned the yachtman found themselves in the midst of the captain's servants and some friends, immediately on coming alongside. The luggage had been carefully attended to, and Mr. Wood had a fair share. Each thing had its own place and was duly labelled, so that the half dozen people engaged in removing them forgot nothing and robbed nobody. There was of course the usual Babel of proffers of service, inquiries for friends, congratulations, complaints, laughter and weeping, but nothing of interest marked the disembarkation. One poor woman came on board, and, by some chance, made her way to Mr. Wood.

"Is my son on board?" she asked.

"Your son, my poor woman? How should I know?"

"Not know my John!" she said: and she looked into his eyes and laughed a scornful laugh.

"Not know my John!" she repeated.

"Don't mind, sir," one of the sailors said—he had a kind face, the man. "Don't mind," he whispered. "He belonged to *us*, poor fellow—as fine a fellow as breathed—and was drowned in an effort to save a brother sailor some two or three years ago."

"Poor woman!" Mr. Wood replied.

"Yes, all the time we are away, she sits with her face turned to the east, and tells every one that her son is sure to be home next voyage."

"Is she poor?"

"Richer than ever she expected to find herself. Our owner, Mr. M'Cann, has taken charge of her—and New York will tell you that is enough!"

"Come, Mrs. Meade," the sailor said. "We must wait, you know, till the ship is in shape."

"Oh! to be sure, sir!" answered the poor woman—"Oh! to be sure!" and she quietly went down into the cabin, saying, "I knew he would come! God would not take my only life and love. John has come!" she said: and she clapped her hands together and she laughed, laughed like music, the poor Mrs. Meade!

It does not require people to lose their senses to think Providence would be well-advised to consult them from time to time. They could do things so much better! The questionable foundation of their judgment, however, is that they start with the notion that time is Eternity, and that any success they ever had was their *own*.

"Well, Miss Carroll," Mr. Wood said, as Miss Hennessy approached, "so you have made up your mind to go with the owner?"

"Yes, sir; he is good enough to promise to settle me, and enable me to do what you know I live for."

Mr. M'Cann came up.

"Ho-ho!" he said. "Fellow-voyagers! going to part?"

"I am very thankful to that gentleman," said Minnie, addressing herself to Mr. M'Cann. "By his goodness I am here to do the work I came for."

"I am sorry, Miss Carroll, I cannot make your work light as I expected to do. Fortune was against me!"

"Oh! sir, you have done much, and I shall never cease to pray for your good mother's son."

Mr. Wood looked embarrassed. Was *he* his mother's son? Alas! he felt the compliment now an assault or an irony. "If you be the children of Abraham, do the works of your father."

"Good-bye, then," Mr. M'Cann said. "Good bye! We shall hope to see you soon. Good bye."

And the diverging ways led every one to the fate he had made—made by choice or by iniquity: but *made*.

In a few hours after, Captain Brackenbridge, and his companion, Mr. Wood, had crossed the beautiful harbour of New York, like people crossing a river between tall pines. The harbour is bridged by steamers, and the quays wooded by masts. Shrieking whistles, roaring funnels, splashing paddles, looking like beasts stamping with mortal tread upon the peaceful river. All kinds of people, in all kinds of colours, and speaking in all kinds of dialects, make the passage a thing of uncommon interest.

Mr. Wood appeared replete with thought and energy.

The captain's eye was turned towards a fine terrace in the distance.

Ned the yachtman looked bewildered enough; but it is to be recorded that he had sense enough to ask himself, "Does *she* intend to prove throe to me? I wondher where is she now?"

They have arrived at last.

They go towards the East Terrace—the servants leading the way in a baggage van, Mr. Wood, and his entertainer, following in a nice carriage and two horses.

The horses were caparisoned richly, and the servant's livery was magnificent. The animals were worth a fortune.

"Who is Captain Brackenbridge?" thought Mr. Wood.

They stopped before—not a dwelling-house—but a fine mansion. A neatly gravelled approach was fringed with boxwood; and, though the season was early, every thing presented an order which nothing could improve. Sweeping, as if to encircle the house, were the massive arms of a balustrade, which, descending ten steps from the grand entrance, curved round east and west, until lost to the eye at the back of the dwelling. Beneath the house flowed the magnificent Hudson, and beyond, and still



beneath, was the Empire City, whose distant thunder proclaimed the voice of that power and activity which are the marvel of modern life. From about East Terrace we look over to New York.

Mr. E. Wood entered the hall of the mansion; and, though Mr. E. Wood was cool as all cynics are, and as are all self-asserting, pretentious people in the bargain, he was taken a little aback by the unlooked-for grandeur. The hall was a large apartment, full thirty feet square, and floored in magnificent caustic-tiles of beautiful design, and perfect setting. Along the walls were arms of all kinds, and all ages; and in the centre a magnificent equestrian statue of Washington. The horse and statue, both white marble, stood on a pedestal four feet high, of fine Verde, polished like a mirror, and with deep gold-moulding on all the outlines. A grand picture of the Fight of Bunker's Hill completely filled one, the west, end of the hall; and one of New York, with its harbour and shipping, filled the other. A fine Psyche was on the right as you entered, and on the left a copy of poor John Hogan's Drunken Faun. The lights fell from two grand windows, north and south, the eastern window being circular, and of large proportions.

Again, Mr. E. Wood began to think himself in a fairy dream.

Ned the yachtman stood looking in at the entrance. He said afterwards that he found himself in a *doldrum*, whatever that may be.

"Faith, Masther Jack's made," said Ned to himself. "Oh, murther! if Peg Doherty was here!" thought Ned the yachtman.

"I wondher is there a female-kind at all!" thought Ned.

Ned's speculations were stayed by a servant—"fine looking, an' all goold," as Ned described him afterwards—to say, he, the servant, "would show Ned his apartments."

"My apartments?" asked Ned.

"Yes, sir, your rooms," answered the man in gold, very politely.

Ned was obliged to go out again, and around the great balustrade, and in again by the back door; and, in due time, Ned found that Masther Jack *was* a "great man entirely!" and he "wondhered was Masther Frank Moran as great a man as Masther Jack?"

But Ned always ended that course of thinking by the reflection that Masther Frank "had the blood—the full blood!" and then wished them all happiness here and hereafter. "Han'some is that han'some does," Ned soliloquised; and that Ned was not very far from the conclusion of true philosophy, may be conjectured.

It is needless to say, that the whole establishment was furnished to harmonize with the hall. The drawing-room windows looked this day, in early spring, like gigantic ladies of the olden time, robed in rich golden-fringed damask. The sofas, and

fauteuils, and chairs, were all crimson silk, with yellow backs, and deeply gilt down to the very floors; and vases from the East, worth thousands, stood here and there, as witnesses of unbounded resources, while chandelier after chandelier of crystal and gold, along the golden-mounted ceiling, gave a finish of enchantment to the gorgeous Gobelins framed upon the walls, to which the chandeliers looked like servants in waiting.

They had been a moment in the drawing-room when Captain Brackenbridge said—

“Mr. Wood, you will come now, and I will show you your own apartments; mind, they are for any time, or all time, your own. My niece is not home; but she will be home for dinner; and, as our tastes generally agree, I am confident that your visit will be as acceptable to Grace Brackenbridge as to me. Yes,” he continued, seeing Mr. Wood looking at an oil-painting, a life-size bust of a young lady over the mantelpiece, “yes,” he said, “that is Grace.”

Mr. Eardley Wood spoke not one word. He looked, and looked, and looked; but he was silent. Not a trait of the face, figure, or dress, escaped his eye; but he made no remark.

Mr. Eardley Wood had felt a spell! The picture looked down like a prophetess.

The painting represented a beauty, but somehow, a terrible beauty, transporting, transfixing natures like Mr. Wood. The picture had the same attraction for him that a storm would have, or a river-leap on horseback, or a duel—because Mr. Eardley Wood was a reckless man now—an utterly reckless man!

The inclined plane, how easily descended! Poor human nature imparts unto itself a motion which it deems *its own*—whereas it is a *law* which human nature has summoned into active operation. “I move fast,” human nature says. “I move fast and pleasantly.” Alas! you are moved not by the power of *life*, but the power of life’s absence; the power of moral death! The star-light is fading—and no sunrise will hail you again! Down! down! down! You have chosen your home. The home of the hopeless! You are gone.

Mr. Eardley Wood! you have looked too long!

Let us see what Grace Brackenbridge is like.

A little above the middle size, with dark, black hair, dark flashing eyes, commanding brow, severely beautiful nose, mouth whose lips are lines of decision and force, and a chin moulded like sculpture. In the picture she is dressed in black silk, bound with rich Flanders lace; and her bare and statue-like arms are round and fair, and have that delicate hue of the rose that makes them look odorous. Evidently her whole system is one of summer richness and glow; and with a crown of coral whose triple beads are united by filagree work of fine gold, and with a crescent of diamonds

sparkling at the parting of her hair, the reader has a small idea of Grace Brackenbridge.

It was wonderful beauty; but most men would pause, and think, when they beheld it. It was a governing, swaying, domineering beauty—a beauty that would feel itself able to demand anything, command anything, and accomplish anything! It was such a beauty as that with which the daughter of *Herod* might have dazzled her father's guests, on the night when John the Baptist was put to death.

Such was the beauty of Grace Brackenbridge.

Mr. Eardley Wood found himself in his apartments—grand in the extreme—and Captain Brackenbridge told him he was free till dinner—two hours from that time, or two hours and a-half.

"Will you have your own servant?" demanded the captain.

No answer.

"I have been asking——," said the captain.

"I beg your pardon, sir, have you been speaking?" asked Mr. Wood.

"Don't mind," replied Captain Brackenbridge.

And the captain smiled a singular kind of smile—a smile that a man may be supposed to smile when he finds his foe in his power.

Mr. Wood on another occasion would explore the house and grounds, and examine the rooms which he occupied. He would see the gorgeous dressing-table in rosewood and marble; the magnificent mirrors starting from the floor, and looking from the toilette; the state bed in carved walnut, and hangings of pale silk down, which draped in lines, the curiously wrought beads of crimson; he would view the easy chairs and sofas; and then, the grand look-out, commanding land, sea, and city. The place was fit for a monarch.

An hour passed—and more than an hour. Mr. Wood had done nothing but think! Not think; Mr. Wood *existed* there, in that room; and his life was one face, form, and presence!

That face, form, and presence, were those of a picture.

How singular is this—and how often we find an illustration of the absurdity! Right and good claim our obedience. Truth and justice ask our homage. We writhe, we groan, we resist, we rebel. We could not be happy and be slaves! Turn it into words. *God's way* to felicity is given up! We take *our own*! And our own! is it liberty? Alas! it is the road to chains, the prison of passion, and to death!

Such has been the steady progress of Mr. Eardley Wood!

The dinner-bell ought soon to ring—in half an hour; and Mr. Wood has advanced so far as to open his portmanteau.

He held a garment in his hand, over the open valise, and stood there in a state of catalepsy. He had just heard a guitar touched in some room near him; and he heard a rich, but subdued, voice humming a little sonata.

There he stood !

He formed a fancy picture. It was Grace, just dressed as she was in the painting, and waiting for the dinner-bell, and carelessly strumming that sweet effusion of sentiment. And there he would have remained ever since, only the dinner-bell rings !

The bell rings ! and he has not made a move.

Desperately he tosses every thing out on the floor ! Books and papers—shoes and boots, and pocket-handkerchiefs, vests,—daggers and revolvers—are all in one confused heap, in no time.

"Dinner, sir," announces a servant.

"Dinner !"

"Yes, sir !"

Mr. Wood rises to the necessity of the situation.

"Send up Captain Brackenbridge."

Mr. Wood must get time, or dine in his bedroom.

In a short time the captain presents himself ; and he laughs as heartily as Captain Brackenbridge ever allowed himself to laugh ; and he looks around the room at Mr. Wood's stock, and his arms, and his papers, and all : and he laughs again and again !

"Ah, well ! don't mind, Mr. Wood ! You have been engaged about something, and your mood has held you fast, while time was passing. I will obtain half an hour's *grace* for you."

Now, the captain thought he had made a handsome speech—and so it was ; and, doubtless, extempore. The emphasis on the word "*grace*" was wicked though ; and the more wicked because the captain said it with malice aforethought.

Mr. Wood finally succeeded ; and, as he took a look at himself in the tall dressing-glass, he certainly thought of the lady in the picture.

"Had the captain noticed him ?" he asked himself. And "did he tell Grace ?" He almost hoped he did. "Would she dress as she was dressed in the picture ?"

At this thought he became very excited ; in truth his heart beat, because, if she dressed as he saw her in the picture, she did so for *him* !

So it is !—vanity and self-assertion can believe in anything, if it only ministers to small pride.

Yet it may be quite true that the captain did tell Grace Brackenbridge ; that Mr. Wood's transfixed gaze had been well described—and smiled at ; that the power of the image of Grace Brackenbridge had annihilated two hours, and led to the cook's malediction on all concerned. She may have been told the whole affair, and may have felt pleased, and—who knows but she may come in to dinner as she is painted in the picture ?

Mr. Wood enters the drawing-room.

Four strangers, and the fortunate Mr. Johnson among them, he finds before him.

He looks around hurriedly ; and, lo ! sitting by herself on a

sofa, looking at a locket, and looking pensive and earnest enough, was the lady who had so pre-occupied his soul.

Grace Brackenbridge came down precisely as she *appeared in the picture*!

Mr. Eardley Wood was deputed to take in Miss Brackenbridge; and he did so, with the quietest manners. His arm was not obedient—entirely obedient to his will—it twitched, and maybe trembled a little. And Mr. Wood placed her at the right-hand side of the host, and sat opposite her—opposite the original of the picture!

Many and many a time Mr. Eardley Wood thought of the tumultuous workings of his soul that evening! And many a time, in after years, within a few brief weeks, he thought—he thought of one of the few lines of Virgil which he remembered—“*Facilis descensus Averni*,” &c.

Mr. Eardley Wood! 'tis the early summer of the year, whose seed you have sown! The autumn is fast approaching.

Mr. Wood was light in build, and above the middle size. He had dark hair, and dark eyes, and the hair was massive and rebellious betimes, falling down over his brow. His forehead was low, but smooth, and with lines of intelligence. He dressed in tight-fitting clothes—black—and his collar turned over a rich cream-coloured tie, in which there was a diamond pin worth 500 dollars.

Grace Brackenbridge observed him steadily. She was young—not more than one-and-twenty; but she knew her power, and saw its growth, and became determined to exercise it!

In a short time conversation, which in the beginning was slack, began to be active and general. Mr. Wood was a little excited; but it became him. Grace Brackenbridge fixed her eyes like loadstones upon him, from time to time; and, from time to time, somewhat confused him. But, for once in his life, he quarrelled with no one—was agreeable to every one, and at the perfect command of a human being.

Singular! he thought of his mother!

When he was a boy he used to say—“Well, what would I not do for mamma?” And the boy would picture to himself all kinds of horrible sufferings! And when he had placed them before his mind, his young soul looked at them firmly: “I would,” he used to say, “I would endure them all for dear, darling mamma!”

All that has changed! Mr. Wood's love of his mother became a memory; and her power a thing *he afterwards would like to restore, but could not*. Grace Brackenbridge—a stranger—a stranger unknown, and untried—became to the man what the parent was to the chivalrous boy.

Why is this?

We once heard an apostate—an apostate of guilty conscience—a woman who had lied to God and man, through small want; but

when the time of distress passed away, had come back to her parish church, with her children: "Oh!" she said, "*I would give all the wide world I could believe, as I used to believe—to believe like the children! What's over me?*"

But where do we find ourselves?

The evening passed pleasantly. Grace Brackenbridge sang and played, and Mr. Wood sang and played—and Mr. Wood talked well, and rationally.

Grace Brackenbridge, towards the close of the evening, "looked queer," her uncle said; and her uncle rallied her a little—not so refinedly as he ought, but not coarsely, nevertheless. And Grace Brackenbridge smiled a contemptuous smile, not on her uncle, but at the impeachment: yet Grace Brackenbridge was anything but at ease.

The company talked of yachting, and the captain introduced the accomplishments of Mr. Wood. He told the story of the rescue of Willy Lacy, and the wonderfully close sailing which Mr. Wood managed, when he sometimes took a turn at the helm. He told them of the out-of-the-way places aloft where Mr. Wood used to sit, and smoke his cigar in the shrouds, on the bending ladder, and sometimes astride on the spars! Grace Brackenbridge looked with eyes kindled and wide open, and with lips apart, showing the most beautiful teeth that could be.

Mr. Wood, she thought, was magnificent.

Grace Brackenbridge, when they parted that night, hesitated not to press Mr. Wood's hand, and to say, "*You are a man, indeed, sir! Good night!*"

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## CHAPTER IX.

### SHOWING HOW NED THE YACHTMAN VISITED MR. M'CANN AND REFUSED A GOOD OFFER.

How bone and muscle can stand the strain of New York pedestrianism, and how human agility can save the lives and limbs of free-born Americans from the stark lunacy of coaches, carriages, drays, and omnibuses is a mystery not yet solved—and, therefore, no one can be surprised at Ned the yachtman failing to explain it. Up and down they run—hither and thither they fly. Whips look like living things twisting and sweeping in the air. And at every second of time European sensibility gets a shock by the conviction that ever so many homicides and suicides are imminent from the absolute recklessness of all kinds of animals—man, horse, donkey, pig, and mule.

We have said that Ned the yachtman failed to see his way through the problem involved in the apparent tranquillity of all the people engaged in this mortal tumult, and we may now add that he gave up the idea of finding his way on his feet. He had

not much spare cash, and he had much mind to economize what he had, that morning, counted into his leather purse; but after all, what would the money be to a man if his brains were knocked out, or a limb or two was fractured by one of these insane cabs that kept flying at every one and at each other, wherever you turned?

Ned the yachtman had a taste for physiognomy, and he allowed two or three omnibuses to pass by, before his sympathies recognised a conductor. He found one at last. "Be gor," he said to himself, "he has a lot of colour in his cheeks, an' his hair isn't like half-squitched flax." So Ned raised his hand, and the conductor raised his hand; and the horses rattled their hoofs together, and they stopped.

"I'm goin' to number 202, 1042 street," said Ned.

"Get in," cried the conductor.

"You are going to Mr. M'Cann's," then added the conductor.

"You jist hit id," answered Ned.

"The best man in the United States," remarked the conductor. "See here, neighbour," continued the conductor. "You ayre on'y jist landed. Mind you see yer way, every stip! Trust no one! Mind!"

"Why, then, thank you," answered Ned, "an' that you may always keep your fine colour an' your fine tongue!"

"Here you are, then!"

"Here!—why I was near the doore, you thief."

"Get down, sir," answered the conductor, who had kindly taken Ned up for one minute of time, and taken his fare for the benefit conferred thereby.

"Thrust no wan," said Ned, coming down the steps of the omnibus.

"Jist so, neighbour. The advice is worth gold, though you've had it without asking."

In a few minutes Ned found himself in a grand apartment, in which ten or twelve gentlemen were busily engaged over books, papers, letters and telegraphic messages. The good man had been bewildered in the streets and "done" by the conductor—so that an unusual kind of timidity seized upon him. There were some maps along the wall, before the various compartments where the gentlemen were busy, and Ned turned towards them—not in the smallest to study them, but to think what he would do. He had only fixed his eyes upon "Ireland" when one of the gentlemen called to him—

"Well?"

"Well," answered Ned.

"What do *you want* here?" asked the gentleman.

The gentleman had long, straight, dark hair that shot out from his head. He had a pale, long face—and his grey eyes were scared-like; yet they had a twinkle of humour in them, and were

rendered piquant by a long pen which came, in an angular way, from over his ear to his left eyebrow.

"Well I'm waitin' for the *ould* gintleman."

"Eh, eh, good fellow! The 'old gentleman' don't live here."

"But he *will* when he'll come *here*," answered Ned with a shy look of humour.

"Come now, Pat," said a second, "will you sell your accent?"

"What did you git for yours whin you sould id?" answered the yachtman. "'Deed an' throth you wronged the man in the bargain, so you did."

"Did I?"

"Throth thin you did; bekase you kept the good half of id, so you did!"

The gentleman roared as no American could roar, and all around him laughed most heartily. It was quite plain that Ned the yachtman had made a hit.

A carriage and pair drove to the door. The steps were let down by a footman, and the grey-haired gentleman, Mr. M'Cann, emerged.

In a moment he was in the office; and all the clerks became greatly engaged.

"Here is the old gintleman!" cried Ned the yachtman.

"How you Irishmen *do* find out one another!" said Mr. M'Cann, addressing himself to Ned's last interlocutor. "See, he should discover you, O'Rorke!"

Another peal of merriment answered this remark; and Mr. M'Cann knew very well the reason why.

Mr. M'Cann took Ned the yachtman into an inner office, and seated him on a chair.

"I am glad to see you remember your Church, my man," remarked Mr. M'Cann. "If all your countrymen minded their Church, and gave up whiskey in this country, there would be a grand Irish nation in the United States. You do not drink?"

"I hate a drunkard. I was nuvur dhrunk—an' plase God, I'll nuvur be—but I nuvur tuk a plidge, you know, sir."

There was a slight pause.

"How nare I was forgittin'! Here's Masther Jack's answer, sir."

Ned handed Mr. M'Cann a letter.

It was very brief.

"DEAR SIR,

"Ned informs me that you have been good enough to express a strong wish to see me on Tuesday. I regret that Captain Brackenbridge wishes me, on that day, to try the sailing power of a yacht, preparatory to a match for 3000 dollars. But I shall have much pleasure in calling to see you and Miss Hennessy on Thursday



next, at 3.30. Be good enough to send me a verbal message by Ned, saying whether you will be at home.

"I am, faithfully, yours,

"E. WOOD."

Mr. M'Cann did not send a verbal message, but sent a very polite note, expressing the pleasure which Mr. Wood's visit would give him, and promising to be at home at 3.30 on the Thursday.

"Well," asked Mr. M'Cann, "what are you going to do, my man? Are you going to sea?"

"Troth, I don't know," answered Ned.

"If you wish the sea, Captain Brackenbridge is, I have heard, largely engaged in shipping. What say you, yourself?"

"Well, sir, you know I can sail a yacht; an', oh! if I can't handle 'er! But a ship ain't a yacht, sir."

"Why, quite true."

"But you know, sir, ship or yacht, or land or say, 'tis Masther Jack—I mean Mr. Wood."

"I see," answered Mr. M'Cann, smiling.

"And you will give up Peg Doherty?"

"Me!"

"Why, if you go off from here, you may be many a day and never away; and can you expect her to wait for you?"

Ned became pensive.

"I tell you what," said Mr. M'Cann, briskly; "come, my man, obtain your master's leave. Come and live with me. Peg Doherty is already in my service. She has £40 a year, counting your Irish money; and *you* shall have £1 a week. You can soon save money, and get spliced! What do you say to that?"

Ned reddened deeply, deeply, and in a short time was paler than his wont. £40 a year, and £50 a year, was not that an estate? poor Ned the yachtman thought. And, then, he thought, how he could send his little nieces, and his poor widowed sister, enough to take them out of want; and he could send for his little nephews to come over; and all he could do at home and abroad! And he thought of what the neighbours would be saying; and how people who called him "wild" and "foolish" would find they had been mistaken. All this, and more, passed through Ned's mind in one moment.

But Ned, then, began to think of the banks of the Shannon, and the yacht with the milk-white sails, that scarcely touched the water as she swept along in dainty gracefulness; and of Masther Jack—poor Masther Jack, that kept his bad temper for great people like himself, and was ever and always kind to him, Ned the yachtman! And, then, he thought of the golden home, where the dear, sweet mistress dwelt, and of Nanny, Jack Hazlitt's gentle and beautiful sister; and of all the times, when boy and man, their lives—Jack Hazlitt's and his own—had been commingling, and becoming *one*,

as it were; and *one* they were, he began to think, *one* life really. And didn't they all know that he, Ned, had come away with poor Masther Jack,—his dear misthress, and beautiful Miss Nanny! And would *he*, Ned, give him up now—even for Peg Doherty, and the £50 a year!

"Ah, sir!" said Ned; "you have my heart's thanks!—my heart upon its knees, sir, sez thank you! But, och! Mr. M'Cann, I couldn't lave Masther *Jack*—Arrah! I couldn't think of that grand name at all! Poor Masther Jack! Mr. M'Cann," he said, and his voice became husky.

"I like your good heart, my man; I do indeed; but remember you are to get his leave—remember you are to have his full permission."

"His leave!" cried poor Ned. "Oh, yeh! he'd sind me out the doore packing in wan minit if he thought I was offered £50 a year! Och! 'tis he that would. But, thin, where would *he* be? If he was sick or sore, or if he wanted a friend's hand, or a friend's health, or a friend's life, or—or any thing but my holy religion—och, where would his ould companion—Masther Jack's fosther-brother—be *thin*? No, Mr. M'Cann! may God incrase your store, as He has gev you a big sowl to spend it! but I must stick to Masther Jack, just as my blood-relation Lowry M'Cabe stuck to Masther Frank."

Mr. M'Cann shook his head.

"Oh! I know that," said Ned; "I know that. The rale blood is in the Morans, and poor Masther Jack is on'y half-bred. Bad cess to his father! Oh! I ax pardin—but Mr. M'Cann, I hard Father Reardon say, that bad as the case was before they sent him away—Masther Jack would be the makin's of a fine man, on'y fur the mix'd education."

"Before they sent him away?"

"Yes, you see, these cases, like Mr. Ha—Master Jack's father, I mane, whin wan is 'a protestun,' an' th' other a 'Roman,' the childher are nothin' at all. They take off piece after piece, ache of 'em, till nothin' is left; the father a piece to-day, an' the mother a piece to-morrow, an' that's the way."

"Heighho!" said Mr. M'Cann.

"Well, that wasn't the case with my poor masther," continued Ned the yachtman, "bekase you see his mother was an angel an' a saint, an' ev'ry thing good; an' poor Masther Jack wint reglar to his religion till he was sent to the mixed education."

"And then?"

"Och! thin, I don't know what quare things got into his head; but he talks crack'd-like about Property and Rights, an' every thing. Arrah! I'm sure he don't believe the half of 'em. Well, sir, the worse he is, the more he wants his foster-brother. I'll bring him round, you know, *bekase I love him*."

"Well, my man, if you must go, let it be so; but if you ever want a friend or a situation, remember me," said Mr. M'Cann.

And they parted.

It was nearly three weeks after the arrival of the "Centaur" that Ned the yachtman found his way to Mr. M'Cann's office; and his road was by "the Chapel," as he called it. He had missed the conversation and the presence of Peg Doherty, and had been awaiting the chance of accompanying his master to Mr. M'Cann's dwelling; but his master seemed to have forgotten Mr. M'Cann's dwelling, and all it contained. He lived only for his single self, personified in the headlong career of a passion which had the attraction of adventure much more than of affection.

Indeed, affection has very little to do with frenzies like Mr. Wood's. The object of pursuit is the gratification of a dominating love of self, that values success infinitely more than it values any one of Adam's race; and its pleasures more than all the qualities that ever adorned humanity.

The selfishness which succeeds principle, in the government of men's souls, leaves no room in the mind for any thing beside. Hence Mr. Wood had entirely forgotten Mr. M'Cann and Minnie Hennessy, and every thing on earth unless Grace Brackenbridge.

Asleep, Miss Brackenbridge mingled with his dreams; when he awoke in the morning, her commanding figure stood before him; when abroad, he imagined that he ought to meet her at every turn. He asked himself had "she ever been here?" Had "she ever been there?" "Had Grace seen this," and "had Grace seen that?" And every hour of the day and night he kept recalling the kind word she had spoken, or the kind look she had bestowed; and had the minutes all counted until he should see her again. To win a prize, which he had convinced himself all the world coveted, was, to Wood, something for which labour and life were small sacrifices. And therefore, with a delight almost intoxicating, the words of the first evening's parting ever came back to Mr. Wood's memory, "*You, sir, are a man indeed!*"

Ned the yachtman became determined to see some life on his own account; and the second Sunday after their arrival he asked and obtained permission to go to "St. Patrick's," New York, to Mass. How much of his old companion Peg Doherty mingled with his desire to cross over to the Church of the National Saint, we need not inquire; but it is certain that he had not forgotten her. Peg's memory was a treasure to poor Ned, and his love for her had been, for many a long year, Ned's safeguard. Ned respected her for her own sake; and his habitual examination of conscience was guided by "what would *she* think of my doing this thing?" or "my doing that or the other?"

The bonds were holy which united the children of labour. They had been woven on the way to school, when they were little. They had grown strong side by side at "catechism," in the poor parish church. They became sacred at the Holy Mass, and the Holy Pilgrimage, and they were flowered all over by the memories of the

old haunts by the hedges and walks by the river's bank, which had long made up the summer bloom of their lives.

Ned was, doubtless, pious; but he was not successful in seeing Peggy that morning.

However, somewhere in the vicinity of St. Patrick's, he saw the grey-haired gentleman of the "Centaur," and, with the natural politeness of his countrymen, he gave him a salute. The gentleman at once recognised and accosted him; and, after giving him all kinds of encouragement, the gentleman begged him to say to Mr. Wood, that he would be anxious to see him, if possible, on the Tuesday following. And that was the fact—for a reason which the reader will soon find set forth.

We may feel persuaded that Ned the yachtman was not indifferent on the subject, and that, whatever might have been Mr. Wood's preoccupations, Ned did not permit Mr. Wood's memory to lapse upon the subject of "goin' to see the grey-haired gentleman," that came with them in the "Sentauer."

Yet, with all Ned's eloquence, it was not easy to induce his master to make the half-hour's trip from Brooklyn to New York, for any one, or on any business, unless it related to Miss Brackenbridge or her uncle. Mr. Wood aimed at the affections of Grace, through as many opens as he could discover or invent; and, of course, the favour of her uncle may well be supposed to have been one eminently advantageous. The uncle's regard seemed, indeed, quite fixed on his guest. There was an attention in Captain Brackenbridge's manner that never relaxed, and in his address there was a kind of deference, not obtrusive, and yet flattering, that caught the pride, and stimulated the efforts of Mr. Wood.

This was, in fact, Mr. Wood's danger, at least in the supposition that Captain Brackenbridge had adopted a systematic policy to attract Mr. Wood, and make him a leader or an abettor in any project of profit or honour which he designed. He was likely to grow upon the food he consumed, and to assume the dimensions which were attributed to him, until his bearing and exaction might expose him to complications, and even dangers in America. And, in truth, they frequently and frightfully did so.

However, Mr. Wood rose early on Thursday, determined to pay his promised visit to Mr. M'Cann. It must be admitted that he felt the whole thing a "bore," and that he wished Mr. M'Cann, and Minnie Hennessy, among the Modoc Indians a thousand times, because he had no business with any anything, or any person, who did not belong to "the Hall;" and everything, and every one, that did not connect themselves, in some way, with Mr. Wood's new fancy, was "ridiculous and absurd;" and "what did he care about them?"

But Mr. Wood found himself in New York that day, at 2:30; and himself, and Ned the yachtman, made their way for street 1042, No. 202. The office was reached in due time, and Mr. Wood

addressed the nearest of the clerks, asking him when the governor would arrive. The clerk informed him that Mr. M'Cann awaited Mr. Wood's visit at his villa in Clarendon Avenue, and stayed within expressly to receive him.

Mr. Wood, and his man, now engaged a carriage, and Ned took a good half of the driver's seat. The scene around was strange and exciting; but Ned's whole mind was set upon the end of the journey, and whom he should see there. "New York wasn't in the world at all" that half hour, poor Ned the yachtman declared to inquiring friends, afterwards.

And, at length, they have arrived.

The drive to the hall-door of Mr. M'Cann's house was shaded with tall poplars, and the house itself was large, fashionable in its air and locality, and evidently kept with the care of good taste, and the expense of independent fortune. The white front seemed covered with fresh and rich verandahs; the entrance was princely, and the hangings and golden ornaments, as seen through the windows from below, looked nothing less than right royal.

Mr. M'Cann was not in the house; but he had left a note, requesting Mr. Wood to grant him ten minutes' grace, as he had been called away on important business. A well-dressed, and well-mannered young man-servant led Mr. Wood to the drawing-room; and, it is to be presumed, the same young man led Ned to the kitchen.

Ned the yachtman was in an ecstasy. There was Peggy; ten times handsomer, and ten times kinder than ever. She had greatly changed, however, considering the short time she had for the transformation. Peggy Doherty now wore a cashmere dress, and a handsome collar, and her hair, Ned said, "bate the Rock o' Cashill all out." But Ned was obliged to admit that all the finery had not in any way changed the manners or affections of Peggy Doherty; and that the "lonesomeness" after her pleasant Shannon home had softened down a character which was occasionally a bit too vigorous, even for Ned the yachtman.

Mr. Wood had not long to wait in the drawing-room. In a few minutes after his arrival, Mr. M'Cann's carriage drew up at the hall-door, and Mr. M'Cann himself immediately came up, and bade Mr. Wood a welcome. He saw Mr. Wood had been struck by the unexpected magnificence which he encountered; and the old man enjoyed it most evidently to the full.

After a few words' conversation, Wood observed to Mr. M'Cann that he had admired the house and surroundings very much. Mr. M'Cann only laughed, and said "Yes, yes!" "But," he added, after a moment's pause, "I have a partner in London. He has been about, some time; but this is his residence where we are. He takes me in as a kind of charity until he gets a wife. I hope you may yet know him. But, Mr. Wood, the carriage awaits, and I know you have your hands full, these betting days."

They entered the carriage.

"Do you manage the yacht during the match?"

"Well, I am not well acquainted with your waters; but if no better presents himself, I shall gladly oblige Captain Brackenbridge."

"I intended to bet against Brackenbridge's craft; but I will not then."

"Will not?"

"No. You will win. And, besides, I lost four thousand dollars last night," added Mr. M'Cann, smiling.

"Nearly a thousand pounds?"

"Nearly a thousand pounds. It was about that I had been called out before the time you appointed for your coming to-day."

"May I ask how; not playing, I am sure?"

"No; not at play," answered Mr. M'Cann, slowly, and very emphatically. "The money, partly in gold, and partly in American securities, was stolen from a confidential clerk, coming up from Philadelphia. He fell asleep in the carriage, and, on awaking, found his money gone. Box and cash had disappeared."

"Was there no one in the carriage?"

"Yes, one gentleman; but he could not have secreted a large box; and, besides, he is above suspicion. In fact, the gentleman you ought to know very well: it was Captain Johnston."

"But here we are," Mr. M'Cann remarked, as the carriage stood before a large gate, which shortly opened on the summons of Mr. M'Cann's servant.

A grand building, slowly revealing itself at the opening of great portals, looks like something growing into majestic life, and associates itself with feelings of singular interest. The building, now expanding before the visitors, looks like a public building, only for its wonderful quietude; and, we must add, only it was so well kept. Public buildings are not recognised as having any claims to be kept either clean or in repair.

Mr. M'Cann's whip made a circuit round a gravel-walk of some extent, and the vehicle finally stopped at the hall-door. Mr. Wood looked out, and beheld, over a fine portico of granite, a statue of the Blessed Virgin.

"A convent!" he cried, "a convent!"

"Yes," answered Mr. M'Cann, smiling, "you are not afraid of nuns, Mr. Wood?"

"Well, no, sir; but I certainly did not think Miss Hennessy was going into a convent. These girls are"—

"Pardon me, Mr. Wood, Miss Hennessy—but the door opens. Let us enter."

Two ladies came into the parlour almost in an instant, and a glance showed Mr. Wood they were gentlewomen. The light, easy bearing, that can be grave, and not heavy, joyous, and not trivial, is good breeding as well as religion.

One of the ladies was taller than the other. She stooped a little, and spoke in a subdued, quiet tone. The balance of perfect recollection was evident in the calm light of her eyes; and one felt a sense of her holiness as he came near her. The other nun was fresh, cheery, with an inquiring kind of look, that seemed turning over the pages of your character while speaking to you. Moreover, she seemed a decisive kind of body, that took little time to discuss, and less time to do a thing.

"We are after the time, I believe," observed Mr. M'Cann.

"No," answered the taller of the ladies, at the same time smiling gently, and looking towards her companion.

"No, Mr. M'Cann," said the other nun, echoing her sister, but speaking in tones not to be misunderstood. "If you had been late, you would have had no chance of getting inside the gate."

"Late a quarter of an hour?" inquired Mr. Wood.

"Late a quarter of a second," replied the matter-of-fact nun.

Minnie Hennessy here presented herself. She was tastefully dressed, not to say more; and John Hennessy, had he seen his daughter, would have had a happy heart that morning.

A slight expression of admiration escaped Mr. Wood; but Minnie did not appear to mind.

"I hardly expected to find you here, Miss Minnie," Mr. Wood said.

Minnie replied by a happy, happy look at Mr. M'Cann. Her eyes welled over. Mr. M'Cann looked the personification of a man who had *found* a thousand pounds.

"Well, Mr. Wood, we must tell you the secret."

"She's going to be a nun?" Mr. Wood asked, a little warmly.

"That I do not know," answered Mr. M'Cann. "But the fact is, she has sent for her father and the family."

"Well now, Reverend Mother"—cried the decisive, straightforward-kind-of nun.

Reverend Mother smiled.

"Ah! it is Mr. M'Cann," cried Minnie Hennessy.

"Mrs. Superior, answer me," said Mr. M'Cann, quite gravely, "answer me, are you not to give Miss Hennessy one hundred pounds, to teach for a year your orphans the art and mystery of lace-making, fancy work, plain work, and all manner of mysterious needling?"

"We promised as much."

"And will you keep your contract?"

"Certainly."

"The plain case is, then, that I have advanced the money, and made the nuns my bank. No grand risk or benevolence, I should say."

Mr. Wood looked a little soft. A gleam of light was falling on the beauty of an unselfish, loving soul—the soul which he once could value. That day was gone, however, and Mr. Wood looked on vacancy, as if to discover it. Wood understood all!

"So John Hennessy is coming over," murmured Mr. Wood, "coming to America."

The visitors remained a quarter of an hour, or more; that is, if that glass on the table runs more than a quarter. The nuns allowed the conversation to die out. They made a little move—ever so little. It just said, "Look at the glass there, gentlemen."

All rose up.

Mr. Wood was turning towards the reception-room door, when his eye fell upon a print—a fine lithograph, a lithograph of a nun; he paused before the picture, surprised, not much, but perceptibly.

"My young friend," Mr. M'Cann remarked, "you seem struck by that picture?"

"I am."

"Good reason he has," remarked Minnie, slowly, and in a voice full of tenderness, "that picture is *the image of Mr. Wood's mother.*"

Mr. Wood sighed deeply: yet Mr. Wood was glad to get away!

[*To be continued.*]

## A "RÉUNION" IN THE "SALON BLEU."

BY THE AUTHOR OF, "FLEMISH INTERIORS," "GHEEL," "HUNGARIAN LIFE," ETC., ETC.

IT was on a bright spring evening in the year 1651, that an unusual stir might have been observed in the aristocratic street of St. Thomas du Louvre, then crossing the very midst of that *quartier* of which the Palace was the nucleus.

Conspicuous in that street, still stood the walled grounds of a mansion which, famous as it once became, has now entirely passed away. The "*Paris qui s'en va*," knew nothing of it, and even the "*Paris qui est parti*" never saw it.

If we would learn its outward aspect, we must fall back upon Sauval's *Antiquités de Paris*, for even in the time of our great-grandfathers it had been pulled down to make place for the *Théâtre du Vaudeville*, which in its turn has undergone a similar fate, thanks to the *attentat* de la Rue S. Nicaise by the "Infernal Machine."

From this minute topographer we find that the noble historical domain, known successively as *l'Hôtel d'O*, *l'Hôtel de Noirmoutiers*, *l'Hotel de Pisani*, *l'Hotel de Rambouillet*, and finally *l'Hotel d' Uzés*, with its dependencies, extended from the *Ecuries du Roi* to the *Place du Palais-Royal*, and was bounded on one side by the gardens of the *Quinze vingt*—that remarkable relic of the Crusades, since removed to the *Faubourg St. Antoine*—and on the other, by the pleasure-grounds of the *Hôtel de Longueville*.



Sauval has described it as "a colossal edifice standing *"entre cour et jardin,"* possessing its own dairy, *buanderie*, *basse cour*, and pleasure-grounds tastefully laid out. We can almost fancy we see the imposing old family dwelling, with its solemn *façade*, which he tells us was "of red brick with stone coins, architraves, mouldings, cornices, and enrichments, carved in the taste of the time;" no doubt with massive effect, for of course all was costly without and within, seeing that, according to the paradox with which he sums up, it contained "*toutes les superfluités, nécessaires à une grande maison,*" and that that *grande maison* was the HOTEL DE RAMBOUILLET.

The entrance-gate was in the *Rue St. Thomas du Louvre*, and on the evening to which we would carry our readers in imagination, through a retrospect of some two centuries, *fournisseurs* and domestics, carpenters and *marmitons*, upholsterers and cellarmen might be seen busily hurrying through it, to and from the back premises.

It was evident that these movements were occasioned by the preliminaries of a gala; something altogether beyond the usual hebdomadal *conversaciones* which it had long been the wont of its fair mistress to hold there, something even beyond the occasional entertainments with which these were interspersed.

Any curious passer by who had taken the trouble to inquire of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, would have been told that Madame la Marquise de Rambouillet gave, that evening, a grand fancy-dress ball to the *élite* of the *Haute noblesse*—the *Crème de la crème*; for Madame de Rambouillet was in a position to choose her society, and no *salon* in Paris, or out of it, not excepting Almacks itself, was more exclusive in its decrees than was the SALON BLEU.

The day had closed in, and now light might be seen streaming from the large and lofty windows, for the festivities were imminent. Eager crowds thronged the approaches, and later comers strove to edge themselves into the front places secured by those who had been earliest on the spot. Long and patiently they waited, for the toilet of either sex was an elaborate performance in those days, and in the case of a *fancy-ball* was not likely to be hurried; but then the sight was worth waiting for. Rank, beauty, genius, talent, all that could render man or woman illustrious, was to assemble there that night; and it was something for the *profanum vulgus* to gaze even on the exterior of the vehicle that contained it, or to catch a meteoric glimpse of its living impersonation as it passed. However, the endurance of the populace was, in the end, to be rewarded. The outermost of them, already impatient—and no wonder—began to discern the distant sound of voices: the *éclaireurs* were on the way, and the crowd at once reverently ranged itself on either side to leave a free passage for the *grand monde* whose approach was thus heralded. "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*" had not been invented then; had any one raised the cry, it would have touched no responsive chord in the breasts of the subjects of Louis Quatorze, and he would probably have passed for a lunatic.

The Parisian *people* of those days thought themselves fortunate in being allowed to enjoy the sight of the silken draperies and glittering gems they were content their "betters" should wear, and were glad to be suffered to admire them from a respectful distance.

It is true the fitful glare of torchlight was not favourable to the examination of the costly adornments worn within the coaches and chairs which now arrived in rapid succession; but what of that? Imagination is always more fertile than reality; and what they saw not, they thought they saw, and were equally well pleased.

At all events they witnessed a sight which kings and prophets can never behold more; for the choicest spirits who constituted the literary world of the seventeenth century shared the privileged *entrée* with the most distinguished individuals and the proudest nobility of "the *Faubourg*" uniting the aristocracy of genius with the aristocracy of birth, and never perhaps in the world's history will such a galaxy dazzle men's eyes again. Within the hospitable mansion, the gilded decorations of the nobly-proportioned chambers glittered with a thousand wax-lights, while the rich blue satin of the draperies was tastefully relieved by the brilliant colours of choice exotics perfuming the air. The effect was magical, and excited at once the admiration and the envy of the guests who now poured in in a continuous stream, contributing their blazing jewels and magnificent costumes to heighten the fairy-like splendour of the scene.

Could there be a prouder moment in the career of the mistress and creatress of the enchantment, than that in which she looked around her upon the illustrious personages her bidding had assembled? Who else could have boasted the acquaintance—nay the friendship and the homage, of men who owned names every one of which was destined to represent a type in the estimation of posterity, and whose fame, thenceforward immortal, was to unite hers with theirs in the annals of her country's literary and social reform?

What a bewildering picture we may conjure up with the mere list of *beaux-esprits* and *précieuses* who met here! and what a glory for the individual mind which had imagined and created such an *entourage*, to sit enthroned on the summit of this modern Parnassus, and see its access beset, not only by the literary men and women who composed it, but by Peers of the realm, Cardinals, Ecclesiastics, Judges, Admirals, Generals, Marshals of France, Ministers, Ambassadors, Sovereigns, culminating in the sacred person of the *Grand Monarque* himself: and *he* had to solicit an entrance into this unique temple of wit and genius!

When we remember that the first reading of Corneille's *Cid*, of Molière's *Tartuffe*, of Boileau's *Satires*, were listened to within these walls; that Bossuet's earliest sermon was "*préchotté*," and the youthful Fénelon's first discourse was first pronounced on this consecrated spot; that here the sparkle of conversation, and the

flash of wit, of which we only catch the faint and far-off echo, crossed each other in brilliant repartee, while the voice of a monarch who made Europe tremble was heard without awe—(for Louis XIV. was not a monarch among *beaux-esprits*, and his presence was only *tolerated* in the *Chambre bleue*)—we can imagine the emotions with which the heart of Madame de Rambouillet must have exulted, when she looked round upon her work, and saw how it was accomplished.

Such were the distinguished cavaliers, such the charming dames, who swept with easy grace their costly trains over the *Salon bleu*, on the occasion of the Marquise's *bal masqué*.

The festivity was at its height; polite greetings, and elegant compliments, had been exchanged *au hazard*, as well as *bonâ fide*, for numerous were the *loups*, and a variety of *piquantes* conjectures had been thrown out as to the identity of some of the guests who were pleased to preserve their incognito.

The Marquise, one of whose favourite amusements consisted in contriving agreeable surprises for her visitors,<sup>1</sup> had been, for some time past, preparing one for this particular evening. She had reserved it for the moment when every one should have arrived, and had promised herself a special pleasure in disclosing it. As she expected, the question, "Where is the fair Ménélide?"<sup>2</sup> had been asked more than once, and was now pretty freely circulated; for the bewitching Julie—the Marquise's eldest daughter—was the charm and the star of her mother's *réunions*. Madame de Rambouillet had adroitly evaded the inquiry until it should be convenient to reply to it; and she now gave the signal.

In an instant<sup>3</sup> the large blue satin curtains, which draped one extremity of the *Salon*, were drawn up on either side, and as the gay assembly, suddenly hushed into stillness at the unexpected sight, gazed in mute astonishment at the mysterious movement, they saw disclosed, as the opening gradually widened, an elegant semicircular alcove, the existence of which no one suspected, brilliantly lighted, superbly painted, and decorated with exquisite taste, while, seated in the midst, in a cloud of white drapery of the most gossamer texture, sat the beautiful Julie, who, with a guitar on her knee, was accompanying a graceful melody, exquisitely rendered by her voice, at first scarcely audible, and then skilfully swelled by an artistic *crescendo* to the full perfection of its richness.

The whole company was delighted with this dramatic episode, so congenial to the taste of the times, and each one was eager to know by what contrivance the plan of the mansion could have been altered so as to admit of this addition to what had so long been

<sup>1</sup> See Tallemant des Réaux—"Historiettes."

<sup>2</sup> This was, in the language of the *Salon bleu*, the name given to Julie d'Angennes, the eldest daughter of the Marquise de Rambouillet.

<sup>3</sup> See "Voiture's Letters."

its ultimate limit. It was then elicited that Madame de Rambouillet, unknown even to the inmates of the house, had caused this oriel to be constructed upon cantelevers, projecting over the basement story, and that M. Arnauld alone, whose curiosity had one day been excited by seeing there a ladder left by one of the workmen, had mounted it, and thus penetrated the secret, which, however, he had faithfully kept.<sup>1</sup>

Some days after, Chapelain placed there a copy of his *Ode de Zyrphée*, tastefully illuminated in vellum, intimating that the *Reine d'Argennes* had constructed this bower as a retreat for *Arthénice*,<sup>2</sup> to preserve her against the inroads of Time; and from that evening it was called "*La Loge de Zyrphée*."<sup>3</sup>

But now the attention of the guests was directed towards another quarter by the stir of a new arrival, so numerous as to attract the ear of all, even amid the general buzz. The doors were thrown open, and in the midst of the entrance appeared an Indian Chief, closely masked, and followed by an escort of motley character; for in it were mingled Turks, Egyptians, Chinese, Greeks, Italians, and Spaniards, all gorgeously and accurately habited in their several national costumes.

The personage attended by this singular suite was well-proportioned in his limbs, but by no means tall, yet he carried himself with an easy grace and dignity, which soon raised suspicions in the assembly as to his identity; and the quick and practised eye of Madame de Sévigné soon detected the fact.

"My dear Duchess," whispered she to Madame de Chevreuse, who stood near her, "depend upon it, this striking group has more meaning than might, at first sight, have been supposed; it appears to me a picture of our times represented in masquerade. Depend upon it the Indian Chief is no other than the King, and he is significantly followed by all the nations of the earth, as an intimation of their subjection to our all-conquering monarch."

"Ah! Marquise, you are too witty by half," retorted the Duchess incredulously, and not altogether pleased at being forestalled in this guess; "your imagination always carries you beyond all bounds."

If, however, the tact of Madame de Chevreuse fell short of that of Madame de Sévigné—*arcades ambo*—the surmise of the Marquise,

<sup>1</sup> See Tallemant des Réaux—"Historiettes."

<sup>2</sup> The classical name by which Madame de Rambouillet was known in the language of the *Salon bleu*.

<sup>3</sup> "It will scarcely be believed," says Tallemant des Réaux, "that M. de Chevreuse, who occupied the Hôtel de Longueville adjoining, had the bad taste to build up an unsightly projection before one of the windows of this bay, so that of the three views it had upon the surrounding gardens, one was destroyed. On being remonstrated with for this unneighbourly act, he replied—'It is true that M. de Rambouillet is a good friend and neighbour,' and that I owe him my life, but where would he have me stow away my clothes?" "Observe," continues this chronicler, "that he had more than forty rooms in his *Hôtel*!"

at all events, showed her to be an accomplished courtier. If her conjecture had been unheard by the subject of it, her intelligent glance, which spoke as plainly as words to one accustomed to read men's faces, had not been lost upon the "Indian Chief;" for, advancing towards her, he said, in a low tone:—

"Belle Marquise, you are not to be deceived."

"Nay, Sire," replied the quick-witted *précieuse*; "nevertheless, may we see perish all traitors to their king."

Louis smiled, and, accepting the implied reticence, retreated into the crowd, with his finger on his lips; but the sprightly Marquise was in an instant surrounded by a crowd of curious persons, eager to learn what it was that had passed between her and the mysterious mask, on whom all eyes were now fixed.

Among the most eager, a masked figure now approached Madame de Sévigné, and addressing her in a self-satisfied tone:—

"Belle Marquise," said he, "reveal to me the secret of the Indian Prince, and, in return, I will repeat to you the *quatrain* I improvised on your fair self last night at Madame de Chevreuse's assembly, whilst you were playing at blind-man's buff with the other ladies."

"Who dare say that men are not more inquisitive than we?" replied the Marquise, archly.

"The *quatrain*—the *quatrain*—let us have the *quatrain* by all means; and, ten to one, we find you out by it," exclaimed in chorus the other masks, who formed this little group.

"Then, Madame must fulfil the conditions," replied the mask.

"By no means," said Madame de Sévigné, playfully; "my silence has been promised, and will certainly not be broken; as for the *quatrain*, I have no fears whatever that I shall have to pine very long after it."

This sally produced a general laugh at the expense of the poet, who was by no means anxious to monopolise his production: alarmed, therefore, lest the opportunity should altogether fail him, he gallantly took the fair and jewelled hand of Madame de Sévigné, and held it, while he added:—"Pine for anything I can accord!—not one instant, fair lady; here are my lines":—

"De toutes les façons' vous avez droit de plaire  
Mais surtout vous savez nous charmer en ce jour,  
Voyant vos yeux bandés on vous prend pour l'amour,  
Quand ils sont découverts, on reconnoit sa mère."

*Anglicè.*

"Blindfold those orbs; before us stands  
Love's image, and no other;  
Unveil, enchantress! and reveal  
In all her charms—his mother!"

<sup>1</sup> See "Lettres de Madame de Sévigné," and "Ménagiana."

"Ménage—Ménage; betrayed—betrayed," with one voice exclaimed the listeners, while Ménage, for it was, of course, he, imprinted a respectful kiss on the hand of the bewitching Marquise, as he resigned it; and the rest, elated at their discovery, cried "Bravo, Ménage." Benserade, however, tapping the gratified poet on the shoulder, and at the same time saluting the Marquise, said, in a loud whisper which disclosed his jealousy:—

"My dear fellow, *that* is the choicest piece of workmanship that ever left your hands," and he designated by a glance the fair fingers Ménage had just dropped. The self-conscious poet winced under the cynical *double-entendre*, and the appreciative laugh of the Marquise served to increase his embarrassment, leaving Benserade master of the situation.

But dancing was now about to begin, the orchestra struck up a saraband, and a new impulse was given to the various knots in which the company had grouped themselves.

## SAINT MALACHY.

CLAIRVAUX, FEAST OF ALL SOULS, 1148.

### I.

SILENT and grey, against grey skies,  
 The monastery gables loom,  
 The yellow sunset flares and dies,  
 The lamp burns redder in the room.  
 By that red lamp Saint Bernard stands,  
 And bends o'er Malachy supine,  
 Stretched on the ash, before the shrine,  
 With moving lips and folded hands.  
 His toilsome pilgrimage is o'er,  
 And here he faints, from Ireland far,  
 Far from Beg-erin's haunted shore,  
 The ivied cavern of Imar.

### II.

A wind blows up the mountain steep,  
 The hail beats roughly on the grate,  
 The cowlèd monks throng round, and weep,  
 Or pray with sobs importunate.  
 He hears nor wind, nor rain, nor sigh,  
 His heart is in the bleeding side  
 Of Him, the Loved, the Crucified,  
 And burns to share His agony,

· Vide "Ménagiana."

Alas ! no martyr's palm is his—  
 Not his to tread the fiery share,  
 For Heaven unfolds, bliss after bliss,  
 And there are angels in the air.

III.

Ah, many eyes, too soon, shall rain  
 Hot tears through Ireland's sea-girt bound ;  
 Armagh shall mourn in ashen grain,  
 And Ibrac wail, through all its round.  
 In Benchor's choir, the joyful song  
 Will sink into lamenting strain,  
 Never his monks shall see again  
 Their father "beautiful and strong."  
 Let Cormac weep upon his throne,  
 And yet exult, for he whose deed  
 Gave him the crowning chair of stone,  
 In Heaven for him and his shall plead.

IV.

"*Into Thy hands,*"—his voice is low,  
 But yet distinct amid the storm :  
 "*Lord Jesus.*" How his fixed eyes glow,  
 Whilst gazing on Christ's bleeding form !  
 Above, the bells of midnight toll,  
 With sullen clangour ; as they cease,  
 Comes like a message fraught with peace,  
 The organ's penitential roll.  
 Speed, steadfast soul ; the fight is done ;  
 The heavens are cloven for thy flight,  
 And, piercing myriad depths of sun,  
 Plunge into God's excessive light.

V.

Morning : and, as Saint Bernard turns  
 From the white altar, dimly seen,  
 A spirit shape before him burns—  
 Uplifted wings, with eyes between.  
 'Tis Malachy ! He vanishes ;  
 A sudden perfume fills the place—  
 The perfume of the mystic grace  
 Of Heaven's adoring sanctities.  
 The grave is dug—the chaunt is loud—  
 And calmly in his last abode,  
 The brown Cistercian robe for shroud,  
 Sleeps "*Malachy, the friend of God.*"

J. F. O'D.

## THE TWO MULETEERS OF MOLLARES:

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY, M. R. I. A.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"SEÑOR," said Pascual to his master a few days after the events just described, "in consequence of the wetting she got the other night, poor old tia Ana has been laid up with a cough which won't improve her singing, I think."

"And can I cure her?" said Don Anacleto.

"Cure her, you can't, but assist her you may," replied Pascual.

"And who commissioned you to beg for her?" answered Don Anacleto with some impatience.

"Why, Señor, since she got this attack in your service, endeavouring to procure your lordship's supper, it seemed to me . . . ."

"What seems to you," said Don Anacleto, interrupting him, "is, that it is contrary to your dignity to go of messages and to do your own business, and what seems to me is, that it is contrary to the interests of my purse to take upon me the support of all the sick poor people of the village. If I became ill, it is little concern it would give you or her. I request that you will not apply to me again, as you know I do not like to be asked. The mere fact of being asked takes away from me the desire to give. These charities out of another's purse are very easy, but there's scarcely anything in the world more provoking. With me they will produce no results, for I repeat to you that I do not like to be asked."

"Yes, of course; no one likes to be asked: but my motive in asking you was not to give your worship pleasure, but to endeavour to effect some good for that poor unfortunate: and now that my own petition has not succeeded, perhaps I may be more successful in that which I present to you on behalf of herself."

"To me? And what petition can this be, pray?"

"She begs that in the charity of God you would go and see her, as she has a favour to ask of you."

"A favour! May God bless and protect me, for this is almost worse than asking alms! Favours are the curse of this country: they make justice fail; they undermine the laws; they impertinently upset everything; they are the most importunate and audacious of suitors; the cancer of government, the corruptors of constitutional regime, the dagger which the deputies hold at the breast of the Minister, the abuse of patronage and of power;—and it is in this



infamous and immoral machinery of fraud that you would place me! me!"

"Your worship speaks admirably—as well, in fact, as if you had it all in print," replied Pascual. "We know what it is to be the client of one of those gentlemen who go to Madrid to play the deputy. But that is not the sort of favour I am alluding to: there are favours and favours. What I refer to is one of those that are the daily work of charitable ladies, who do not want to act the deputy, but to do good, and who take upon them the weight of these favours as the Saints do the prayers of poor human creatures, in order to present them to Him who can remedy their evils. These favours are, Señor, the mediators between the weak, the helpless, the forgotten, and those who can aid them. They are the voice of the dumb, the eyes of the blind, the crutches of the lame, the wings of the prostrate; and even as alms are the best way in which a wealthy man may make use of his money, so favours conferred on the necessitous and the old are the best mode in which the influences and opportunities of those who possess them can be applied. If, as your worship has very well said, dishonest favours are daggers, those that are good are the instruments of justice and of blessings. Favours that can bring such comfort to the forsaken are like mothers to their children: of this kind are those that are conferred with no more interested motive than that of doing good to the nearest destitute object, with no more definitive aim than that of charity, with no other recompense than *may God reward you!* the acts, in fact, of good and virtuous souls: it is a favour of this kind, Señor, that is asked of you, and not the obtaining of a poor place for some miserable wretch."

"Well, it is all the same; I have nothing to do with favours good or bad. In my whole life I never asked a favour for myself, and it is not likely I will now do so for another. I wish you would tell this old woman, who thinks of nothing but of annoying me, that . . ."

"It was Señor the Cura who charged me to ask you in his name to go and see her, for the poor woman's mind is much disturbed, which of course is very injurious to her in her present condition."

"El Señor Cura said so?"

"Si Señor, and in those very words."

"Well, through respect to him, I will go and see this woman, though otherwise it is perfectly ridiculous to put me to this trouble. There is no place in the world where the poor are so forward as in Spain. What would be thought in the United States of a pauper having the effrontery to ask a respectable person to visit him in his dirty hovel? They know there that the police would be at once apprized of such audacity."

"What the poor know here, Señor," replied Pascual, "is, that they speak in the name of God, and so ask without fear and without shame."

"That they do, certainly; 'tis a perfect truism; but let me finish it for you, by adding the qualities of impudence and importunity. What can this woman have to ask of me?"

"That I do not know," replied Pascual.

Guided by his steward, Don Anacleto was led to a wretched hovel, the patio or plat in front of which they crossed, and entered a corral or court-yard, on which a small room opened, having an earthen floor and no light, save that which came in by the old decayed door, whose hinges were broken, and which had neither bolt nor bar.

Upon some boards raised from the ground by a few bricks placed one on the other was a coarse sack filled with straw, and on it, covered with a worn-out blanket, full of holes, lay the poor old beggar-woman. One chair of the rudest kind, half broken, and an empty box turned with its bottom upward to serve as a table, composed all the furniture of this miserable abode.

On the wall, fastened by four little tacks, was a print of the Virgin, and suspended above it was a cross of wood, on which was seen nailed the figure of our Lord in brass, the only relic which its owner had preserved of the good furniture and other effects which in more prosperous days she had possessed.

There was one object, however, which amid so much misery shone like a star in the night, and which would have attracted the attention of any one except Don Anacleto.

Upon the box which served as a table was placed a smaller one, covered with an exquisitely white napkin, on which appeared seated, in a prettily-carved arm-chair of mahogany, a figure of the Divine Child, superbly sculptured, and clad in a rich tunic of cloth of gold embroidered with pearls, and a girdle of the same costly materials, having tassels of gold. The most remarkable thing about it was that it held in its hand a pretty little doctoral staff, tipped with gold at either end, and having cords and tassels of black silk.

This most charming image belonged to a convent of nuns, and was held in special veneration by the people of the neighbourhood, who anxiously desired to have it by their side in cases of serious illness. The nuns did not refuse this consolation to anyone, so that the beloved and venerated figure of the Infant-God went equally to the houses of the poor as of the rich, since it is only religion that can understand and practise, not pride, but holy equality.

In seeing it thus so beautifully invested with the insignia of a Doctor, we might indulge the sweet illusion that we were living in those primitive times when the Christian faith was in all the fulness of its purity, ardour, and activity, in consequence of the recent direct communication of God with man. With what sweet emotion we might imagine the nuns addressing the sacred image, after they had substituted in its hand, for the ball of gold that

symbolised the world, the before-mentioned staff, "Come, Señor mio! come, darling Child of my Soul! to the dwelling of a poor invalid who calls thee. Cure his infirmities if it should be for his good; but above all things, cure and save his soul, that longs for Thee." And never has the Child-God been inattentive to the prayers of the sick who called him, and to the devout souls that interceded in their behalf.

Convents! sacred arks of the Christian faith, asylums of purity of heart, of mind and of manners; when we look through the bars of their gratings, and see the dwellers within, so tranquil, so joyful, and think of ourselves, so sorrowful and so afflicted, hearts moved at beholding their happiness can compare them to nothing but to those innocent canaries that, suspended in the aisles of the Church, sing joyfully in their cages, whilst the tempest rages without, and the other birds can find in their anguish neither protection nor refuge from its assaults.

The sick woman held her eyes fixed upon the sacred image, while her lips frequently articulated the prayer—

"For thy Father's sake, thy Mother's,  
For thy Rood's redeeming might,  
In my hour of death, Child-Jesus,  
Grant me light!"

"May God reward you, Señor Don Anacleto, for your charity in coming to such a poor and humble abode," said the sick woman, in a feeble voice.

Don Anacleto made no response, and it was Pascual who replied to the old woman, "Tia Ana, God himself came here but a little while ago."

"Yes," said the pious woman, "but with God there are neither rich nor poor."

"True, Señora, for with the Divine Majesty there are only the good and the bad: but, tia Ana, tell the master now what you had to say to him."

"Señor," said the party addressed, endeavouring to sit up and support herself on her elbow, "since the day on which my son and husband disappeared, I have gone many times to the Audiencia of Seville, to inquire if the authorities had discovered anything about them, or where they were staying. In these offices they always received me kindly, and spoke to me with politeness, as they had been ordered to do by the judges of the tribunal, whom God reward! but the answer was always the same—nothing had been heard. For some time, Señor, owing to my failing strength, I have been unable to walk as far as Seville, and I had no other way of going. Now, as your worship is returning there to-morrow, as they tell me, the favour which I have to ask of you is, that you would have the charity to call at the Audiencia, to inquire if anything has been heard about them, and to request that the answer may be sent in writing to Señor la Cura, who will give it to me;

for I would not like to die without knowing what has become of them."

"I know no one at the Audiencia, for, thank God! I never had anything to do with the tribunals," replied Don Anacleto, but the sick woman did not hear him, the anxiety of her heart having made her speak so rapidly, that a violent accession of her cough was the consequence.

"It will cost you little to promise the poor woman what she asks you," said the Cura, in a low voice, to Don Anacleto, "or even to do it, since, to obtain information at the tribunals, it is not necessary to be acquainted with the persons who have charge of them."

"What does your worship say to me?" asked the sick woman, with visible emotion, of Don Anacleto.

"That I will do it," replied he, adding immediately, "is there any thing else you wish to mention, for I have no time to spare?"

"No, Señor, no, Señor," answered the old woman; "I have only to say from the bottom of my heart, may God reward you for the good work you have done!"

Don Anacleto saluted the Cura and left the chamber, without saying the usual, "I hope you will soon be better," to the invalid.

"Pascual," said a woman from one of the neighbouring cottages to the steward who followed his master across the patio, "What did tia Ana want?"

"To ask the master to make some inquiries at Seville about her son and her husband."

"And what did he say to her?"

"He said yes, he would do so; but you know, Andrea, the proverb: 'The messenger who zeal doth lack, lags on the road, and bare comes back.'"

"And did he give any assistance to the poor thing?" asked another.

"Give! gall, perhaps; but nothing else," replied Pascual. "So determined was he not to give anything, that he did not even give her a good-day."

"What does he do with his money, then?"

"What! he puts the pieces together that they may increase and multiply."

"But he is generally thought to be a good and conscientious man, if such a thing is to be found."

"Andrea, woman, have you yet to learn that at all times, and to-day in particular, there has been a vast deal of base money in circulation throughout the world?"

At this moment the Cura, who had come out of the house, passed near the speakers, and overtook Don Anacleto.

"As sure as anything, he is going to ask some assistance for poor tia Ana," said one of the women who had observed his movements. "And look! open your eyes, Pascual, no sooner said than done;

your master is absolutely taking out his purse and giving him a coin."

"He give a coin? why, woman, you ought to pray to the Cura as a saint, for he works miracles!"

At this moment the Cura returned, and gave the piece of money to one of the neighbours, who was most attentive in looking after the wants of the poor old woman.

"Is it good, Maria?" asked she who had spoken with Pascual.

"I wish it was of gold," said the other; "but it is only a peseta."

"A Napoleon peseta, too!"<sup>1</sup> added the woman who had received it at the hands of the Cura, as she looked at it with a disappointed air.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

It is now our duty no longer to leave the reader in the same state of uncertainty in which the poor old woman was as to the fate of her son and of her husband.

Twenty years before, that is to say, about the year 1824 or 1825, on a certain day, two good-looking men, with honesty and energy stamped on their countenances, walked along behind a drove of mules and asses. The agreeable and monotonous sound of the little bells suspended from the necks of the animals diffused itself through the solitude and the silence of the country, as the gentle rays of the moon through the silence and solitude of the night. The men and beasts walked at a sustained, uniform, and measured pace—so much so, that they seemed as if they were the wheels of the same clock going through the whole round of their movements without an alteration or a pause.

"Father," said the younger of the two muleteers to his companion, "do you intend, notwithstanding all we have said upon the subject, to pay the duty which by his own mere authority the notary of Molares has imposed?"

"Well, the matter is so small," replied the party interrogated, "that it is better to pay like others, than have a quarrel about it."

"'Tis true, the thing in itself is small," said the young man, "but as we are a numerous body of muleteers who have to pass through this village, this rascal of a notary makes a good thing out of our labour, without his having any right to it, or we, who pay it, any advantage: besides there are some things too hard even for the widest throat to swallow."

<sup>1</sup> The Spanish peseta is worth about ten pence. "With the importation of Napoleons into Spain," says the author, "French francs were also introduced. These the people called Napoleon pesetas, and their value in payments was one-eighth part less than the Spanish peseta." It was the less valuable of these coins that the economic Don Anacleto presented to the priest.—*Tr.*

"You are right, my son; it is a vexation, and a great one; but I have spoken with our comrades, and they all agree that it is better to pay a few maravedis than to get into an altercation with the notaries, and particularly with this one, who is a bad man, if there ever was one—a fellow more despotic than Nero, prouder than Lucifer, and more vindictive than I have words to describe."

"Then, father, since, in my opinion, it is endurance that provokes audacity, we should not submit to this imposition, nor play the part of fools, by fattening the scoundrel with our substance. Have you not made inquiry at the proper office, and been informed that there is no authority whatever for levying this toll? What would you have more?"

"My son, you should bear in mind that this man is a dangerous enemy, and that if we do not pay him, he may do us some mischief. I do not like to rouse the sleeping lion, or to have any contention with knights of the quill, like this gentleman."

"Leave him, then, to me, father; for though he came on like an enraged bull in the arena, I would know how to stop him. Reason, believe me, is stronger than is supposed."

"Would it were so, my son! Reason is one thing for honest men and another thing for rogues, who always turn it to their own advantage, because they have more craft and cunning than the others."

"Well, then, we will appeal to the tribunals."

"And make nothing by the motion."

"And why, Señor?"

"Because at the tribunals the same thing happens as at the font—no one is baptized who has not a godfather."

"Well, then, let us compel him to take the first step, by summoning us before the courts of justice for not paying this impost, without our having any ifs and ands about the matter."

"Not a bad idea, my son. Let us try how he will take it, but don't you meddle in the business, for your blood is hot, and you may be carried too far, if he becomes insolent, as he will not fail to be when we refuse the payment. Leave him to me, and do you not interfere: for it has always been said that a deaf person hears better when spoken to in a low voice than a loud."

Shortly after this conversation, they reached Mollares, where, as usual, the notary came forward to demand his arbitrary impost.

"Excuse me, Señor Notary," said Juan Isidro Alfaro, who was the elder muleteer of the two, "we will not pay it."

"How! you will not pay it?" he replied, evidently surprised, and with an air of rancour that plainly showed the immense importance he attached to the first refusal to pay the arbitrary impost that he had created—a refusal which, if divulged, would at the same time deprive him of the handsome income that he enjoyed, and expose the criminality of the whole proceeding. "You will not pay it, my friends?" he repeated, "and why?"

"Because, on inquiry at the offices of taxation, I find no such impost has been commanded."

At mention of the offices of taxation, the notary's countenance changed; but quickly recovering himself, he said, with an assumed calm: "It is easy to explain that: they have nothing to do with it. This is a municipal impost, and is not levied by the government, but by the corporation."

"Señor," replied the muleteer, "I am as simple as God made me; but am not such a fool as some people might wish to make me. Persons who merely go through are not subject to the jurisdiction of the towns through which they pass."

"Let us leave these disquisitions, Juan Isidro, and respect the established custom," said the notary, with apparent calm: "you people from the country are very close and crafty, and to shirk payment of the smallest coin, you would bring arguments from the centre of the earth. Pay, as all others do, and as you yourselves have done up to this, and go on your way in peace and the grace of God."

"And we hope so to go," interrupted the young muleteer indignantly. "Listen to me; you are good enough to insult us, by saying that we are close and crafty, because we do not wish to pay what we have no right to pay. May I ask you, then, to tell me what he should be called who demands money he is not entitled to, and who deceives in order to effect his object, Señor Notary?"

The person addressed fixed, for a moment, on the face of the young muleteer a look full of all the rancour, all the rage, and all the desire of vengeance, which burned in his wicked heart, and then said slowly, and in a deep and hollow voice:—

"Then, you will not pay?"

"No, Señor," replied the young man; "and if you insist upon it, we shall have recourse to the law, to make you refund all the money that you have improperly received, for where justice is pleaded, no lawyer is needed."

"You have an unruly tongue, my lad," said the notary, with ill-suppressed anger; "and you would do well to bridle it. No one has ever dared to treat me with disrespect, and I vow to God I will make you repent of having done so."

"Oh! you threaten?" said the young man disdainfully.

"And be sure that what I threaten I will do," continued the notary.

"Señor," interrupted Juan Isidro, "have you any foundation for this?"

"Leave him, father," replied the son; "his threats merely serve to open purses, and to frighten cowards."

"You deceive yourself," said the notary; "my threats are not meant to frighten people, or to enforce payment, but to revenge an insult; they concern your own person most materially, and I swear to you that they will be fulfilled."

"Señor," exclaims the father, "an oath unjust falls dead as dust."

"Let us go, my son, let us go," he added, as he put his mules in motion.

"I go, Señor," said the son, preparing to follow; but, before doing so, he turned defiantly to the notary, and said, "If it is so, and that your threats are directed specially against my person, I go in perfect indifference, for my knife carries this inscription on its blade—*For the defence of my master!*"

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## CHAPTER X.

THAT evening, the notary, who was acquainted with all the profligate and abandoned characters in the neighbourhood, had an interview, at his own house, with a deserter, and a convict who had completed his term at the bridewell, and informed them that, on the following day, the muleteer, Juan Isidro Alfaro, and his son, with a considerable sum of money, the product of the sale of their skins of wine, would pass through that place, adding, that at the extremity of the village there was an olive grove, through which their road lay, so thickly planted as to be able to conceal for ever, not only a robbery, but the robbed.

Souls that have an unfortunate proclivity to crime require little instigation to commit it. They are the powder in the fire-lock: woe to him or to them who discharge it with an evil purpose! Into the olive grove indicated by the notary to his accomplices entered on the following day, as he had announced to them, honest Juan Isidro Alfaro and his son, little dreaming that they were never to issue out of it, and little suspecting that the sweet and solemn tinkle of the bells, which their mules carried, was for them, on this occasion, the funeral toll of a terrible agony, and that they who bore them were to be the mute witnesses of the horrible crime which was to terminate their peaceful existence.

"The notary has made no demand upon us, and has not even shown his face," said his son to the elder muleteer. "Do you not perceive, my father, how by its own strength, which nothing can resist, reason triumphs over unreason? You know the proverb, Señor. Turn honey and the flies will eat you."

"This man," replied the father, shaking his head, "has sworn to be revenged upon us, and he will be our enemy while there is life in his body, or that it casts a shadow in the sun."

"I am of opinion, then, that it hasn't a shadow," replied the son, laughing, "and that it has happened to him, as to the Mar-

<sup>1</sup> This is the device on the daggers of Albacete, as that on the swords of Toledo is—*Do not draw me without reason, nor sheath me without honour.*



quis of Villena, who, for having some intercourse with the devil, remained ever afterwards without one. They will lack more than that," added he, with energy, "who, because they are insolent and provoking rogues, would make honest men their slaves."

"Well, my son, this is what, nevertheless, happens in the world; and you will see that the affair will not rest so, and that he will play us an ugly trick, as he has sworn."

"Feathers and phrases are carried away by the wind."

"But not the threats of a scoundrel, my son."

"Notwithstanding their threats, we can eat bread."

"He is a man to carry out his."

"What! the most cunning hand cannot do everything that the tongue says; besides, Señor, one man is as good as another, and forewarned is being forearmed."

"My son, the life of the most loyal man absolutely hangs upon the will of the traitor."

At this moment two well-directed shots were fired from behind two olive trees. In the silence that followed nothing was heard but the fall of two bodies upon the ground, and the sound of two groaning voices that exclaimed at the one instant,

"God be my aid! they have killed me!"

"Jesus, assist me! I am dead."

In vain during that long night did she, who was the mother of one of the muleteers and the wife of the other, wait for the return of the two beings whom she so tenderly loved. Days passed away, months passed away, years passed away without bringing the slightest intelligence about them. Notwithstanding all the investigations of the authorities, notwithstanding the unceasing and unwearied inquiries of the hapless woman herself, nothing was known. A mystery, dark as a night without stars, hidden as the depths of the ocean, impenetrable as the future, gave to the grief which she felt a restlessness and a terror which did not allow time to exercise its calming influence upon it, and which deprived the unhappy woman even of the consolation of praying over the peaceful tranquillity of a tomb.

In the meanwhile the authorities still persevered in their ever unfruitful inquiries; but the people in the neighbourhood, carried away by the course of new ideas, soon ceased to occupy themselves with an event which had produced so great a sensation when it occurred. Nothing remained of it but an undying grief in the heart of the mother and wife, a remote and vague hope, which, like the little anchor, the last relic of a shipwrecked vessel, still maintained its hold at the bottom of a sea of bitterness.

Consumed by grief, worn out by the ceaseless efforts which she made to obtain information, overwhelmed by the increasing misery that surrounded her, after having sold everything she possessed, without strength or health to enable her to work, she had recourse to what the people, in its Christian and poetical language, calls *the*

*purse of God*—a purse which, like the mercy of Him after whom it is called, is inexhaustible.

More than twenty years had passed, and that unhappy woman, almost in her death agony, had implored a man without a heart to have the charity to make a few inquiries, which, by possibility, before she surrendered her martyr soul to God, might bring her some information relative to those whom she loved so much. We have seen in what manner this almost sacred supplication of a dying person was received by the excellent individual who had so little experience of the courts of justice. What a terrible contrast is produced when affliction and indifference meet face to face! 'Tis the junction of fire and frost. In physical nature the fire thaws the frost; but in the moral world, the fire of affliction and the frost of indifference meet, and such is the hardness of the ice produced by the former, that the genial glow of the latter cannot melt it.

Benign compassion! if, as we have said, love makes *beautiful* the object that inspires it, thou dost more than that, since thou makest it *beloved*; so much so that the most abject creature, and even the most loathsome animal, provided they are in suffering, and lament, do not repel thee or disgust thee. Divine compassion! give us thy tears, how bitter or acid they may be, since they serve, if not as an alleviation, at least as a consolation in our sufferings, as being in harmony with those of the Man-God who taught us to shed them.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

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## THE USES OF HOPE AND THE PLEASURES OF ADVERSITY.

BY ONE OF THE WRITERS OF "IN RE GARLAND."

**I**T is *not*, ungente reader, merely the innate perversity of the sex which leads the present writer so to collocate the words which form the heading of this paper. It is a genuine experience of the real, sober, practical every-day uses of hope; and, withal, of the true, keen, and often even lively pleasures of adversity. For notwithstanding that so much has been said and sung so well of the "Pleasures of Hope" and the Uses of Adversity, as might lead the untried moraliser to conclude that those uses and pleasures never change place, one with the other, they who have been tried have to thank kind Providence it is not so.

No, airy and disappointing as she has been painted, Hope is not always a light deceiver, wooing the unwary into seemingly green pastures, where suddenly that which simulated ground safe and soft to the forward foot gives way deep down into the Slough of Despond. And again, no—a thousand times no, as our French friends love to say. Adversity does not school us with a discipline all tasks and stripes. Into its cup is pressed not the pagan, “fennel’s bitter leaf”—bitter, however wholesome, to the last drop; but rather that plant of double flavour, that “bitter-sweet” plant known to Christians as compensation, which sprang up hard by the gates of Eden when they had shut in from the first sufferer the Tree of Life.<sup>1</sup> And it is not merely true, that “sweet are the uses of adversity,” i. e. the after uses, to those who have drunk of it deeply—for a little adversity is sometimes as trying as a little learning—and sufficiently in the Christian spirit to perceive and retain that after-taste of which the poet speaks; but that there really is, often and often, real true pleasure to be found in the very present drinking of its draught; pleasure, varying with time and place, character and circumstance, but pleasure still.

Is there not, to begin with, a keen intellectual pleasure in learning to know ourselves and others? And “he who has suffered nothing, knows nothing;” for who is it that really accepts the wisdom of Solomon upon his word? Let what seemed to be Friendship, or what looked like Love withdraw itself from us by reason of adversity, and we feel much as a child does, first totally deprived of a support, bewildered and bereft; but, like it too, we grow to find a pleasure in the proof that we can, since we must, stand and go our way alone. We never do indeed, childlike, lose all the first sad pain of loss, or find all pleasure in our self-sufficiency; but neither do we in age enjoy in fulness any other privilege of childhood. Our privilege is to realise that what has dropped away from us was not, after all, worth holding by—that it was not a true friend, or a true love we lost; and, if not bent on wilful weakness, to find its own peculiar pleasure in that which would, were Providence less provident, be unmingled pain.

Be one of the genteel drudges of the world, and say for what share in the high-jinks of Vanity Fair would you at all times give up the higher treat you enjoy, when carelessly permitted to observe the airs and graces with which accomplished society takes down its fiddle from where it hangs behind the door in the intervals of performance, and tunes it to company worth playing for? Lose what you have tried for as your prize in life, and mark how surely, if not speedily, a smile follows the sigh—or the tear it may be—drawn from you at first sight on finding yourself set down as want-

<sup>1</sup> But is it right for a Christian to discourse on the uses and pleasures of Pain without alluding more directly to Calvary, and the true Tree of Life, and to Her who stood by the Cross?

ing in every quality that makes success, and sometimes every one that merits it, by those most amiably ready to credit all the winners with tact, judgment, energy, and every virtue that should go in company with these! Is there not a pleasure, made more piquant by a not inexcusable spice of malice, to be felt in noting the mistakes and inconsistencies of those self-appointed judges who forget even the inspired vindication of the unfortunate—"To one is the prize, yet all who run, run indeed?"

But this is taking the pleasures of adversity upon the lowest ground. Let us go up higher, to that felt by the man or woman who, plunged down deep into the sea of sorrow, brings up—if with a sob like the diver's, also with a triumph and enjoyment beyond his—

"The pure and precious pearls of splendid thought."

Say, if you will, that these are not worth the price paid for them in the wear and tear of life. But when the suffering is a thing allotted, is it not happy that it has undoubtedly its triumphs and its pleasures? And then what cheer within the purchase of Prosperity can compare with that which Adversity enjoys when wit or humour drops in—a perhaps unlooked-for guest—and flavours the dinner of bitter herbs with a relish beyond that of Dives' feast? For nowhere does that "apt association of incongruous ideas," which shortly is called wit, show so brightly and keenly (as well as kindly) as where Adversity has associated its own strange extremes. Nowhere is humour so humorous as where it is not merely what it must be, akin to pathos, but is pathos itself: bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh, as is the humour born of trouble. And surely there is a pleasure beyond all pleasures of either sense or intellect in the feeling of that closest sympathy that draws heart to heart closer than the very hand-clasp that upholds the cup of a common sorrow.

Aye, truly, Adversity has its pleasures. With some persons, and at some times they are not fully known till they have passed away. Some do duly appreciate its compensations; just as some appreciate the privileges of their school-days while they last. But few of us reach mid-age without having gone through at least some special season of Adversity towards which the heart cries back, with the witty Frenchwoman: "*Ah ces bons vieux tems quand j'étais si malheureuse!*"

And now for Hope. Has not Hope its uses apart from all relation to fulfilment? Is there no use for the bud that never will, that never, possibly, was meant to flower forth? Is there no use for the leaf that drops or is plucked whilst yet unfolded? To these questions there can be no two answers: as every existent thing has its own use. And can this be untrue only of the fairest bud and softest, greenest leaf in the green glades of life? Does not—

"Hope, like the bird in the story,"

lead us on by ways in which, without her, we should sink, and despairing, perhaps, die. What matters it that the point beyond, to which we fancy she is flitting, is not the point to which she really leads? So much of the path has been gone over cheerfully, manfully, or womanfully—a thing needed quite as much—and is that of no use? If we see a weary child won to pursue his way and to make fatigue more or less a pleasure by a fruit that he is not to have, or a toy not fit for him to possess, thrown before him from stage to stage along the road that one would have him go, we think it much wiser guidance than that which mingles stripes and tears with toil. And just so it is with the fruit, or it may be the toy put before us by that Guardian Spirit which treats us, children of a larger growth, as we our little ones. Is not this use of fruit or toy a gain, though we never taste the one or get the other into a grasp that possibly would crush it to pieces, only to find that there was nothing in it?

We constantly hear advices such as, "Do not tell him that, lest it raise his hopes and he be doubly disappointed." "It would be cruel to give hope where nothing may come of it after all," &c., &c. And unthinkingly we give (at least the present writer has given) way to such phrases as to good counsel, and from sheer repetition of them, been led to hold them wise. But real personal experience counsels differently, and goes right against those cut-and-dry dicta of folk who are pithily described by our Irish saying, of "having more sense than God gave them." Where a man, under sentence of death, might be stayed in his endeavours for the world to come by a hope, vainly, perhaps, held forth to him of longer life in this; or where the hope to be given or withheld might lead one pursuing it to take a course that might be wrong, and could not be retreated from, true wisdom and true kindness might join in following out such cautious counsel. But saving some such rare exceptional cases, to withhold or to conceal a hope, merely because it is yet only a hope, seems, looked well into, neither wise nor kind. Is it not as though one should hold up one's hand between the sun and tearful eyes because one sees a cloud that may overshadow it ere long?

If "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," why should we take on us to conceal or to withhold any of its good, however doubtful, or however contingent on what lies beyond our ken? When the doctor stands with ready draught beside the sinking patient, do we dare to stay his hand because of knowing that after the stimulant may or even must come a reaction—another sinking? And shall we presume to stay the providential hand of the Great Physician, the soul's sweet mediciner? "Grant," the earthly doctor would reply to any such doctrine, "that another sinking follow, it may be less deep, or nature may ere then have gathered strength to rise again; and, at all events, 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'" This is the real wisdom. The present only, he knows, is his, present needs and present uses and appliances;

and with these he does his best, decisively and wisely. And if a hope be in seeming but such a passing draught, still, if entrusted to our hand to give, why not give, why venture to withhold it? How often do we not see or feel one hope so follow another as to be in effect one long sustainment of the sinking energies of soul! Why then reject one because that which may come after is uncertain or unknown? How know we what other hand may follow ours with more relief? We can only do that part which is ours. Does the wayfarer throw aside the staff that will sustain him part of his way on a journey, because it may break at or before the journey's end? Does the sailor cut the cable by which he may wear through dark hours in safety, because of knowing it may break, and cast his ship adrift at dawn? Surely no. And shall we rashly pluck away the hand, or forbear to offer the staff on which another may find support awhile, or cast off the anchor by which some other "pilgrim o'er life's solemn main" may ride awhile at ease? From out of the mere hopefulness of one good we take time to tarry, heart to try for, and energy to seize another, which listless despondency would let go by for ever. O reader! shun despondency! Take hope in hand, when you can lay hand upon it: take it to heart when it will graciously let itself be so embraced. Fear not to fix your gaze upon its sign. Is not its visible emblem God's first visible sign of sunshine after storm! Can it be any other than a good sign? Though it be not the sign of the precise good that we fancy forecast by it, is it not still a sign of good?—of great good? If, regarding it, we be but saved from dwelling upon darkness elsewhere, which might doom us to despair—if, pursuing it, we but feel the flinty road less sharp to weary feet—if holding fast by it, we but barely tide over an evil day: blessed are the uses of Hope.

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BY THE SEASIDE.

A SMILE is on the ripple of the sea,  
When eyes that look, look from a happy heart,  
And music fills the sea-beat on the shore—  
When on the inner ear the music falls  
That one heart plays to just one other heart,  
And plays so sweet, so strong, so beautiful,  
That every sound that Nature's working makes,  
Whether of sea or shore, each finds a place,  
And fits itself into the world-old tune  
That hearts have played since hearts began to love.

A sob is in the murmur of the waves,  
Where hearts that hear have erewhile heard the sound  
That, heard even once, makes a life desolate,  
And sets the music of all time to come  
To the wild cry that rings in last farewells,  
And touches all the pictures of the past  
With one last touch of parting and of tears ;  
When waves of time, and chance, and change have tossed,  
And beaten on the barren sands of fate  
The fairy barks which youth and fancy sent  
To the far future, freighted full with love.  
Ah ! me, such barks are tossed on desolate seas,  
Above which never shines a star of hope ;  
They sink, and, sinking, strew the spreading shores  
Of the far future with the wrecks of youth,  
And men drift blindly on some make-shift raft,  
And so forget youth's golden hopes and dreams  
That, infidels, they swear—"there is no love."

What have the waves been saying to thy heart ?  
Have they a voice, or are their echoes dumb  
Of aught but water washing on the sand ?  
Has thy heart slept, lapped in the dreams of youth,  
Not knowing yet—because no voice of power  
Hath ever sung—the song that wakes a heart ?  
Ah ! let it sleep—for in that sleep come dreams  
Golden enough to gild the common rounds  
Of daily duties into crowns of gold.  
Ah ! let it sleep—beyond are desolate seas,  
And waters always moaning, and grey waves  
That hunger for a bark that bears two hearts.

Beyond are desolate seas—but lo ! the moon  
Hath touched the grey waves with her magic wand,  
And struck a path of light across the waste.  
So, trust me, o'er life's waves, though passion-swept,  
God's Heaven of glory shines for ever down,  
And makes a path, that, like the moon-made path,  
Ends just where earth and heaven do meet afar.

H. L.

## JOTTINGS FROM A GREEK PRAYER-BOOK.

## II.

THE "STANDING"<sup>1</sup> OFFICE OF THE HOLY MOTHER OF GOD.

THE so-called "Standing" Office of the Blessed Virgin in the Greek Church, besides the story connected with its somewhat peculiar title, is also interesting to us, because of the analogy which it bears, at least in the occasion of its institution, with our own Festival of the Most Holy Rosary. The institution of the latter festival in the Western Church, to commemorate the great victory over the Turks at Lepanto, obtained through the intercession of the Mother of God, on the first Sunday of October, 1571, is but another embodiment of the same faith of the Church, which was manifested in the solemn act by which the Greek Church of the seventh century, still one in faith and communion with Rome, acknowledged the powerful mediation of our Blessed Lady, by instituting the "Standing" Office, to commemorate the relief of Constantinople, under the Emperor Heraclius, from the combined siege of the Persians and Avars, in 626.

In the first quarter of the seventh century the fortunes of the Roman Empire in the East appeared to have fallen to the lowest point. In the year 616 the army of the terrible Chosroes made its way, almost unresisted, to the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, almost within bowshot of the city which it had been the hope, as well as the boast, of Constantine to make at once the centre and the stronghold of his empire. The lengthened siege of Chalcedon which succeeded was felt to be but a prelude to the investment of the imperial city itself; and when Chalcedon surrendered, the New Rome was forced to endure for ten years the humiliating spectacle of a Persian camp on the opposite shore of the narrow strait, and within sight of its very walls. The once mighty Roman Empire had shrunk to proportions truly contemptible; and now, outside the walls of the beleaguered city itself, could claim, out of all its olden possessions, but a petty remnant of Italy, Greece, and Africa, with a few maritime cities from Tyre to Trebizond on the Asiatic coast. The stricken Emperor Heraclius, appalled by the near sight of the perils which were thickening around him, resolved to abandon his capital and withdraw to Carthage; and was only withheld from executing this craven resolve by the zeal and patriotism of the patriarch, who led him to the altar

<sup>1</sup> *Ἀκαθίστος*, literally *not seated*; the sitting posture being forbidden during the service.



of St. Sophia, and, in the presence of all its venerated relics, exacted from him a solemn oath that he would live and die with his people.

Heraclius was at last aroused from his dismay and inactivity. His first effort was at negociation with the Chagan of the Avars, who invited him to a conference at Heraclea ; but it was baffled by the treachery of the barbarian ; and in his precipitate flight from this conference, Heraclius and his train with difficulty found safety in the hasty closing of the once proud Golden Gates against their treacherous pursuers. His overtures to the Persian Chosroes were still more ruthlessly repulsed ; and he was arrogantly admonished that he must not hope for peace with Persia until he should "abjure his Crucified God, and embrace the worship of the Sun."

The story of Heraclius's awakened patriotism is well known :—how the treasures of the Sanctuary were placed at his disposal ; how he assumed the garb of a penitent over the mailed trappings of a general ; how he changed the red imperial buskins for the black sandals of a pilgrim, only to be restored to the imperial hue by being dyed in the blood of the conquered Persians ; how he left the ignoble shelter of the walls of Byzantium ; how he carried his arms across the Araxes to the capital of Medea, long lost to Roman rule ; and again, from his winter quarters in Albania, along the chain of the Hyrcanian mountains to the royal cities of Casbin and Ispahan, which never before had opened their gates to the victorious arms of Rome.

Our concern is with the later crisis of his fortunes. Chosroes, stung by these startling successes of Heraclius, aroused himself for a final effort. Three great armies, from separate bases of action, directed their simultaneous attack against three several points of the armament of Heraclius. Fifty thousand of the dreaded "Golden Spears" marched against the Emperor himself ; a second army fell upon the line of his intended junction with his brother, Theodorus ; a third, with which the story of the "Standing Office" is connected, was directed against the imperial city. Of this army, the main body, under the command of Sarbar, joined the besieging force already stationed for years in the camp of Chalcedon ; but its main hope of success lay in a plan of combined action with an army of Scythian allies, which was detailed to the opposite European shore, and whose vanguard of thirty thousand Avars speedily forced the "long wall," and drove a helpless crowd of peasants and artificers into the already over-crowded city. All hope for the Christians seemed at an end. After a month of fruitless negotiations, a ring of circum-investment was drawn around the city, "from the suburbs of Pera and Galata to Blachernæ and the Seven Towers." The terror-stricken citizens beheld with dismay the blazing camp-fires of Chalcedon, lighted up in answer to the signals from the European shore ; and the envoys who were sent to purchase, by unexampled offers, the withdrawal of the Chagan, were turned con-

temptuously back, with the insolent assurance that they need not hope to escape the arms of Avars and Persians "unless they could soar into the air like birds, or like fishes dive into the waves."

It was from this abyss of despair into which the whole city had been plunged, that, in the pious belief of the Emperor and his people, they were delivered by the benign intercession of the Virgin Mother of God. A combined assault from either shore had been planned by the Persians and Avars; and the latter, for ten successive days, had carried on the attack, the Persians awaiting at Chalcedon the favourable moment of action. At length the dreaded day approached—Saturday of the fifth week of Lent, in the year 626. It dawned in gloom and apprehension; but after a series of what the Greeks felt to be superhuman interpositions, the elements visibly fighting on their side, it ended in the signal triumph of the Christian arms. During the long night that succeeded, clergy and people, assembled in St. Sophia, sang hymns of thanks and prayers to the Blessed Mother of God; "as though," to use the moving words of the Ritual, "to Her who had kept watch over the safety of all, and who by her heavenly power had raised so signal a trophy over the enemy. And from that day, in memory of so great and so divine a miracle, the Church has decreed that the day shall be kept as a festival of the Mother of God, by whose aid this glorious victory was achieved. And the day," the Ritual adds, "is called *acathistus* [*ἀκαθίστος*], that is 'non-sitting,' because the people spent all that night *standing*, and singing hymns to the Mother of God; and because, while in all other churches it is permitted by usage to sit down, in those of the Blessed Mother we all worship standing erect."

Such is the history of this interesting festival, and the explanation of the singular name of the special service with which it is celebrated.

The "Standing Office" of the Mother of God is one of the special offices contained in the Third Part of the Horologion, or Greek Breviary, and it is, in some respects, one of the most noticeable of the entire. It is celebrated on the fifth Saturday of Lent, the anniversary of the victory which it was instituted to commemorate; and in one of the hymns which is addressed to the Blessed Virgin, as if in the person of the city of Constantinople, in the hour of its deliverance, there is an express allusion to this commemoration:—

"O Mother of God! our invincible General! I, thy city, offer thee the crown of victory! To thee, who hast redeemed us from destruction, I offer this eucharistic hymn! O thou, whose power is irresistible, deliver me from all dangers, that I may ever joyfully salute thee! Hail! thou unwedded bride!"

It is impossible, within the limits of this short paper, to give

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Gretser, in his notes on Codinus Curopalata; *Scriptores Byzantini*, vol. xviii., p. 208.

an exact account of this Office. It will best be described as an Office of the Angelical Salutation—the Annunciation to the Virgin Mary, by the Archangel Gabriel, that she has been chosen to be the Mother of God. It consists of the same parts which are found in the other Offices contained in this portion of the Horologion; but the common purpose of all this is to illustrate the mystery of the Incarnation, and to bring out all the wonders of God's mercy and power which that mystery involves. This is the key-note of the various prayers, psalms, hymns, lessons, and sequences, of which it is composed. Some portions are highly dramatic in form; especially a dialogue with which it opens, between the Angel Gabriel and the Virgin, founded on the Gospel narrative, of which it is but a development or paraphrase, and which may remind one, at times, of one of the mediæval mysteries, at times, of the recitative of a modern oratorio. The visit of Mary to her cousin Elizabeth; the doubts and perplexity of Joseph; the advent of the wise men from the east; the prophecy of Simeon;—all are introduced in succession; and through the entire is carried a series of poetical paraphrases of the Angelical Salutation, in a species of hymn peculiar to the Greek Breviary, known under the name of *οἶκος*—explanatory of the mystery of the Incarnation, and of the power and privileges of her who was its instrument. The addresses to the Blessed Virgin, which form the staple of these hymns in the Standing Office, are, for the most part, Scriptural, or founded on Scripture; and will perhaps remind the reader of the addresses to Our Lady in the petitions of the Litany of Loreto. They are interesting critically; as early Greek specimens of rhymed versification; although some of the rhymes will hardly be appreciated by scholars who are unfamiliar with the effect of accent in the pronunciation of Greek. As these *οἶκοι* may perhaps be regarded as the most characteristic portion of the entire service, it may be well to transcribe the first of the series. We venture to print by its side an English version, as close as the very peculiar structure of the original seems to admit:—

Χαῖρε δι' ἧς ἡ χαρὰ ἐκλάμψει,  
Χαῖρε δι' ἧς ἡ ἀρά ἐκλείψει,  
Χαῖρε τοῦ πεσόντος Ἀδάμ ἡ ἀνακλησις,  
Χαῖρε τῶν δακρύων τῆς Ἑως ἡ  
λύτρωσις.

Fount of the Living Joy, all hail!  
In whom the primal curse shall fail!  
Thou who shalt Adam's fall retrieve,  
And dry the sin-born tears of ransomed  
Eve!

<sup>1</sup> Much uncertainty exists as to the origin and the import of this name, which in its use has no relation to poetical composition of any kind, meaning simply "a house;" Du Cange explains that the object of these hymns is to delineate the character of the Saint, or to embody the points of the Mystery celebrated in the Office, and that they are called *οἶκος*, because they form "as it were the *structure* of the Saint's life and glory." ("Glossarium Mediæ et Infimæ Græcitatæ," vol. i., col. 1033.) The reader will not fail to observe the analogy with that equally obscure Italian name for one of the familiar divisions of poetry, which is adopted into our own and most other languages—*stanza*, the literal meaning of which is simply "a room."

Χαῖρε ὕψος δυσανάβατον ἀνθρωπίνους  
 λογισμοῖς,  
 χαῖρε βάθος δυσθεώρητον καὶ Ἀγγέλων  
 ὀφθαλμοῖς,  
 Χαῖρε ὅτι ὑπάρχεις βασιλείως καθίδρα,  
 Χαῖρε ὅτι βαστάζεις τον βαστάζοντα  
 πάντα.

Χαῖρε ἀστήρ ἐμφαίνων τὸν ἥλιον,  
 Χαῖρε γαστήρ ἰνθέου σαρκώσεως,  
 Χαῖρε δι' ἧς νεοφυγεται ἡ κτίσις,  
 Χαῖρε δι' ἧς βρεφουργεῖται ὁ  
 Κρίστης.

Hail thou, whose height thought may  
 not scan;  
 Whose depths outpass even Angels'  
 span!  
 All hail, Emmanuel's Throne of gold,  
 Whose arms the infant Lord of heaven  
 enfold!

Star, heralding the Light Divine!  
 The Word-Incarnate's fleshly shrine!  
 Dawn of the new creation's day!  
 Nurse of creation's Lord! to thee we  
 pray!

This is but one out of nearly a score of similar hymns, in which Our Lady is addressed under an exuberant variety of appellatives: as the "Heavenly Ladder, by which God came down to earth;" "Bridge by which mortals pass over the abyss;" "Gate of Paradise;" "Sea that overwhelmed Pharaoh;" "Rock that quencheth the thirst of those who thirst after life." The specimen given above, however, must stand as a sufficient representative of the entire series; and more especially, as the chief interest of the original is of a nature which it is impossible to preserve in translation, consisting in antitheses, allusions, and in some instances, in an actual play upon words, which cannot be perceived, much less appreciated, except in the original.

We shall give, instead, a specimen of another portion of the Office, which, though not cast in metrical form, is equally poetical in conception and in language. The composition to which we refer, and which is familiar in the Greek Breviary, consists of two parts, the *Hirmus* [Ἑῖρμος], which closely corresponds with the Tract of the Roman Liturgy; and the *Troparia* [Τροπάρια], which resemble the versicle and responsories of the Latin Offices. Throughout these, as through the "Oeci," in the Standing Office, the leading idea of the commemoration is maintained.

#### HIRMUS.

"I will open my mouth, and it shall be filled with the Spirit, and I will pour forth praise to the Queen Mother; I will publicly proclaim and joyfully sing forth her wonders!"

#### TROPARIA.

"O Living Book of Christ, sealed with the Spirit! O Spotless Virgin! the great Archangel, beholding thee, exclaims Hail! vessel of Joy! through whom the curse of our first mother shall be reversed!

"Hail! Virgin-Spouse of God! who hast uplifted Adam, and hast cast down Hades! Hail! thou All-Immaculate! Palace of the only King!

"Hail! thou from whom has budded forth the Unfading Rose! Thou who hast produced the Sweet-savoured Fruit! Perfume of the Almighty King! Hail! Unmarried Virgin! Source of the world's salvation!

"Hail! Treasure of Purity! through whom we have been raised up after the fall! Hail Lady, sweet-scented Lily, perfuming the faithful! O Sacrifice of sweet savour! O Myrrh of great price!"

\* The play on the names Ἀδαμ and Ἀδης will hardly attract notice in the translation.

To readers whose habits of prayer have been formed in the calmer school of western devotion, the language of these prayers will doubtless seem inflated, and the imagery over-strained and unnatural. But in prayer, as in the intercourse of common life, each age and each nationality has its own usages, its own lines of thought, and its own forms of expression. To those who are at all acquainted with the devotional writings of the oriental Fathers, and particularly with those of the Syrian Church, as for example, St. Ephraim, Symeon Metaphrastes, and St. John of Damascus, the style and manner of the several portions of the Standing Office of the Blessed Virgin will be perfectly familiar. We might also call attention to many points of resemblance with the ancient Irish hymns to Our Lady and to the Saints. Even the seeming looseness of the structure and arrangement of these prayers; the incongruousness of the epithets and allusions which are heaped together; the mixed and broken imagery with which they abound, may be regarded as by no means their least characteristic peculiarity. It will be seen that a double sense—mystic and natural—pervades the entire; and the frequent confusion of the two, or rather the application of both simultaneously to the same subject, is familiar in oriental use, and is nowhere more observable than in the Sacred Scriptures themselves.

We might illustrate this abundantly, and not we think uninterestingly, from the hymns of this Office. But we have already exceeded the space at our disposal, and we must be content with one or two further short extracts, illustrative of the main object which we have in view in these papers, namely, the analogies in doctrinal and devotional use between the Greek and the Latin Church. It would be difficult to cull out of any western book of devotions to the Blessed Virgin a more striking specimen of so-called "Mariolatry" than the following, which shall be our last extract:—

"O Mother of God! entreat thy Son to inscribe thy servants in the Book of Life!"

"We, thy servants, implore thee, and bend down before thee the knees of our hearts. O pure Virgin! incline thine ear to us, and save us, overwhelmed as we are in troubles!"

And the prayer concludes with a petition for the city, allusive, of course, to the event commemorated by the festival:—

"O Mother of God! defend thy city from every assault of the enemy!"

"Through thee, O Virgin! Protectress of mortals! the dead are brought to life, for thou hast conceived the Life from on high: the dumb speak; the lepers are cleansed; the hosts of aerial spirits are put to flight!"

"O thou who didst bring forth the Salvation of the world! Thou, through whom we are lifted up from earth to heaven! Hail! Ever-blessed! our protection and our strength! our moat and our wall!"

It would be easy, did space permit, to select from this and the other Offices of the Blessed Virgin in the Greek Breviary a new series of GLORIES OF MARY.

## PASSING EVENTS.

§ 1. **GERMANY.**—Public attention in Germany is, at the present moment, directed principally to the great struggle between the Government and the Catholic Episcopacy. The Bishops have declared the law of May to be a violation of the rights of the Church, and refuse to obey it. They therefore continue to appoint priests to the vacant benefices in their dioceses, without seeking the approbation of the Government, though this independent exercise of authority is punishable by a heavy fine.

Foremost among the defenders of the liberty of the Church, is Miecislaus Halka, Count von Ledochowski, Archbishop of Gnesen and Posen, of whom we have already had occasion to speak. Why he has been singled out for specially severe chastisement, it is not difficult to understand. His fearlessness in bidding defiance to an unjust and tyrannical law would, no doubt, be enough to draw upon him the special attention of a persecuting Government. But we incline to the belief that, had Monsignor Ledochowski's diocese extended along the Rhine, instead of along the Warta, the district judges would have treated him more considerately. The Police officers of Prussia have not yet forgotten the circumstances which accompanied the arrest of the Archbishop of Cologne, and do not care to irritate too far the populations of the Western states. But in Poland the case is different. There the people are habituated to acts of tyranny. They are unable to resist the power which is stripping them of the last vestiges of their nationality, and will, of course, be equally unable to resist that power when it proceeds to crush their religion. Moreover, acts of persecution, when they affect only the Poles, excite less comment, and consequently less sympathy, than if they were directed against other provinces. The bond which unites Poland to Germany is not one of love; and Germany has learned to look with tolerable indifference on misfortunes in which Poland alone is the sufferer. Poland is, therefore, the province of the kingdom where the experiment of enforcing the new laws may be most easily and securely tried. We have already announced the condemnation of Mgr. Ledochowski to a fine of 200 thalers, for the appointment of an ecclesiastic to a vacant cure in Filehne. On the 7th October, he was convicted of having made two similar appointments, without permission of the Government. For this offence he was sentenced to a fine of 600 thalers, or four months' imprisonment. Nine other appointments furnished matter for nine other accusations against the Archbishop.

Furthermore, his refusal to comply with the requirements of the new laws has led to the closing of the Diocesan Seminary. The "liberal" papers in Germany and their copyists in England, who congratulated themselves on the "submission" of the Archbishop,

must have been somewhat surprised at the communication which he addressed to the President of the province on this subject. Its tone is far different from what their accounts of the state of things would have led us to expect.

"For the present, I confine myself to a solemn protest against this new injury inflicted on the Archdioceses of Gnesen and Posen, and on me; at the same time, I expressly reserve to myself the right to claim compensation for the evils and losses which this injustice must cause to the people of my dioceses and to myself. As it is not permitted to the Christian, even when his most sacred rights are violated, to use open force in resisting the State, I will not open the Seminary at the close of the vacation. I take this step in the hope that God, who comes to the aid of His persecuted Church, in His own good time, will shorten these days of trial and tribulation. The future is God's, and the cause of the Church is God's cause; the concerns of my Seminary I leave to Him.—  
MIECISLAUS, Archbishop of Gnesen and Posen."

This bold resistance to tyranny has drawn upon the undaunted prelate all the outpourings of official wrath. He has been fined by the courts of law, his revenues confiscated by the Minister of Public Worship, and now the organs of the Government demand that he shall be deposed and exiled.

The other Bishops of Prussia are no less determined in adhering to the programme of "passive resistance" which they have marked out for themselves. The "*Schlesische Kirchenblatt*," official organ of the diocese of Breslau, has published a long list of appointments made by the Prince Bishop, which will doubtless give occasion to a new series of prosecutions. The Administrator of the archdiocese of Freiburg has been fined 600 thalers for appointing a parish priest without having given previous notice to the President of the province. In the archdiocese of Cologne, too, numerous "illegal" appointments have been made, which will probably lead to the prosecution of the Archbishop who has made, and of the priests who have accepted them.

But if the attitude of the Catholic episcopacy and its unexpected "stubbornness" are trying to the feelings of the Government, there is at least one Bishop whose professions of allegiance and sympathy may tend to reassure and encourage the persecutors of the Church. On the 7th October, Dr. Reinkens was formally acknowledged by the Prussian Government as a Catholic Bishop, and took the oath of allegiance to the king and obedience to the law. The formula of the oath resembles that which Catholic Bishops take on similar occasions, but those clauses were omitted in which the new Bishop promises to obey the laws of the State "as far as they do not command anything at variance with his oath of obedience to the Pope." Having sworn to be "subject, faithful, obedient, and submissive to His Royal Majesty William of Prussia, as to his most gracious king and sovereign," and having received in return the assurance that "William, by the grace of God, &c., did acknowledge Dr. Joseph Hubert Reinkens, Professor of the Faculty of Catholic Theology in the University of Breslau, as Catholic Bishop," Herr Reinkens

proceeded to address the friends who had assembled to witness the ceremony. That day was for him a day of joy. His oath gave him a sacred *right* to perform what he has always looked on as a *duty*. It was particularly gratifying to him (Reinkens), at the moment when those whose vocation it was to teach the people their duty of obedience to authority and to the laws, were stirring up the masses and encouraging the neglect of this duty, to record his solemn testimony that that obedience was a religious obligation, and that he who neglected it sinned against God. *He* did not fear that the performance of his episcopal duties would ever be at variance with the fulfilment of this obligation. In his judgment, the principles which guide the legislative and administrative departments of the present Government must approve themselves to every rational mind: nay, they sprang from the spirit of Christianity, and were thoroughly Christian. Having delivered himself of these remarks, Dr. Reinkens went forth from the presence of the Protestant Minister of Public Worship, the legalized Bishop of the Old Catholics [or New Protestants] of Prussia.

Throughout Germany energy is displayed by all parties in preparation for the approaching elections. The party of progress, the national liberals, the free conservatives, the new conservatives, the old conservatives, and the centre are all busy. Meetings are held, and the candidates of the different parties chosen. The Catholics are not behind-hand in their endeavours to secure a fitting representation in the next Landtag and Reichstag.

"The Catholic population," says the "*Germania*," prepares itself for the coming elections with an eagerness and assiduity never before witnessed in electioneering contests. Such is the power of the outraged conscience! A hypocritical and tyrannical '*Liberalism*' has dared to profane the sanctuary of our inmost convictions, and to violate the holiness of the Christian family, in order to celebrate on the ruins of the Christian dispensation its pagan orgies. Vainly have we conjured it not to cast the blazing brand into the sacred temple of peace. Let us on, then! It has desired war—it shall have it!"

§ 2. *France*.—Monarchy or Republic is still the question of the day in France. Shall it be Henri Cinq, the "*Republique Sage*" of M. Thiers, or the "*Republique Rouge*" of M. Gambetta? No wonder that men's blood courses quickly through their veins, that party spirit runs high, and that hot words are bandied about, as the crisis draws near. It is a moment of surpassing interest for France, for Europe, and for the world. The future of the greatest of the Latin nations is about to be decided; a fair and once happy land lies fainting and exhausted in the pangs of a new birth, while friends and foes await with anxious expectation the coming change. Even the great trial which is to tell to the world why France was so soon and so hopelessly overcome, how defeat was brought about by treachery and incapacity, or was due to an unforeseen combination of events, and the weakness and want of discipline of a French army—even the trial of Marshal Bazaine has lost half its



interest, in view of the vote which shall call the Comte de Chambord to the throne of his ancestors, or bid him close his days where he has lived—in exile. As matters stand at present, he would be a wondrous prophet who could foretell their issue. It has been said that poverty makes strange bed-fellows; of politics we may say the same. We should scarcely have expected to find MM. Rouher, Thiers, Gambetta, and Barodet vote together on a question affecting the most vital interests of France. But, in politics, the end, it seems, justifies the means; and so Imperialist, Moderate, Radical, and Red will conquer or fall together in the struggle against Divine Right and the white flag of the Bourbons. M. Thiers has issued a manifesto, in the shape of a letter to the Mayor of Nancy. Prince Jerome Napoleon has written to the "Avenir National." Both desire to attain the same end by the same means—to hinder a restoration of the Monarchy by a union of *all classes* of Frenchmen. They may have plotted against the Empire and helped to overthrow it; they may have held a torch to the Tuilleries, and struck down priests and bishops during the wild fury of a Commune; they may have even cast in their vote with the party that drove Thiers from power; but if they gather round to-day, and aid us against our common foe, they shall be received with open arms, and treated, for the nonce, as if they were our friends. It is with men and principles such as these that the friends of Monarchy have to do in France; but there are clear heads and willing hearts on the side of right, and there is a Providence above which shapes the destinies of nations, and leads them on in the course they have to run. Let us pray that men may not mar the designs of Providence on France.

Meanwhile, a Marshal of the Empire is being tried for treachery, in sacrificing the interests of his country to those of his master and his master's dynasty. It may be that the cause of justice has been advanced by the long delay in bringing Marshal Bazaine to trial; that there is a better chance of his defence being fairly judged; now that the wild passions aroused by defeat have had time to calm; but the efforts of his accusers to obtain a conviction do not appear to have been weakened. The net has been skilfully cast around him; his defence must be an obstinate and a vigorous one. At present the odds are against him.

§ 3. *Switzerland*.—The "liberal" statesmen of Switzerland are not less relentless in their persecution of Catholicity than their brethren in Germany. Bishops are deposed, and priests suspended from the exercise of their sacerdotal functions, in the name of freedom and liberty of conscience, and the religion of a large section of the population of the country outraged and reviled in the proclamations of the Government. Sixty-nine priests of the Jura ventured to protest against the arbitrary deposition of the Bishop of Solothurn, whereupon the Supreme Court of Berne declared them suspended and incapable of filling any cure in the Canton of Berne.

The Government of the leading Canton had a little before distinguished itself by a still more uncalled for outrage on Catholic feeling. In the proclamation which ordered the celebration of the annual national thanksgiving-day (21st September), we find the following statements:—

“This power (the Catholic priesthood) has laid under a ban the dearest possessions of a people, namely, freedom of inquiry, freedom of national life, freedom in the expression of our convictions. It attributes to its visible head—a sinful and erring man like us all—perfections which belong only to the Creator of Heaven and Earth. It endeavours to force this impious blasphemy on the consciences of all men, to obscure by superstition the reason which God has bestowed, to weaken and destroy the moral energy of the people, in order to rule with divine authority over an ignorant and demoralised population. The State officials have energetically repulsed the attacks of this power,” &c.

We see from the last sentence that the miniature Government of Berne has learned to ape the hypocritical cant of the Cabinet of Berlin, the full value of which has been so well exposed in General Lamarmora's newly published book on the events of 1866. The effects on Catholic minds of this vulgar abuse of their religion will be far other than that which these theological statesmen intended. Of this they have already received a proof in the protest which they have evoked from the Catholics of Noirmont. This document will afford matter for useful reflection to the statesmen of Switzerland:—

“We make bold to tell you clearly and distinctly that you have missed your aim. Your proceedings, far from weakening the bond which unites us to our spiritual superiors, will have the effect of uniting us to them yet more closely. All your persecutions will not shake our faith or overcome our resolution. We declare without fear that we remain, as we have ever been, persistently devoted to our Holy Father the Pope, and to our only lawful Bishop Eugena and our priests whom you have suspended.”

Where such language is spoken, Catholicity has a vitality which will enable it to bid defiance to the attacks of such enemies as the petty potentates of the petty Cantons of Switzerland.

§ 4. *Literary Items.*—Of the “passing events” in the literary world the most important this month for Catholic Ireland is the appearance of the First Number of Father O'Hanlon's long-desired “Lives of the Irish Saints.” In this department also Ireland has been too long *incuriosa suorum*. Patriotism and piety alike call on Irish Catholics to encourage this most meritorious and most toilsome work. This opening part only reaches the 5th of January, which is not extraordinary, seeing that no less than nineteen Saints are recorded for New Year's Day. To Father O'Hanlon's *magnum opus* shall openly or covertly be devoted many a future page of our Magazine; but at present we shall only breathe a fervent prayer for its success. Amongst the numerous well-executed Illustrations of this opening part we recognise many of the holiest spots of holy

Ireland, from the old Abbey of Mungret to the new Convent at Doone.

Mr. Murray, the London Publisher, announces a new work by Sir Henry Maine, which will interest some of our readers—"The Early History of Institutions, more particularly as illustrated by the Irish Brehon Law."

Japan will always have a peculiar interest for the "co-religionists" of St. Francis Xavier. We may notice, therefore, amongst Mr. Bentley's forthcoming publications, a richly illustrated work on "Japan and the Japanese," translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, to whose skilful and indefatigable pen we owe also the recently translated "Life and Work of Thorvaldsen." We fear the "Life of Gregory VII.," by the late M. Villemain, announced by the same publishers, has hardly been written in so good a spirit as Voigt's. It was left in manuscript at the author's death, and narrowly escaped the Commune, the house next to that in which it was deposited being burned to the ground.

We may set down in this place an item which does not belong to it: for it is by no means a literary novelty to see the London newspapers proposing themselves as our infallible guides and teachers, as regards faith and morals, and all our rights and duties as Catholics. In these last days they have been contending that the new legislation in Prussia and Switzerland does not trench in the least on the proper privileges of Catholic priests or Catholic people. This absurd and disgusting falsehood is refuted by the details furnished in the present article. At this moment the Catholics of Geneva have their holy and eloquent Bishop and their priests torn away from them by the Protestant Government, while there is thrust upon them as their legal pastor, forsooth, a wretched apostate, whose so-called wife (a Protestant widow from New York) has just furnished "Punch" with a pun as miserable as the subject of it, about *le fils du Père Hyacinthe perdu*. The "Pall Mall Gazette," indeed, more brutally candid than the "Times," gives up this imposture, and supports the Bismarckian policy on the plain ground that it *does* go straight against the very essence of Catholic faith and discipline; and so much the better, for Catholicity is bad, is the one evil, and must be cut down and rooted up. Here we have over again the renowned Mrs. Partington busily trundling her mop and vigorously pushing back the Atlantic ocean. "The Atlantic was roused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you the contest was unequal." Children of the Holy Catholic Church, be wise, be firm, be brave, be true; and you will beat all the Mrs. Partingtons of Printing House Square, and all the Frau Partingtons and Herr von Bismarcks likewise.

## ODE TO STANISLAUS KOSTKA.

[St. Stanislaus encountered such opposition from his family, whilst endeavouring to obey his vocation, that he resolved to fly secretly from home, remembering that "we ought to obey God rather than man" (Acts, v.). Unbefriended, he travelled through unknown lands, and could find none to feed him with the Bread of Life; but God, who always rewards fidelity, sent His Angels to minister unto him. After many sufferings, he arrived at Rome, sought admission into the Society of Jesus, and was received by St. Francis Borgia, to his inexpressible delight. His fondest hope was to die on the Assumption. As it approached, his strength visibly declined, and having joined, here on earth, in the preparation for that Feast, on the Eve, he celebrated the Feast itself in the Home of his desires. His own Festival is kept on the 13th November.]

## I.

BEAM, stars, with gentle ray,  
 And guide the wanderer's way  
 Across the rugged steeps and forest's gloom;  
 Rise not, unkindly gale,  
 All rudely to assail  
 The cheek, deep mantling with youth's passing bloom;  
 But with soft breezes, whispering hope,  
 Bid him good cheer, till morning's sparkling eye doth ope.

## II.

He flees the home of youth,  
 Prompt to the voice of Truth,  
 And leaves friends, parents, pleasures, country—all:  
 To him, that whisper lone  
 Seems like a sister's tone;  
 Or like the soft notes of a mother's call,  
 Summoning the infant to her breast,  
 That, free from dangers nigh, there calmly it may rest.

## III.

Speed, Stanislaus, thy course!  
 Nor bribes, nor tyrant's force  
 Will turn thee from thy heaven-directed goal:  
 Kind Angels, lead the way,  
 And words of comfort say,  
 To calm the terrors of thy anxious soul;  
 Peace soon shall end the lingering strife,  
 And envying Cherubs feed thee with the Bread of life.

IV.

Rome opes to thee her gates,  
And glad Religion waits  
To welcome thee within her close embrace ;  
All withering cares are o'er,  
Hope smiles to part no more,  
And tears of joy the tears of sorrow chase.  
Sweet years ! to some few favoured given,  
Balm of the wounded heart, a foretaste sure of Heaven !

V.

Assumption-day is near,  
To his pure soul so dear ;  
And he would hymn his Mother's praise above,  
Far from the grovelling earth—  
Home of unhallowed mirth,  
Where baser sense pollutes the flame of Love :—  
His gentle spirit wings its flight,  
And soaring joyous onward, gains the realms of light.

VI.

Thee, with peculiar claim,  
We ever fondly name,  
As our our own dearest ' brother out of sight ;'  
Beneath thy sheltering wing,  
In dangers, still we cling,  
Nor heed the angry storms of wildest night.  
Thy glance can chase the clouds away,  
And summon back the glowing radiance of the day.

E. D.

## LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

## II.—ABOUT CERTAIN NEW BEGINNERS.

**T**AKING my seat in my professorial chair, and seeing, as I do really see, my shadowy audience grouping themselves silently around me, and feeling very keenly how many there are of that silent "class" who could speak with much more weight and usefulness, from a professor's chair: my first feeling, and I think a very natural one, is—how difficult it is to begin—that is, to begin well. If one could only strike the proper key-note, how readily might the melody flow out like water or like wine.

In the shadowy audience that I feel to be around me, there is, probably, one heart, perhaps more than one, to whom, for certain reasons enclosed in the occult mysteries of sympathy, some word that I could say might be as Moses' rod upon the hard rock, forcing out the springs that quench a heart's thirst, and fertilize a barren life. If I could only draw that one face out clearly from the shadowy mists, and take one long look into the depths of the revealing eyes, it is possible that I might find the magic word on the tip of my pen. But it may not be. These written words must take their chance—must go forth, like wafted seeds—to fall, some upon the travelled highway where the feet of busy wayfarers will trample them into the dust; but, it may be too—and it is the dear hope of every one who writes—other some to fall gently upon the generous soil of some warm heart, that may one day find upon the spot a flower, and scarcely ever dream from whence it found its way there.

I warned you, my dear readers (I fain would say "friends," but perhaps it is too soon for that) that I am a most audacious digressor. Do what you will, pray as you may, I will keep no dusty road while the distant hills are all so green, and paths wind up to them, so daintily marked upon the grass, that fairies might have made them in their fantastic dances under mellow harvest moons.

But about beginning. There is a great deal in how you do it—"Dimidium facti," &c., saith the old Latin grammar. It has been said in the proverbs of a hundred tongues, how much colouring the work takes from the beginning of it. It is a curious thing, and one that must occur to any one who writes, that it is almost absolutely certain, that at no other moment of all his life would he have written the page before him precisely as he has just written it, and as to how he has written, much depends on how he began. We writers think we are using words with absolute mastery; but the words have in them a certain subtle power that gives some of the mastery to them. Do you suppose that I have the faintest notion of the precise words that shall fall from the tip of my pen, say, two lines down? Not

a bit of it. No writer has. What he is going to say he knows in a general sort of way; but as to how he is going to say it, he himself must wait and see. It would seem as if some power, quite independent of ourselves, were interfering in the matter. And, indeed, in our own individual cases, we, writers, are not slow to admit such an interfering power. We call it "inspiration" and "genius" and other fine names.

The old difficulty about walking was solved, *ambulando*. The difficulty of beginning has been overcome by having begun. I have made myself somewhat more easy in my chair, can look around me less nervously, fortified by the consciousness that at any rate I have said something. But I had certain notions to propound, and I have not lost sight of them, and you will allow me to shape them into words after my own erratic fashion. Professor though I assume to be—probably spectacled—imagining myself now and then to be old; not, I would have you to know, by reason of any large lapse of years, but rather because I flatter myself that I have stored up the produce of several vintages of experience, of rare and precious brand. For, you see, there were comet years in my life since I began to live. Well, however all that may be, I use my eyes, and I see a great deal of what is going on around me; and I believe that to be a much rarer gift than perhaps you imagine. It so happens, and I thank my stars for it, that I am placed rather on the outskirts of the fight than in the press of battle. Consequently I see more of the battle of life than some of the active combatants. And occasionally, too, thank God, it is the fortune of my position, that I can draw some sorely maimed sufferer out of the throng, and bind up his crushed limbs, and pour oil into his gaping wounds.

Well, amongst the people who attract a share of my attention are certain new beginners whom I will present to you, and in whom, if you only observe their manners and customs, you will doubtless take an intelligent interest.

It happens—it happens constantly—it is always happening more or less. You must surely have observed it. They marry, this little more than boy, and this little more than girl, and they begin their housekeeping on the slenderest possible stock of experience. They begin it in not a little of the spirit with which, not so long ago, they used to conduct those childish pastimes that often give to people with a touch of humour in them such a comic commentary on the future grave pursuits which they foreshadow. I can well imagine the young husband and the young wife shyly making each other's acquaintance, and admitting each other into those barred and locked chambers of character that are rarely or never opened before marriage. They learn by degrees little things about each other, which, little though they be, are to them of unspeakable importance. Above all they learn, and it is well if they learn wisely—though the knowledge has a smack of the bitter in it—

the inevitable abatement they must make in their before-marriage ideals of each other. It has, I repeat, its touch of sadness, this knowledge; but it has to be acquired. Then they get what I may call the "lie" of each other's mind, and may congratulate themselves if they have common thoughts on great subjects; but may, perhaps, much more congratulate themselves if they have many common tastes and common feelings about things which fools, and only fools (but fools are numerous), call little. It is a comment I have made on life in general, that people differ with more bitterness about matters of feeling and of taste, than about matters of pure thought. And then I laugh quietly to myself when I picture the effort *he* makes to sustain the character of a man, which, in virtue of his marriage (and he feels only too keenly in virtue of little else), all his acquaintance thrust upon him. And again the effort, many times to be renewed, that *she* makes to remember that she is no longer a mere girl; and my quiet laugh is only deepened, when, as sometimes happens, the thing is overdone, and the young wife assumes a matronhood that would be the natural growth only of long, long years. How full of tender humour, of deep pathos, of laughter, and of some not very bitter tears, it all is, if one could only see it, as a sympathetic angel might be supposed to see it.

Then comes, in God's good time, to the young couple, a tiny form—the embodiment as it were of their affection—a tiny voice that breaks the silence of their love, and yet, more eloquently even than that silence, expresses it. You can see a new dignity seated on the young husband's brow, and a deeper tenderness gleaming in the eyes of the young wife. For evermore the tone of the house has changed—for all the music of the house has set itself to the shrill treble of "baby's" cry. God has given to this man and this woman one of the noblest possible tasks. He has created for them a new being, rich with all the yet unexhausted possibilities of human nature. What a trust it is!—not alone a new body to be fed and nurtured, but a new soul that is no sooner born than *it*, too, is hungering for its proper food. It will starve and dwindle if it be not fed, and even when it is fed it will take shape and grow in a way that very much depends on the sort of food it gets. It, too, must have its light, and air, and sunshine. Very fair, no doubt, were the flowers of Paradise given into the keeping of the first human pair, but how, in fairness or in beauty, could they compare to this tiny baby flower!—the latest planted in God's garden of the world, and given to be nurtured to perfection by a father and mother. Verily, in this garden God's angels shall walk betimes, and God Himself come often to see how His gardeners are doing their work. Here is another new beginner, in whom almost every one that sees him feels compelled to take an interest. And this beginner begins as if he had a right to begin, and knew it. He has no sort of hesitation in expressing his feelings, no reticence whatever about his wants. By-and-bye



he waxes strong and large, and crows and splutters, and kicks lustily, and stretches out his bits of hands as if they were meant to grasp the universe. The little eyes dilate with wonder at every new sight, and every sight is new. But if everything he sees is new to him, everything he does is new to his young mother. He smiles, and his smile is a revelation—for never surely baby smiled with so sweet a smile, since little Abel (ah! not Cain, though he was eldest born, and, doubtless, smiled as babies have been smiling ever since) smiled up into the face of Mother Eve. His laugh has music in it such as his mother, at any rate, never heard before. His very wrath is sublime. As a poet might gaze on a storm-tossed sea, so a mother beholds her child's momentary fit of passion—as yet he is no more responsible than the sea itself. He cries for the moon in heaven, and it scarcely seems absurd, for he seems, in virtue of his very babyhood, to have a sort of right to it and to everything.

What an event is the first tooth, appearing after painful days and sleepless nights, and infinite pity from every one about. Quite an event—an event only to be equalled, and equalled and surpassed, by his first articulate word. What word it is, is known only to the mother. She hears it distinctly, days, if not weeks, before any one else can recognise anything better than well-defined babble; if unmistakable, certainly as yet inarticulate. Be it what it may, it has uttered itself first in the mother's heart before it lives on baby's lips. Bethink thee, how the angels crowd around to listen to baby's first word—first link, as they hope, in a golden chain that will one day bind together earth and Heaven. Ah! baby, many a wise, eloquent word, it may be, those lips of thine shall speak in the aftertime, but never word so profoundly interesting to any human being as was that first broken word to thy mother! Soon, animal instinct begins to be tempered by some manifestations of a rational nature. Baby learns rapidly more things, and more rapidly than he shall ever learn even when the sun of intellect shall have reached its meridian. Just think of all a baby has to learn, and in so short a time—the uses of his limbs, involving, as he may see for himself if ever he comes to be an anatomist, a vast and complicated series of mechanical problems. He has to become acquainted with dangers, and how to avoid them—with difficulties, and how to overcome them. He has to read faces long before he can dream of reading books; and it is wonderful what skill baby acquires in this art, but it is an acquirement that he will lose in great measure as he grows up. Then he is rapidly acquiring a new language, and acquiring it with such subtle touches of idiom, that never in after-life need he hope to learn another language quite as thoroughly. Then, he has to make acquaintance with a world as new to him as the world once was new to Adam. As before that great first father, so before baby, must pass the animals, each to be ticketed with its name; then the inanimate objects—the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the green old hills, and the streets of the old town, and the houses—each,

believe you, with its different face, different with subtle touches of difference—and the trees, and flowers, and lanes of the country places—and all these are photographed so accurately, and with such keen acids written into the fresh surface of the soul, that it is found, in most cases, that, when other later pictures have faded and perished, these first ones come to the surface, with all their early freshness still undimmed. Even poor old Falstaff—however his soul have been overlaid with evil experience—in the last days of his unquiet life, will babble of the green fields where his happier childhood played.

And in all this varied learning the mother is head teacher. The father's part will come in due time, later on; but, thank God! our mothers have the first of us. Have you ever watched a mother in her home school? Well, she is clever as she never was clever before—wiser than ever she has been or could be for her sole self; far-seeing, conjecturing the future so well, that conjecture, sometimes, as by some divine right of motherhood, seems to be elevated to the domain of prophecy.

And then baby—scarcely “baby” any more, begins to be—a poet. Yes, a poet. At one time every one is, for a time, a poet when he is a child. For, lo! the world is full of beauty—and no long use has yet dimmed the keen eye of the young soul. And he is open to the influence of wonder—and he is full of awe—and “the light that never was on sea or shore” is for a time, glorifying even objects which he will afterwards learn to call common, and to think commonplace. And sometimes his young soul is lifted up on some tidal wave of passionate terror, and all these things make the world very wonderful, and make this new beginner a poet.

I, the present lecturer, remember with a vividness, which I would utterly fail if I sought to express in words, the day and the hour when I first saw the sea. I sat upon the beach, literally spell-bound—overcome by an awful fear, and yet even more fascinated by some strange charm. I wished to be away, and yet could not tear myself from the sight. Now, I am sure, I was something of a poet in that hour.

When I was more or less a beginner in this weary world—about the time I first began to know that there was an extensive world beyond the town in which I was born—that great world was in a state of unusual commotion. It was the year 1848—and rumours used to come of probable and likely wars. Now no one of those who spoke freely of those things before me, not heeding the presence of a child, could ever have dreamed of the storm of terror these rumours raised in my soul. Then came an element of the preternatural to make the terror greater still. For, I was told, and with the utter faith of childhood believed it to the letter—that a mysterious horseman in a soldier's cloak, spurs on heel, and sabre jingling at his side, had come riding a travel-worn steed in the gloom of

the night, and had repaid the assistance of a friendly smith by a warning to be prepared for some awful doom that was to fall upon the land. I am sure that no actual doom could possibly awaken in me now anything like the emotion of terror—remember, not counterpoised as terror would be now by any large exercise of the reflective faculties—which I felt habitually in the days I speak of.

But there are other memories of that beginning time, not quite so dreadful, but still full of awe and wonder. There was near our house an old church tower—a ruin with open windows, and I found myself, some way or other, in possession of the fearful knowledge that this tower was the private residence of a giant. I used to watch that tower from the window of my room, for hours together, and ponder, with all the might of my young mind, over his mysterious occupations; and I am sure, where the shadows of the crows were brisk, I often saw him moving within. I was not afraid. I felt myself too far out of his reach for that; but I felt the keenest interest in that giant, with just a dash of awe; and, oh! I wish I could feel just that way for an hour, about anything now.

There are other childish memories of which I do not care to speak; but merely to say this about them, that if anybody knew the vast possibilities of terror in a child, a terror that will fasten its teeth into the little life, and of which the child would die rather than speak—I think if people knew this, they would, unless they were brutes, try to guard a child from such emotions. I do not suppose all children experience these as I did; but these things, felt keenly and remembered well, have had their part in making me what I am. And what is that? the reader may ask; of course I answer, “I do not know;” and equally of course, perhaps, I think to myself that I do know tolerably well. But this I *do* know, that whatever I am—I am not finished yet—nor shall be till they pull the face-cloth over my face, and fold the still hands across my breast.

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## NEW BOOKS.

*I. Nazareth.* By MRS. CASHEL HOEY, (London: Burns and Oates, 17, Portman-street.)—This little book contains an interesting account of the labours undertaken by the nuns of Nazareth in the Holy Land. By a singular train of circumstances the religious who began their work in France, and chose the name of “Nazareth” as their religious title, were called on, some thirty years later, to make a foundation in the veritable “Nazareth of Galilee,” so dear to every Catholic heart. It was time, indeed, that Catholic women should come to the rescue. Heresy had been beforehand; and in the very spot where the Archangel had first hailed Our Lady as “full of grace,” her sweet name was denounced, devotion to her called a sin. So the brave nuns came to fight her battles; and the letters which one of them wrote home to France are now given to the world. “Come a little way with me,” she says, “to the Virgin’s Fountain. Nineteen centuries ago, as it is this day, this was the only spring at which the women might draw water; and we see them coming and going along the pathway

carrying their great water-jugs upon their heads, just as the Mother of Jesus came and went in her time along the self-same way."

The first thing the nuns had to do was to open a dispensary and proclaim themselves as universal doctors; for it is only by thus gratifying the strongest desire of the Eastern races for physical relief that there was any hope of getting at their souls. Christians, Turks, Bedouins, Greeks, and Arabs flocked to their dispensary, and came away well-pleased. The Sisters were amazed at the cures they effected and the relief they gave. It was true their patients were very docile, and by no means hard to please. The blacker the draught, the more bitter, the more repulsive, the better they liked it, and the more they wished to swallow. One of the lay sisters showed a remarkable talent for doctoring. "She has become a doctor, a surgeon, a dentist, an oculist. She has a large and increasing practice, and her fame has spread far away into the desert itself. The Bedouins in particular do homage to her skill and her devotedness; and she must be ready to attend to them at all times. . . . They go off to the dispensary, bleeding from all sorts of wounds—broken heads, torn limbs, fingers chopped off, every kind of mutilation. Sister Mary Anne receives them with composure; there she is with her needles and her knives, her ointments, her lint, her bandages. Her patients submit with much fortitude, except in the article of dentistry.

"One day a newly married couple presented themselves, and the husband, pale with fear, allowed his wife the rarely accorded honour of precedence. 'Go on,' said he, 'you will see how skilful she is.' Sister Mary Anne pulled out the offending grinder for the bride. 'It hurts very little, she is very clever,' said the brave little woman, who had hardly winced; and then she yielded her place to her trembling husband. He took it, uttering lamentable cries and hampering the operator by catching hold of her hand."

Of all the different tribes whom the Sisters relieve, the Arabs alone show marks of gratitude. The women will hug them at times, and a chief will assure them he "has placed them in the pupil of his eye." A Turkish woman, who believed in the Blessed Virgin in her character of "Mother of the Prophet Jesus," promised Our Lady to give a sheep to the convent if she were cured. Her prayer was heard, and the poor woman came back to fulfil her vow. The Sister received her, thanked her for her gift, and proceeded to drive the sheep into the yard. But the poor woman, wildly distressed, exclaimed, "What! is Miriam not to know I have kept my word?" and it was impossible to calm her until the sheep had been taken into the chapel, and placed in front of the statue of the Blessed Virgin.

One of the greatest consolations these hard-working nuns enjoy is that of baptizing so many dying children—numbers are brought to them to cure, on whom the finger of death is surely set, and then the nuns hasten to baptize them. One Sister has baptized 101 children, of whom all but two died. Over these two she continues to watch, hoping to be able one day to tell them what has been done for them.

From the dispensary the Sisters went on to school-work, in which they met with no small difficulties. Parents thought first, that as the mothers had grown up in ignorance, so might the children; and when persuaded out of that error, imagined one year was quite sufficient to turn out any child, no matter what was her age, an accomplished scholar. One child, who was to remain two years, was expected to learn English, Italian, German, Greek, and "all the languages." However, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the work has gone on. The Sisters have now five houses in the East, and their schools contain 1006 children. They have done much also for adults by means of confraternities. They attain such influence for good over the married women, that the husbands come to consult them on domestic affairs, sometimes of course to complain. "Is your wife orderly in her ways?" asked a nun one day of a husband. "As to that, my good Sister," he answered, "it does not make any difference, for there is nothing in the house for her to look after."

The Protestant "Missions" in the East have attacked the Sisters with a fury and virulence before which the polite language of Connemara soupers pales by

comparison. It sounds well in a "Report" to be sent home to England to descant on "Jesuit nuns" with "immense wealth," "inciting boys to stone in the streets pious young persons repairing to prayer meetings." As, however, many honourable English names figure as patrons in these same Reports, the Superior General of the nuns at Nazareth has thought it well to form a Committee of English Catholic ladies on her side; and from her visit to England for this purpose has originated the publication of this little book. Our readers will find it well worth reading. Father Humphrey, O. S. C., contributes a very interesting preface.

II. *In Re Garland: a Tale of a Transition Time.* (Richardson: Dublin and Derby.)—The reader of this story of Munster life will, after the first ten pages, feel that he has made a discovery—the discovery, namely, of a writer who can reproduce with very unusual completeness and naturalness the conversation and customs of Irish people of the farming class, and a little lower. The "Transition Time," in which the events occur, is that recent epoch when the Incumbered Estates Court began its work; and the scene of the story is laid in some rural district of Munster. We do not recollect any tale of equal length which practises such abstinence from all description of scenery and moralising digressions. The writer (for convenience sake we use the singular number, though the work purports to be the product of some Erkman-Chatrian combination) plunges at once into the life and motion of the little domestic drama, and interests us at once in the actors, without the aid of prologue or scene-painting of any kind. Not that the plot, though clever, is over agreeable. The tombstone of such a person as Mr. Garland is a dreary ending for a story. And why is the fate of the poor mother passed over completely? The farmer and the farmer's wife, who bring up Mary so well, are admirably drawn with all their actual surroundings. For instance the preparations for the Priest's breakfast at the Station are exquisitely described; and other real "realities of Irish life" are depicted with all reverence and sympathy, without any trace of sneering, patronising vulgarity. Good taste and strong faith in the people and in the people's faith are everywhere discernible, even in such funny passages as the preliminary discussion as to the best way of cooking that delight of the Corkagian palate, a dish of *drisheens*.

III. Though we have delayed so long in noticing it, the first *hommage d'auteur* came to *Catholic Ireland* from Catholic Tyrol. The learned Professor of Canon Law in the University of Innsbruck, Father Nicholas Nilles, has published a third edition of his treatise *De Rationibus Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu et Purissimi Cordis Mariæ e fontibus Juris Canonici erutis*, an edition so much improved and amplified as to be substantially a new work. Of course it commends itself to none but a very special class of readers. Not only is it composed in Latin, but the treatment of the subject is severely scientific, with all that richness of German erudition which discusses every topic exhaustively (in more senses than one). Besides its own great merit and utility, this work of Father Nilles will be a rich storehouse of materials for all who wish to treat of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and other subjects of piety. This is particularly true of the Third Book, which is styled *Liber Asceticus*, and which consists of a collection of all the authorised Masses, Offices, Hymns, and Prayers in honour of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, and of the Most Pure Heart of Mary. To Father Nilles' devout and erudite pages we shall often have recourse.

IV. *Historical and Legendary Recollections of the Rock of Cashel.* By M. ST. JOHN NEVILLE. Second Edition, enlarged. (Dublin: M<sup>rs</sup> Glashan and Gill, 50, Upper Sackville-street.)—This pretty volume weaves together very gracefully all the legends and historical facts, whether of sacred or secular interest, that are associated with the famous Rock of Cashel. From musty old tomes and from contemporary poetry, from the "Annals of the Four Masters" to those "Legends of St. Patrick," which Mr. Aubrey de Vere has recounted in some of the noblest and worthiest of modern verse, nothing seems to have escaped the loving diligence of this fair Chronicler of the Rock. Amongst the very interesting additions made in this new edition our metropolitan readers will be attracted by the

account of the heroic martyrdom of Dermot O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, which took place on the spot now known as Stephen's-green.

Miss St. John Neville dedicates her book—these Shamrocks, as she says, from one of the holiest shrines of Erin, which is now but a broken chancel and a broken cross—to Lady Georgiana Fullerton, “whose generous exertions for the benefit of poor Irish Catholics in London have sustained many a sinking heart, and rescued from danger many a helpless little one.”

One omission has struck us. Amidst all her affluence of poetic illustration, how have the solemn and sonorous stanzas in which Dr. Murray of Maynooth was perhaps the first to celebrate this eminently poetical theme—how has this poem, which Mr. Mac Carthy has enshrined in his beautiful “Book of Irish Ballads,” been exempted from paying tribute to this latest historian of Cashel's Rock and Cormac's Chapel?

*V. Mary Desmond and other Poems.* By NICHOLAS J. GANNON. (London: Samuel Tinsley. Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill.) Poets who devote their gifts to themes connected with our Faith and our Fatherland are not so numerous that we can afford a further delay in noticing Mr. Gannon's last elegant volume, though our present notice must be very inadequate. The title “Mary Desmond and other Poems” obliges us to begin with Mary, which we should, indeed, be sure to do for her own sake. She is a good, sweet Irish girl, “her voice and manner gentle as a Saint,” whom Dermot of course loves and wishes to wed. But the potato-blight brings on the famine, or, as the poet tells the sad tale, avoiding skillfully the unmanageable word potato—

“A noisome cloud hung thickly o'er the land,  
And from that cloud a curse leaped down to earth,  
And blasted Nature's seedlings in their prime,  
The people's food was poisoned far and wide.”

Dermot is forced to emigrate, while Mary Desmond has to stay behind with her aged father. But they part cheerfully, in the hope that, as they are still hardly more than children, Dermot may return with money enough after six or seven years of exile. The young man prospers; but the greed for gain gets hold of him, and detains him beyond the prescribed period on the other side of the Atlantic. He returns home only in time to see poor Mary die, and to follow her to her grave, heart-broken. This dry analysis of the story will, with all its dryness, show that Mr. Gannon has chosen a theme susceptible of highly poetical treatment; and he has succeeded so well that doubtless he is himself more sensible of his shortcomings than the keenest of his critics. One who is not the keenest but the bluntest of them would desire, in such a poem, a more pastoral pathos and simplicity, something more after the manner of Tennyson's “Dora” than of Tennyson's “Guinevere.” We grant that it is generally profitless criticism that objects to anything good for not being something else which is supposed to be better: but throughout this poem there seems to be too great an effort, too constant a straining after imagery and poetical language, and the real language and feelings of such people as Mary and her lover are not translated closely enough into blank verse. There is a decided surplus of similes—a more generous fault than a dearth thereof, but still a fault. In the first half-page the word “like” introduces formally three regular elaborate illustrations of a couple of lines a-piece; and we have noted at least two instances of a simile involved within a simile. Mr. Gannon seems to prefer blank verse, of which he has attained considerable mastery. The second, and perhaps the most finished of the poems in this volume—“Columba, the Dove of the Cell”—is in this metre also, and impresses us as a still more commendable trophy of the taste and skill of this Irish Catholic poet, whose volume we must now close for the present, though we have only turned over a few of its pages.

# CATHOLIC IRELAND.

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DECEMBER, 1873.

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## THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

THE title I have prefixed to this paper is rather formidable, and may suggest the idea of a ponderous volume, or at least of considerable prolixity. But, though the subject is vast, I am not about to treat it on a large scale. I will content myself with briefly stating, and very moderately developing, a few principles, necessary at all times to be well understood, and never more so than at present. I will speak throughout as a Catholic addressing Catholics. I should not be afraid or ashamed to say the same things to non-Catholics, and I shall not be sorry to have some of them among my readers; for it is well that they should know what we really hold, and many of their number would think it not so unreasonable after all. But they cannot be expected to accept without a good deal of argument all that I may assume in dealing with Catholics.

It may be asked why I should tell Catholics what they already admit. I reply that many Catholics—otherwise well-educated men—form confused notions, and even fall into serious mistakes, regarding various points of Catholic doctrine. They fail to realize all that is contained in the truths which they hold, and often unwittingly entertain opinions which are far from being sound. They, at times, culpably or inculpably, shut their eyes to truths that either form part of the Catholic faith, or are closely bound up with it. They occasionally need to be put in mind that if our holy religion is to be received as Divine, it is to be received in its integrity, and with all those conclusions which cannot be consistently denied to flow from its dogmas. Once revelation—Christian, Catholic revelation—is admitted, we must treat it in the same way as we treat natural knowledge, not evading obvious consequences which cannot be questioned without virtually questioning premisses

that we profess to receive as altogether certain. Revealed truths are truths in the same sense as other truths, and demand, like other truths, that in embracing them we should embrace whatever is essentially connected with them.

Formularies are necessary, that the chief doctrines may be clearly set forth. But formularies, especially those which are incomplete, and even those which are complete for their purpose, do not fix boundaries within which we can intrench ourselves and say: I admit all that is stated here in so many words; but outside of these terms I will reject what I please. Much less can we frame a formulary for ourselves, and select the dogmas it is to comprise, while we set aside others equally entitled to a place. As I have used the word *dogma*, I may take occasion to observe that the tenets of a Catholic—the obligatory tenets of a Catholic—are not confined, nor does any Catholic who is sound and well instructed conceive them to be confined, to what are strictly called dogmas of faith. This will be brought out more clearly as we proceed, but it is no harm to make the observation here in passing.

I will not expend any more of my limited space on prefatory remarks; but will proceed at once to ask and answer a fundamental, though apparently simple and elementary, question. What is a Religion? more definitely still, what is the Catholic Religion? It is, I reply, the sum of all the truths which God has proposed for our belief, of all the laws He has enacted for our observance, and of all the external means of obtaining grace He has provided for us on earth. The Catholic Religion is nothing less than all this, otherwise it would not be, as it assuredly is, an adequate way of salvation. Were it not so, a Catholic might live perfectly up to his Religion and lose his soul.

In the Catholic Religion there are three great elements, the dogmatic, the moral, and the sacramental; to say nothing at this stage concerning a fourth, namely, the administrative or governmental, which may be referred in some sort to the sacramental, but may also be distinguished from it, as I prefer doing. These three elements are interwoven with each other. For there are dogmas which regard morals as their object, and there are dogmas which regard sacraments and other helps to sanctification as their object; and, on the other hand, the belief of dogmas and the use of sacraments are matter of moral obligation.

My present concern is more particularly with morals, as such—the moral element, as such—and with the Divine Laws which command or forbid a variety of actions. Under the name of actions I include words and thoughts, which are in reality so many actions.

There are two great kinds or classes of Divine Laws, namely, the Natural and the Positive. Natural Law is that which is demanded by the nature of things, and has been accordingly enacted by the Author of Nature. Positive Law is that which He has freely superadded for wise purposes. Either class may be spoken of in



the singular or in the plural number, may be called *Law* or *Laws*. The first class is more generally spoken of in the singular than it is in the plural number, and certainly oftener spoken of in the singular number than the second.

The end I have proposed to myself requires that I should dwell especially on Natural Law, and develop the notion of it I have already given in a single short sentence. I take for granted, in addressing Catholics, that there is such a thing as *morality* of human actions, distinct from their mere utility, and not universally or exclusively depending on it. Among the pestilential and degrading doctrines disseminated by many modern infidels is the denial of this truth. It would be going out of my way to refute them here. There are various degrees in the doctrine I have alluded to, some worse than others: but the whole principle of such systems is false. I do not mean, of course, to deny that morality often coincides with utility, and that morality is closely connected with the interests of men, their temporal as well as their eternal interests. But that utility is the whole origin and basis of what is called moral goodness, and of its distinction from what is called moral evil, is a thoroughly unchristian theory.

Natural Law is based on the nature and relations of things, principally on the nature of God and His relation to man, on the nature of man and his relation to God and to his fellow-men, and to himself, so far as any being can be said to bear a relation to itself. This Law is a real Law, as truly a Law as any other; a Law indeed called for by the nature of things, and which the Divine attributes require should be made in the supposition of man's existence. It is not made by nature, for a law must come from a superior, and nature is not superior to itself; but it is made to satisfy a requirement of nature. The Legislator is God; the primary medium by which He promulgates this Law, the herald that proclaims it, is man's reason, whose dictates declare its existence and enactments. For reason, properly applied, recognises the requirement I have mentioned; knowledge of the requirement brings along with it knowledge of the existence of the Law, since even reason teaches that God cannot neglect such a demand. Further, knowledge of the details of the requirement includes knowledge of the details of the Law. The more prominent of these details constitute the principles of the Natural Law, whence the rest are deduced. The most remote conclusions, however, when reached are as binding as the principles. But the limited character of our reason, and a variety of unfavourable circumstances stand in the way of our arriving at all these conclusions. We are liable to ignorance and error regarding them. This ignorance and this error, when inevitable, that is to say, unavoidable, and consequently inculpable, excuse us from the practical obligation of those parts of the Natural Law that are not sufficiently presented to us, though they still continue truly parts of the Law. Some of the wisest men, and those best versed in these matters, have differed and do differ on remote

conclusions or precepts of the Natural Law, and indeed occasionally on some that are not so very remote.

The Natural Law is the most comprehensive of all laws. Every conceivable free action, with every conceivable variety of circumstances, is definitely provided for by the Natural Law. It is either commanded, or forbidden, or approved, or allowed. It may be said, indeed, that the mere allowance or permission of an act is not an affirmative function of the Natural Law, and about this I will not dispute. What I mean to convey is, that no act escapes the operation of this Law on account of its complexity, that every variety of circumstances that has any moral aspect is dealt with by it. Every possible free action is either morally good, or morally bad, or morally indifferent. Whether a perfectly deliberate action actually done by this or that man, taken in its integrity with its end and circumstances, can be indifferent, that is to say, neither good nor bad morally, is a question controverted in philosophy and theology, and which I shall not discuss. It is quite certain that there are innumerable possible actions, which considered abstractedly and without reference to the intention of the agent, are indifferent. If I am asked, for instance, whether walking, or riding, or hunting, or a thousand other things, are good or bad, I cannot say that they are either. Although in strictness indifference is not a species or kind of morality, like goodness or badness, we may for convenience take it as such, in order to classify *all* free actions under the respect of morality; and there is some foundation for so taking it, since an action by being indifferent is morally allowable.

No action is beyond the reach of the Natural Law, even though that action belong to the supernatural order. For example, if the reception of a Christian Sacrament, in circumstances in which this reception is not commanded by any positive law of God or the Church, be a necessary means to guard against sin, the Natural Law steps in and commands it. That Law has nothing to do with the institution of Sacraments; but finding them instituted, it will take them in and impose obligations regarding them. Such intervention is qualified as *hypothetical* Natural Law; but it is not less truly a part of the Natural Law. If Natural Law could be written out, the code would specify the moral character of every possible human action. There is in it no such thing as a *casus omissus*. There is no such thing as an exception to any part of it, though we are compelled to talk of exceptions, because for convenience we express some portions of this Law in certain brief forms. We say, for example, that men are forbidden to kill one another. Yet, from this prohibition we have to except the cases of just war, of the capital punishment of malefactors by public authority, of self defence against an unjust aggressor. But the Law, considered in itself, as it is, pronounces on each action as affected by the circumstances in which it could be performed.

This comprehensiveness of Natural Law leaves still abundant room for other Laws, Divine and human. Many acts which the Natural Law approves or allows, it does not command. Now a competent authority may prescribe or forbid an act which is neither prescribed nor forbidden by Natural Law left to itself. God Himself may prescribe or forbid such an act by a positive law ; so may the Church or the State. And the act thus prescribed or forbidden will become obligatory on the one hand or wrong on the other, in place of being merely good or indifferent. Further, once such additional law is made, the Natural Law will take it into account, and insist on its observance. We may say with perfect truth that whatever is commanded or prohibited by any positive Law, Divine or human, is consequently commanded or forbidden by the Natural Law, imposing as it does the obligation of obeying legitimate authority—legitimate as to its existence and as to its exercise.

I have said that no action is beyond the reach of the Natural Law. This obviously holds good with regard to all classes of persons, whatever be their position, whatever be their dignity, whatever be their authority. This holds good for sovereigns and subjects. This holds good, too, with regard to all classes of actions, whether they be of a private or of an official character. This holds good for the combined actions of many persons. Every individual is amenable to Natural Law in all that he does, either separately or in conjunction with others. This statement may seem superfluous, since no Christian can be ignorant or doubtful of its truth. But it is not superfluous ; for even though not controverted, there is need of bearing it in mind, and not neglecting to apply it when occasion requires. Besides, there is often a latent tendency in our minds to distinguish unduly public from private actions, as if the magnitude of a proceeding withdrew it from the operation of the rules of morality. Those who would shudder at the thought of an isolated murder are but little startled by the wholesale murder involved in unjust warfare.

As I have been speaking of combined action, I may observe that not only are certain courses of public conduct morally bad, and imputable as sins to those who participate in them ; but other courses of public conduct are commanded and obligatory on communities and nations—with this difference, that every one can avoid co-operating in what is evil, but every one cannot insure the performance of what is due on the part of a large body of which he is a member ; and there are many who individually can contribute little or nothing towards the discharge of such public duties. But those who are invested with the requisite power are bound to use it for the purpose.

It is now time to consider the relations which subsist between Natural Law and Revelation. If there never had been any supernatural revelation, the Natural Law would have existed, and the fact of supernatural revelation does not put an end to Natural Law, nor diminish its binding force. If we imagine a revelation that

would take no notice of Natural Law, the latter would still hold its ground. But the revelation we have had is very far from not noticing Natural Law. The Old and New Testaments reproduce and additionally promulgate many of its precepts, and in a compendious way the whole of them. The ten commandments are a summary of them all, with but very little addition of positive Law, namely, in the third the setting aside of one particular day of each week for a special worship of God. The main substance of the third commandment, namely, that God is to be worshipped, and reasonable times appointed for the fulfilment of this duty, is part of the Natural Law.<sup>1</sup> In the New Testament Our Lord and His Apostles inculcate sometimes general principles of the Natural Law, sometimes particular precepts belonging to it. It would be easy to give a long list of moral propositions recorded in the Gospels and Epistles, and which are so many statements of Natural Law. There is no precept of Natural Law that is not contained in and reducible to some of these propositions, and thus made part of the Evangelical Law—of the Christian Religion—of the Catholic Religion. So surely as any action is approved, commanded or forbidden by the Natural Law, it is approved, commanded or forbidden respectively by the Evangelical Law—by the Catholic Religion. A controversy may arise as to whether a particular action is thus approved, commanded or forbidden by Natural Law; and I have already said that such controversies are maintained by the wisest and best qualified men ranged on either side—innocently, inculpably, nay, laudably maintained. But both parties are quite ready to admit that whichever of the two opposite propositions is true as to Natural Law, is equally true as to Gospel Law. Take, for example, the fifth commandment, “Thou shalt not kill.” This is a precept of Natural Law, additionally promulgated in the Mosaic tables and in the Gospel. Catholic theologians, though pretty generally agreed as to the lawfulness of killing a private unjust aggressor in defence of life, are not equally agreed as to the lawfulness of killing a robber for the sake of preserving property ever so valuable. If those who deny the right are correct in their opinion, the homicide of which there is question falls within the fifth commandment, as Natural and Evangelical Law, and is at variance with the morality of the Catholic Religion, though persons acting in good faith on the opposite view may escape blame in the eyes of God. They are merely mistaken on an obscure point of morality. What I chiefly wish to insist on is, that all true developments of briefly expressed precepts, whether actually reached by us or not, are as really parts of the Natural and Evangelical Laws as the briefly expressed precepts themselves; that these briefly expressed precepts stand for, and represent, all

<sup>1</sup> Some grave authors hold that the first commandment contained a prohibition to the Jews, regarding the use of images, more extensive than that which is involved in the natural precept forbidding idolatry.

that is contained under them. Thus, in the example, every case of man-killing which is really forbidden by Natural Law is as much included as any other under the form "Thou shalt not kill," taken as part of the Natural and, at the same time, of the Gospel Law.

This is true of the Gospel Law, even where Revelation affords no sufficient proof that a particular case is included; for the Gospel Law commands whatever is really comprehended in the Natural precept, which it records and confirms. Hence, if reason satisfactorily shows that the case is comprehended in a Natural precept, it thereby shows that the same case is comprehended in the Gospel Law. There is no question here of believing with Divine Faith that this or that particular act is prescribed or prohibited, but merely of the fact of its being so prescribed or prohibited by Gospel Law.

It is the common doctrine of theologians that all the merely moral legislation of Christianity, as distinguished from what more immediately regards faith and the sacraments, is coincident with, and declaratory of, Natural Law: that no moral law has been added, new or more extended as to its matter, that no natural acts have been commanded or prohibited, which were not respectively commanded or prohibited before by Natural Law. It does not follow from this that there is not an additional obligation imposed by the Law of Christ, formally prescribing over again the same things which were prescribed before. It may be said reasonably enough that we are more bound by two Divine Laws than by one only; that the obligation is intensified, not however so as that any thing has become a mortal sin which was not already such. On the other hand, any similar obligation which the Law of Moses may have added to that of the Natural Law, by the explicit repetition of its precepts, appears to have passed away with the Jewish dispensation. Hence the ten commandments, for instance, recorded in Exodus and Deuteronomy bind us as Natural Law and as confirmed by Christ, not as imposed through Moses. On this point theologians are not agreed.

I began by asking and undertaking to answer this question: What is the Catholic Religion? My answer was, that the Catholic Religion is the sum of all the truths which God has proposed for our belief, of all the laws He has enacted for our observance, and of all the external means of obtaining grace He has provided for us on earth. I added that in the Catholic Religion there are three great elements, the dogmatic, the moral, the sacramental, passing by for the moment, and only the moment, another, namely the administrative or governmental. I have dwelt at some little length on the moral element, and especially on the Natural Law considered in itself, and as re-published and re-imposed by Christ our Lord and His Apostles. I have no occasion at present to develop the dogmatic and sacramental elements. I proceed now to another question to be asked and answered, namely: What is the Catholic Church?

## BABY BUD.

**L**ITTLE scarlet ear,  
 Peeping among golden curls;  
 Little placid brow,  
 Hued like azure-tinted pearls.  
 Little glowing cheek,  
 Like a rosebud in the dew;  
 Little ruddy lips,  
 Ne'er defiled by word untrue.

Smiles all down thy cheek  
 Into dimples swiftly glide,  
 Telling all thy dream  
 To the angel at thy side.  
 Sweet! I hold my breath,  
 Lest thy blue eyes vexed awake:  
 All thou canst of Heaven  
 In thy baby-vision take.

R. M.

## A PEARL IN DARK WATERS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," ETC.

"**R**ITA, Rita, where are you?" exclaimed a ringing, joyous voice; and Robert Viscount Milroy dashed out on the terrace, and then into the garden in search of his sister. "There you are, stuck away in that summer-house, poring over some stupid book as usual. I have finished my task. How I hate it, and that tiresome Master Crabhouse. And now I want to have a gallop on Tony, while you ride Bess."

"Oh! Rob, you must not ride Tony," said his sister, "you know my father has said so."

"No such thing," answered the boy, while a hot flush mantled to his brow. "It was nothing but that insolent varlet Isaac's prating to my lord. As if there were any horse in the stables I cannot ride! Where is May? I did not think you would be so contrary, Rita," added he, reproachfully.

"I hear my lord's voice," observed Marguerite; and a sudden change came over Robert's face and manner. He hastily took a knife from his pocket, and began to peel the bark from a slip of wood

he had picked up from the ground. Marguerite opened her book, and both were quiet and demure-looking enough when their father's stately form appeared at the entrance of the summer-house. Marguerite rose and curtsied; Robert made a respectful bow.

The Earl of Edenhall was a grave, stern-looking man. His features were fine, but there was a restless expression in his eyes, and a twitching about the mouth, which disfigured his face, "Ha! Robert," said he, glancing keenly at his son, "was Master Crabhouse contented with you to-day? Indeed, sir, unless you mend your ways you will cut a sorry figure in the world, and be fit for nothing but a dunce's cap." Robert hung his head, and muttered a reply which was quite inaudible. His father apparently cared not to hear it, but, laying his hand on his daughter's head, said, in a softer tone, "Where is May? I thought the twins were like turtle doves, never apart." Marguerite, with a smile and blush, answered that her sister was with Mrs. Dorothy, learning to make medicaments. Lord Edenhall's face clouded. "May is too fond of that sort of thing," he said; "on such a spring morning like this she should not be pottering over herbs and stew-pans. Go fetch her, child;" and in an instant Marguerite was gone. The Earl strolled on, and as soon as he was out of sight Robert slipped out of the garden.

The Earl of Edenhall belonged to a family that had remained faithful to the Church and the cause of the Stuarts. His father and two elder brothers fell at Marston Moor, while he was but a stripling, and as soon as the royal cause was totally lost the young Earl and his mother fled to France. Hardly had Lord Edenhall attained his majority before his mother died, and he was alone in the world. Upon his lonely, dreary life the fair Marguerite d'Estrées shone like a star. He married her; and as his estates were in possession of the Commonwealth, and her portion was a small one, they were very poor, but also very happy. Lord Edenhall was one of those reserved and haughty natures who love but few, but whose love is so intense and absorbing that it is not readily understood by those whose affections are more diffuse and not so passionate. He held his wife to be a creature altogether above ordinary mortals. In truth she was highly gifted in body and mind, one of those beings who charm and delight us for a while, and then pass from our sight before advancing life and its cares have robbed them of their early bloom. It was on a bright twentieth of July that the twin daughters were born, apparently to make the wedded life of Lord and Lady Edenhall perfect. There was a loving discussion how to name them. Margaret had been the name of Lord Edenhall's mother, it was also that of his wife, while the babies were born on St. Margaret's Day. It was a question which of the twins should bear the name. At last it was settled to give it to both, making Marguerite the name of the elder, and Margery that of the younger, to distinguish them, if need be, in after years. For daily

use the proud young mother called them Rita and May, when she began to prepare for a successor to their cradle.

But the day that saw the birth of Robert was the last of his mother's life; and it was many months ere Lord Edenhall could bear to look on the unoffending child whose birth had put an end to his brief happiness.

He fell into gloomy moroseness, and his friends rejoiced when the Restoration of Charles the Second brought him back to his country and estates, and obliged him once more to mix among men. But sorrow, when it does not ennoble a character, generally debases it, and such was the case with Lord Edenhall. Instead of bending under the hand of God in his grief, he had rebelled against it, and his sore and chafing spirit was not prepared to take up the heavy cross that awaited all who in England would be faithful to the Church.

The restoration of Charles had, of course, roused the hopes of English Catholics, that for them good times were at hand. In truth, during the first eighteen years of Charles the Second's reign, there was some cessation from persecution; but poverty, retirement, and extreme caution were still their lot. They could take no share in affairs of State; the honours and distinctions of the world were not within their grasp.

Lord Edenhall was keen-sighted, and of rare ability. He saw all this most plainly, and turned his back deliberately on the faith of his youth. He had his reward. His talents were appreciated; he was called on to take his part in the busy turmoil of court life and politics. The memory of his wife could not check him; it was agony to him to recall the face and voice now lost to him for ever on earth. He buried her out of his mental sight, and heaped the earth of incessant occupation and of absorbing thoughts upon her grave.

He left his children in France for many years, not caring to be reminded by their faces and childish talk of the memory of the past. But years crept on. Time did its work—the heart grew harder, and ambition was stronger than sentiment. His heir must not grow up a Frenchman; his daughters, by their marriages, must increase the power and influence of their family. And so, some six months before our story opens, the two Marguerites and their brother were brought to England, and took up their abode at Edenhall, a large, rambling old house, standing in the midst of beautiful Kentish scenery, and not more than forty miles from London. Soon after their arrival, the Earl told his children that no Catholic priests were allowed to minister in England, and that they must carefully avoid the subject of religion in conversation; moreover, he insisted on their appearing with him, from time to time, in the large, square pew that had been erected during the Commonwealth in the old church of Edenhall (whitewash having long since hidden the sculpture and decorations of that once fair building). Robert, a thorough



boy, intoxicated with the delight of finding himself the possessor of ponies and dogs, and careless and heedless beyond what his tender years might excuse, did not trouble his head about the matter, while the girls were far too much afraid of their father to make any objection; and, as he sat in moody silence in one corner of the pew, while they told their beads in another, they concluded it was as distasteful to him as to them.

The infliction did not take place often. The smallest sign of bad weather, the slightest indisposition of any one of the party, was enough to cause church-going to be given up. Their occasional appearance prevented all suspicion of Papistry attaching to the household, and with that the Earl was satisfied.

In a few minutes, Rita returned to the summer-house with her sister. As they could see no traces of either father or brother, they sat down side by side. The sisters were not so much alike as twins often are. Rita was the taller of the two, and her dark eyes were full of brilliant, sparkling light, while those of May were soft and dove-like. But both had the same brown hair, with a golden thread running through it, the same delicately cut features, the same slender and graceful form. Anyone who watched them narrowly would soon perceive that Rita would lead and May would follow—Rita rule and May obey,

"I cannot think why my father should dislike my spending time with Mistress Dorothy," said May. "Surely, we ought to know somewhat of medicaments. Lady Rose Hilton makes up salves and potions for all the poor on her land, and for miles around."

"I suppose it is only a whim," returned her sister; "but pray do not displease him, May, for I hope he will take us to London soon. I am wearied to death with this dull place."

"Are you so dull, poor Rita?" said May, stroking her sister's hair under her cap. "I am so sorry. As for me, I am too busy with my flowers, and the chickens I am trying to rear, learning all I can of housewifery from Mistress Dorothy, and my Latin from Master Crabhouse, to have time to be dull: but I *do* want to go to London, very much."

"You are a happy child, May, to amuse yourself with these things. Who would believe I am but a few minutes older than you? But I should like to know why you want to go to London; 'tis only the other day you said the very contrary."

"I did so, Rita, dearest, but Mistress Dorothy hath told me"—here May dropped her voice, and looked cautiously round—"Mistress Dorothy says it will be easy to get the Sacraments in London, and here it would be very hard. Sometimes, she hath been more than a year without seeing a priest, and then has had to frame some excuse for her absence, and take a long journey. There is a hut, she says, far away in the Clyme woods, where a priest said mass once—there were thirty people there—but she says it would be very difficult for you and me to go there."

"I should think so," returned Rita. "But, *petite*, your news about London is no news to me. Do you not know the Queen is a Catholic, and the fair Duchess of York, also? and if we are about the Court, nothing can be more easy than to attend the Royal Chapel."

"I wonder," answered May, with a thoughtful look in her gentle eyes, "why the Queen allows us to be so persecuted, since it is her own religion? Why does she not speak to the King? Do not you remember, Rita, how old Louise used to tell us our father would do everything our mother wished? Ah, dear!"—and tears came into May's eyes—"how I wish we had known our mother."

Rita kissed away the tears. Often, indeed, in their young lives had the children longed for a mother's smile, a mother's protecting sympathy.

"Well," continued May, "I want to know, Rita—you talk to all the people who come, to whom I never dare speak—but you must know why does not the Queen speak to the King?"

Rita looked gravely at her sister before she answered. "Child, how can I tell? When we go to Court, you will know the reason soon enough. Hush! who is this coming?" as rapid steps were heard approaching. "Oh! Robert, you at last! Where have you been, you look in such a heat?"

"It's too bad," exclaimed the boy, as he flung himself into a seat; "am I always to be treated like a child?"

"I suppose it is about this wretched Tony," said Rita, in a despairing tone.

"I had him saddled," cried the boy, eagerly, "and was just about to set off, when who should come slinking in but that spy, Isaac; and then it was, *Oh! my Lord, indeed you must not, the Earl hath forbidden*, and all that stuff. He is a knave, that Isaac, I tell you, sisters; and if I had a gold angel to spare I'll warrant me he would change his tone. As luck will have it, I have spent all my money, and I suppose you two have none to spare," he added, ruefully.

"Certainly not to enable you to break your neck," answered Rita.

"Such nonsense," returned the boy. "Of course I put up with it from you, because you are only a girl, and are afraid of my hurting my little finger; but Isaac knows better."

"But if he knows our father hath forbidden it?" said May, in a slow, hesitating voice, as if she had been trying to condemn him for thwarting her darling brother, but was unable to pass sentence. She had no answer. Robert had started up in a listening attitude; his face brightened.

"There! 'tis he!" he cried, "that's Jack's whistle, as a sign that Isaac has gone right down into the village. I'm off."

"Oh! Rob! Rob!" said his sisters, catching hold of him in

dismay, "don't do it; it's better not. You might be hurt." But he shook off their grasp, and, with a merry smile and nod, dashed out of sight.

"Oh! I hope he'll come to no harm," sighed May.

"Well," said Rita, recovering herself, "boys will run into danger. I suppose it is intended they should. Don't cry, May dearest. We could not help it."

"If I were to go to our father, and tell him," said May, timidly.

"Oh, no! May, certainly not. Robert would never forgive us. It would estrange him from us," added she, eagerly, as if seeking for an argument to satisfy herself; "and that would never be right, for we should have no influence over him. Come, May, I know what you will like. Let us go into the elm-tree avenue, and tell our beads together:" and she drew her sister's arm into her own.

May yielded, but with a wistful look on her sweet face. The beads told, the sisters went into the house. Presently the great bell rang out for supper, and they descended. The Earl entered the supper-room. He was accompanied by a young man of some twenty-three or four years of age—a stranger to the girls.

"I must present your cousin to you," said the Earl; "Philip Engelby, by your leave."

The sisters made their reverence, and Philip bowed low.

"Where is Robert?" said Lord Edenhall, glancing round; "'tis ill manners, indeed, to keep us waiting. However, we will do without him. Philip, lead my daughter Rita to the table. May, you must honour me."

The Earl whispered to a servant, ere he sat down, to the effect that Viscount Milroy was to learn his presence in the supper-room was not required that evening.

"What makes you look so pale, May?" said her father, as, after the first dishes had been served, he had leisure to look round. May flushed crimson in a moment, and made no reply. An edict of total banishment from Mistress Dorothy's parlour was hovering on the Earl's lips, when his attention was attracted by the odd gestures of one of the old servants in attendance. "Morris," said he, "is anything amiss?" The man did not answer; but there was a sort of confused noise in the hall, the tramping of many feet.

Lord Edenhall started up, and threw the door open. A number of men were bearing something in their arms. Rita pressed forward, and uttered a cry of anguish. She turned to May, just in time to catch her ere she fell; and she lay senseless in her sister's arms.

[*To be continued.*]

A REBUKE,

FOR MOURNING THE DEATH OF A DEAR CHILD.

“ **A** H, cruel Reaper of the Flowers !  
To steal that Lily-bud of ours,  
Our gentle little pet !” —  
No, you of little faith, not so, —  
Could you but clearly see and know,  
You'd cease your vain regret.

Yours was too delicate a flower  
For Earth's cold wind and nipping shower :  
She would have withered here,  
Her loving little heart been chilled,  
Her sweet bright hopes all crushed and stilled  
In this ungenial sphere.

The world was far too cold and bleak  
For one so loving and so meek,  
So gentle and so gay.  
How could she in this wintry soil  
Have borne the dust, and pain, and toil  
Of life's long, weary way ?

She who was touched by every breath,  
To whom an unkind word was death,  
Who seemed to live on love,  
Who needed love's bright atmosphere,  
Love's smiles around to soothe and cheer,  
Love's sunshine from above.

How could she bear the world's cold gaze,  
How walk its rude, rough, jarring ways  
'Mid selfish crowds, at best ?  
How pass among the heartless throng,  
Where each one plods his way along,  
Unmindful of the rest ?

She who loved all, and for all grieved —  
Would you have had her undeceived,  
To learn how little worth,  
How very little love and truth  
(Once we have passed all trusting youth)  
We find on this cold earth ?

Ah, no!—ere this you have confessed  
He acted kindly, for the best,  
The Gardener of the Flowers,  
Transplanting her, in youth's soft light,  
With her sweet petals, pure and white,  
Into His Father's bowers.

There, there she tastes a perfect bliss,  
With no desire or wish, save this,  
That you were all "at home!"  
She and her little angel brother  
Oft gently whisper to each other,  
"When will the others come?"

Ah!—you've a toilsome journey, yet,  
But still no time to grieve or fret—  
Too great the work and hard!  
By dear-bought triumphs over sin  
And nature, only, can you win  
Your Lillie's bright reward.

But, courage! Sometimes, 'mid your sighs,  
Lift up on high your thoughts and eyes,  
Gaze on the bright, blue, cloudless skies,  
So tranquil, calm, and fair—  
And think: "Amid the heavenly bowers,  
Among God's choice and cherished flowers,  
There blooms a blossom once was ours—  
Our Lillie waits us there!"

S. M. S.

To S. M. S.

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A DRAWING OF ST. STANISLAUS.

AH! Mary, would that words of mine  
Could reach thy pencil's simple grace,  
Then would that pictured Saint of thine  
Be rivalled by as sweet a face.

The calm white brow, the cheek's young bloom,  
The eyes, those wells of holiest love,  
The prayerful lips that breathe perfume,  
The heart that flutters like the dove.

The words of innocence and truth,  
The form that bending low and sweet,  
Took off the golden crown of youth,  
And laid it at her Saviour's feet.

The hands unstained by sinful soil,  
Like his thy art has limned so fair,  
That grasp the discipline of toil  
In daily work and nightly prayer.

And who, oh! joy, shut out from strife,  
Girt round by God's protecting grace,  
Beneath the lilies of her life,  
May contemplate death's awful face.

Ah! 'tis in vain! these soulless words  
Respond not to my heart's desire,  
I move along the trembling chords,  
But fail to wake the slumbering lyre.

Yet, let the faintest murmuring string  
Harmonious vibrate back to thee,  
Yet let this pebble that I fling  
Expand so far love's rippling sea.

And as our hearts commingling mix,  
Like note with note and wave with wave,  
Take thou before thy crucifix  
The blessing and the prayer I crave.

D. F. M. C.

*November 19th, 1872.*

## THE TWO MULETEERS OF MOLLARES:

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY, M. R. I. A.

## CHAPTER XI.

AFTER the departure of his master, Pascual had to repair to Seville to bring him his accounts. At taking leave on his returning to the village, he said to him,

"Well, Señor, has your worship remembered your promise?"

"What promise?" replied Don Anacleto.

"That which you gave tia Ana, of inquiring at the Court of Justice if any light had been thrown on the death of Juan Isidro Fajardo and his son."

"Are you speaking seriously, Pascual?"

"Why does your worship ask me such a question?"

"Because it looks almost like a jest to suppose that an old woman, who is evidently mad, could induce me, with all my gravity, to go before the tribunals to inquire about some good people or other who have not been heard of for more than twenty years, and who never will be heard of."

"That is to be seen, Señor; for tia Ana says, and says well, that though wickedness may obscure the truth it cannot extinguish it."

"It seems to me that the tia has infected you with her dotage," replied Don Anacleto. "Go, Pascual, and tell her, if you still find her alive, and I have no doubt you will find her, for those people who are only in the way never die, . . . ."

"The reason that God, who has given them these miserable and unhappy lives, is so slow in taking them away, is that so much suffering and sorrow may redound to the advantage of their souls, and that the patience with which they endure their afflictions may claim its reward in the life eternal," said the steward.

"Why, Pascual, you have missed your vocation," replied his master; "you should have been a priest, for you are more mystical than the Holy Fathers, and know more texts of Scripture than a preacher."

"I, Señor! why I know nothing more than my religion."

"But you put it into everything, like the tomato."

"Señor, it was for that it was given us," replied Pascual.

"Well, then, you who are so mystical may tell her, that if she would know anything about her people, she should ask God to work a miracle."

"And He will work one, Señor," answered Pascual to his unsympathising master.

The steward set out on his return journey, and, on passing through Mollares, he remarked an unusual excitement among the people of the village, the cause of which was as follows :—

It so happened that on that morning a number of children had gone out of the village with their baskets on their arms to collect asparagus in a neighbouring plantation of olive trees; happy in their occupation, they strayed about in various directions, for the crop was abundant in consequence of the copious and temperate rains of autumn.

"I have more than half-filled my basket," said one of them. "At the foot of this olive tree I have collected more than twenty."

"How is it," asked another, "that asparagus plants always grow at the foot of the olive trees?"

"Because they are sown there by the birds that perch on the branches."

"What an absurdity!" said the eldest of the group.

"Why, then?"

"It is because the ploughs are not driven near enough to the olive trees to uproot them."

"Oh! of course, Miss Wise-woman, you know everything," said the first who had expressed her opinion.

"As for that," replied the other, "you know nothing except to use your tongue to chatter with, and your jaws to chew."

"Come here! come here, all of you!" cried out, suddenly, with a terrified voice, one of the children who had gone some little distance, and was examining the large asparagus plants that encircled the foot of an olive tree; "come here and see this frightful thing!"

The little girls ran to the place, and on turning aside the stalks of the asparagus plants, saw with terror, projecting from the ground, the finger of a man, which, straight and immovable, seemed to point to heaven.

Surprised and horrified, they threw their baskets from them, and ran with extended arms to the village; then, with frightened and disfigured face, each brought to her own house the account of what she had seen.

In a short time clusters of people collected in the streets, and then in a body went to the house of the Alcalde, to inform him of what had occurred, and to ask him to accompany them, with the officers of justice, to ascertain the facts of the case, and to investigate its cause.

The Alcalde apprised the Notary, the surgeon, and the Alguacil of the circumstance, designated some persons as witnesses, got together a band of labourers with pick-axes, and then set out for the place, followed by a number of the villagers, among whom were



the children to point out the exact spot where they had seen the object that had terrified them so much.

It was at this moment that Pascual had reached the village, and seeing that his own way and that of the magistrate and his attendants lay in the same direction, he followed with the others. They walked quickly, and soon arrived at the place indicated, where each could convince himself that the children had spoken the truth. Black and tanned, as it were by the weather, with the nail hideously elongated, a human finger was seen to issue from the ground, as if to point out where lay the body of which it formed a part.

A thrill of horror, mixed with pity, with interest, and with a grave and anxious curiosity, ran through the circle of the spectators, who felt a mournful conviction that at the foot of that olive tree a criminal mystery was concealed, and a solemn presentiment that a severe and manifest exhibition of God's judgment was about to take place.

The Alcalde commanded, in the first place, the earth to be removed, in order that that which it seemed anxious to hide should be laid bare.

This being done, there was soon presented to the eyes of all a skeleton, to the fleshless right hand of which had adhered the finger; this, being dried and tanned by the action of the wind and sun, had remained in the condition of a mummy, with the strange circumstance of the nail having grown after death. At its side was found another skeleton of the same dimensions as the first.

A sullen silence reigned for some seconds; then the women entoned all together the prayer for the dead; with which the men, having uncovered their heads, united in a deep voice.

Reverence, with chastity, is what raises man almost to a level with the angels; but when before a tomb are united reverence for what is divine and reverence for what is human, the feeling reaches its highest point of sublimity; and over each uncovered head, over the hands crossed in supplication, descends, it cannot be doubted, a paternal and complacent look from Him who created men, not that they should make of earth a fleeting paradise, but that they should merit an eternal one.

"Señor Alcalde," said the surgeon, who was the first to speak, "the state in which these skeletons are indicates that about twenty years have elapsed since they belonged to living bodies."

"Jesus! Jesus!" exclaimed the women; "for more than twenty years the bodies of two Christians have lain out of consecrated ground!"

"It is plain, Señores," said an old woman; "that here a great wickedness has been hidden, until God got tired of seeing it unpunished, and sent these innocents here, that through their means it might be discovered."

"The judgment of God! the finger of God!" exclaimed all.

"Two skeletons have been discovered, tia Maria, but nothing

more," said the surgeon: "who knows but they are of the time of the French of Napoleon, in which case there would be in the affair just as little of crime as of mystery?"

"These women," added the Notary, "always wish to make a romance and a mystery out of everything. This discovery, you all see, is but a mere casualty."

"There are things that look accidental that are really providential," replied one of the women.

"French of Napoleon they could not have been," said one of the men who had opened the ground, "for the soldiers did not wear *marsellés*."

And so saying, he raised from the grave a short jacket of the kind indicated, which had almost half rotted away.

"A *marsellés*?" said the Alcalde, on seeing it. "So it is; and it is, therefore, clear that its owner was a Spaniard, and of this part of the country too."

"It is very much eaten away," said the man who held the jacket in his hand; "but the pocket, which is of linen, has remained entire, and see, your worship, Señor Alcalde, inside of it there is a paper."

"Let me see it," replied the Alcalde, stretching out his hand; and taking the paper, he unfolded it, adding, "It is a pass or letter of security, such as was then usually carried. Read it, Señor Notary; it must necessarily have the name of its bearer." But scarcely had the latter thrown his eyes upon the paper, when a groan that almost resembled a roar escaped from his breast; he turned his staring eyes around him, tottered backward for a moment, and then fell heavily to the ground.

"What is this? what has he seen?" exclaimed every one with astonishment.

The Alcalde, who had hastened to pick up the paper, read in a loud voice—

*Letter of security in favour of Juan Isidro Alfaro.*

"Jesus, Maria!" exclaimed Pascual, "that is the muleteer of my village, who disappeared with his son more than twenty years ago."

"It is clear that he and his son were murdered here, and here buried," said the Alcalde.

"The inference is plain," added the surgeon, "that here was concealed a great crime, which the earth has this day cast from its bosom."

"And the Notary said," exclaimed the women, "that we saw the miracles of God in everything. What will he say now?"

"Our first duty is to have this man carried home," said the surgeon, pointing to the Notary who had fainted; "I could not have believed the man had so little courage."

"It is not want of courage; it is another of the judgments of God to punish him for not believing in them," responded a woman.

"It may be so, it may be so," added the Alcalde, in a state of deep thought and preoccupation. "Señor," said he, addressing Pascual, "will you be good enough to give us some assistance, and lend us your mule to convey this man to the village? But what are you forming there?" he proceeded, seeing that the person he addressed was arranging two branches of unequal length, which he had cut from the olive tree.

"A cross, Señor," replied Pascual, "and I will not leave until I have fastened it to this olive tree, there to claim, on behalf of these two unfortunate beings, the prayers and suffrages of which their souls have been so long deprived."

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## CHAPTER XII.

THE Notary was carried to his house, where he received all the attentions which his condition required. But scarcely had he returned to consciousness, when he was attacked by a violent fever, accompanied with delirium, during which he trembled from head to foot, and incessantly cried out, "No, no! it was not I! it was not I! my hands are clean of blood. It was Juan Cano and José Salas who did it. They, they! not I! not I!"

These words, which he repeated over and over again with great cries, were taken down by the persons present, who felt themselves obliged to offer them as evidence in the official report of the case, which was commenced immediately after the discovery of the two skeletons.

Secretly, and without delay, were arrested the two persons who had been mentioned by the Notary in his delirium, and whose names were well known to the law. As if to show the powerful hand of Providence in the unravelling of the whole of this mysterious crime, so long forgotten, and so long unpunished, these men, on learning that the Notary was the cause of their arrest, the circumstances of his information having been involuntarily given being concealed from them, confessed in their turn the whole truth, declaring that the Notary, through a desire for vengeance, had induced them to perpetrate the crime.

The criminals having been examined separately, their respective declarations were found to agree, even to the smallest particular. In corroboration of these were the statements of other muleteers, who remembered that about that time Juan Isidro Alfaro and his son had some high words and altercations with the Notary on the subject of a tariff which he had arbitrarily imposed. The whole result was, that a thorough conviction, both as to the crime and its motives, was brought home to the minds of the judges. The trial, therefore, did not last long. Sentence of death was pronounced on the two assassins, and perpetual imprisonment on the Notary, who was also condemned to stand publicly in the pillory, with a

ring round his neck when the execution of his accomplices should take place.

The poor old mendicant had scarcely begun to recover, when the news reached her that the remains of her son and husband, basely murdered in the density of an olive plantation, had been discovered.

Twenty years of anguish and of fears had not sufficiently prepared the loving heart of the wife and mother to receive with composure the sad news of such a misfortune, which came upon her with all the surprise and overwhelming bitterness it would have occasioned her on the very day it occurred.

The moral nature of man has an immense capacity for suffering, as his physical being has an equally powerful principle of resistance which enables him to endure it. The poor old woman, whose life seemed to flicker like the last flame of a candle, did not die, nor even get a relapse, but, on the contrary, seemed to be made stronger by her grief to suffer more. Or was it, perhaps, that God had preserved her for some ulterior purpose?

The providential nature of the circumstances connected with the discovery of the skeletons, as well as of the crime and its authors, excited anew, and to a greater intensity, the affectionate interest of all the neighbours of the poor woman. She saw herself continually surrounded by good, upright, and compassionate souls, who rivalled each other in lavishing upon her the most expressive demonstrations of pity and regard, consoling her, weeping with her, and expressing in unmeasured terms their profound indignation at such a cruel and unheard-of crime, the offspring of a base and unjust revenge.

One day, several neighbours had assembled, with this object, around her in her miserable dwelling.

"These wretches," said one of the party, with that energy and vehemence which characterise the feelings and language of the people, and which spring from the warmth of its heart—"these wretches thought themselves free and secure, because their crime was concealed; but they had forgotten that God may be patient for a while, but not for ever."

"And, only think!" exclaimed another, "that these most wicked of all wicked people saw your tears and misery, *tia Ana*, for more than twenty years, and remained as unconcerned as if they had nothing to answer for! It was this that called to heaven for vengeance, and heaven heard it."

"If they had a hundred lives, they could not pay the debt!" exclaimed a third speaker.

"Until I see them on the scaffold," added a man, "I will not believe there is justice in the world."

"And you won't have long to wait, for the trial has been very expeditious," said Pascual, who happened to be present; "and would it were always so, and that the judges did not go to

sleep, as is too often the case : these villains have remained long enough free, and forgetful that, after all, God is stronger than the devil."

At this moment there entered into the miserable dwelling of the disconsolate old woman, the Cura, accompanied by another person, the former of whom, having saluted the mendicant, addressed her in these words :—

"Tia Ana, it is well known that, according to the merciful and Christian laws of Spain, the severity of the punishment of guilty persons can be greatly affected by the pardon of those who have been injured—that is, of those who stand in the nearest degree of relationship to the victims of the crime. It would seem that the religious legislators who made these laws wished, at the same time, to give to one of those classes the opportunity of doing a remarkable work of charity ; and to procure for the other a mitigation of their punishment, which strict justice could not concede without being false to itself. How magnificent, how noble, how generous, are those human institutions over which the spirit of religion presides in all its calmness, and in all its purity ! This gentleman, who has accompanied me, called at my house, with the request that I would come with him for the purpose of asking you, if, as a good Christian, which, thanks be to God ! you are, you will pardon those who gave death to your husband and son, and to him who induced them to give it."

"Si, Señor," answered simply, without hesitation, and seemingly with as little effort as display, the poor afflicted old woman.

None of those that were then present, not even those who, a little before, had exclaimed most vehemently against the guilty parties, were surprised at the answer of the good Christian—much less did they oppose it, or censure it.

Forgiveness with the Catholic Spanish people is not only a moral thing, a thing of duty, a generous and noble thing : it is also a *sacred* thing. There may be some who, carried away by passion, do not practise it ; but there are none who do not regard it as such.

"So, then," said the person who had come with the Cura, "you will have no objection to ratify before the tribunals the pardon which you have told el Señor Cura that you gave ?"

"No, Señor," replied the interrogated.

"Tia Ana," said the Cura, "offer to God the pardon that you have granted for the benefit of the souls of those you mourn : it will be of more advantage to them than the chastisement and final punishment which the guilty would have received but for it."

On the following day, the poor mendicant, seated on a good mule, was conducted, with every sort of attention and care, to Seville, and introduced into the Palace of the Audiencia.

In a little while afterwards, she was led into the hall, where the special court sat that had tried the cause in which she had now come to interfere.

After the oath had been administered to her, the judge, seeing that the good old woman could scarcely support herself on her feet, so great were her weakness, her fatigue, and her emotion, had a chair placed for her, into which the poor woman fell almost overpowered.

The judge addressed her solemnly.

"Señora, as the injured party, do you pardon Juan Cano and José Salas, the convicted and confessed assassins of your son and husband, and the Notary N. N., convicted of having induced them to commit the crime?"

"Si, Señor," said the unhappy old woman, greatly moved, and shedding a torrent of tears.

Then, and whilst this pardon was entered on the record—a pardon which spared the lives of the two assassins, their punishment being commuted into perpetual imprisonment, and which saved the Notary the ignominy of being present at their execution, in the pillory, with a ring round his neck—the person who, the day before, had gone with the Cura to the dwelling of the old woman, and who was a near relative of the Notary, approached her, and, in his satisfaction and excitement, at seeing his family saved from that crowning indignity, said to her—

"Señora, have no fear now about the future, which henceforth, as is only just, is our concern. I pledge you my word that, from this moment, you shall have no necessity to ask alms, and that you will receive payment for the good you have done to others."

But all present fixed their eyes with astonishment upon that miserable, weak, and almost annihilated poor beggar-woman, when they saw her raise herself straight and erect, lift up her bowed head, and with her eyes flashing with all the vivacity they had long lost, turned them upon him who had just spoken, with a look in which the loftiest disdain and the noblest indignation burned, as she exclaimed—

"PAYMENT!!! No! No! I DO NOT SELL THE BLOOD OF  
MY SON . . . ."

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### CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW weeks having passed, during which time he was obliged to remain at Seville, Don Anacleto returned home.

"Señor," said the steward to him, the very day of his arrival, "I must tell your worship that I have not been able to find any one who will go of our messages for nothing, or for a bit of bread, like poor tia Ana; they all require to be paid in money for their trouble."

"But tia Ana herself, why does not she go of them?" asked Don Anacleto.

"She is not able; the poor woman is again stricken down, and she cannot go out, even to ask alms. Here is a case of necessity which your worship ought to relieve, for you never saw a greater."

"I!" exclaimed Don Anacleto, indignantly, "I, to commit the folly of relieving a necessity which is voluntary, and which could obtain relief and refuses it? Very likely, indeed!"

Pascual looked at his master with astonishment, and for the first time in his life he had not a word to say.

"I do not encourage pride," continued Don Anacleto, "and I do not wish to be taken for a fool."

"Pride!" exclaimed Pascual, "as if tia Ana wasn't the humblest being on the face of the earth!"

"If it is not pride to refuse the succour which is offered to her by those who have been the cause of her misfortune, and who are bound in conscience to give it to her, it must be resentment."

"Señor, as to tia Ana, in her own sphere, her heart overflows with forgiveness, like the Queen's."

"Then it is mere folly," said Don Anacleto.

"It is not, and tia Ana is far from being a fool," replied Pascual.

"What, then, is that obstinacy which will not accept what is offered by those whose duty it is to make the offer, I wish you would tell me?"

"It is *nobleness*, Señor," replied Pascual, in a grave voice, and with the dignity of one who possesses and comprehends the true nobility of soul.

"By the life of the foolish devil (for there are fools among them too)," exclaimed Don Anacleto, "if it is that which has given her her dotage, let her perish then of her pure *nobleness*."

"She shall not perish," replied the steward; "up to the present she has never wanted bread, and she shall never want it to the hour of her death, for there are many of us in the village who, although we are poor, if before we gave as one, now give as two, to the end that the pardon which she granted through Christian charity alone, she may carry with her to glory, as pure and holy as when she gave it."

#### EPILOGUE.

WE stated at the commencement of this story that we sought true nobleness, and having found it beneath the rags of a poor beggar-

We may be pardoned the slight anachronism involved in this comparison, which at the present has become a proverb; but it was not so in the year 1845, when our Queen was a child, and had not yet the opportunity of exhibiting to her people those qualities which have given her the epithets of GOOD as an angel, COMPASSIONATE as a Saint, NOBLE as her crown, GREAT as the first Isabel, and GENEROUS beyond any example.—[*Original Note of the Author.*]

woman, we have not been deterred from presenting it, with veneration and enthusiasm, to the light of day. Christianity not only teaches and inculcates the good and the holy, but also the beautiful and the sublime. The proud aspire in vain to nobleness, which cannot amalgamate with the vice which, of all others, is the most presuming and despotic. The humble find nobleness without seeking it, simply by practising the Christian virtues.

### THE MOTHER OF GRACE DIVINE.

[These lines—appropriate at all times, but especially now that we are preparing to adore our Infant Redeemer in His Mother's arms—have, moreover, this precise spot assigned to them, that they may lend their fraternal aid to confirm the very touching proof afforded in a previous page, that poetical gifts are sometimes hereditary.—ED. C. I.]

QUEEN of Grace, we turn to thee,  
 Thou canst give us victory :  
 Hopeful went we to the fray,  
 When the light of morning shone ;  
 Now, alas ! at close of day,  
 Well-nigh all our hopes are gone.  
 Queen of Grace, we turn to thee,  
 Thou canst give us victory.

Queen of Grace, we turn to thee,  
 Thou canst calm the stormy sea.  
 Onward sped our barque, the tide  
 Gently heaving, fair the gale ;  
*Now* the surge pours o'er her side,  
 Hurricane has rent her sail.  
 Queen of Grace, we turn to thee,  
 Thou canst calm the stormy sea.

Queen of Grace, we turn to thee,  
 Thou canst heal our withered tree ;  
 Fair with flowers and leaves it grew,  
 Fed by kindest summer showers ;  
 But the cruel east wind blew,  
 Withering all its leaves and flowers.  
 Queen of Grace, we turn to thee,  
 Thou canst heal our withered tree.



Queen of Grace, we turn to thee,  
Thou canst build up rapidly.  
Once our tower upraised its head  
Proudly to the azure sky ;  
Now o'erthrown by earthquake dread,  
On the ground its ruins lie.  
Queen of Grace, we turn to thee,  
Thou canst build up rapidly.

Queen of Grace, when turned to thee,  
Thou hast saved us wondrously.  
Now no more the battle lowers,  
All is calm upon the main,  
Fair our tree with leaves and flowers,  
Tall our tower upraised again.  
Queen of grace, when turn'd to thee,  
Thou hast saved us wondrously.

Queen of Grace, we ask of thee,  
How to thank thee worthily ?—  
When, my child, the fight is o'er ;  
When o'er seas no more you roam ;  
When your tree can fade no more ;  
When you dwell within your home ;  
*There*, my child, you'll turn to me—  
There you'll thank me worthily.

J. M. C.

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## A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE FATHER HENRY YOUNG, OF DUBLIN.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

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### CHAPTER II.

**I**N a family such as the one described in the preceding pages, that one of the children should earn the name of "the saint" affords evidence of no ordinary incipient sanctity. This appellation was bestowed on Henry Young at a very early age ; and scanty as are the records of his childhood, they go far to prove that it was not lightly or in jest, but in very sober earnest, that he was thus designated by those amongst whom he lived. All Mr. Young's children were more or less pious, good, and fervent little Catholics,

who said their prayers, fulfilled all their religious duties, and promised to be, what, indeed, they all eventually became, more than ordinarily good Christians. But Henry, the eldest of them, was from the first something beyond all that. From the moment that his reason dawned, he led a life of prayer, mortification, and austerity, passing whole hours in meditation before the Blessed Sacrament, or practising penances out of proportion with his tender age, and denying himself the smallest indulgences. He would never take anything beyond what was necessary for the support of his life, unless compelled to do so by obedience. Often, when sought for by his brothers and sisters to join in their sports, he was found in the coal cellar on his bare knees, absorbed in prayer. The more tempting portions of his food were always set aside for the poor, and he likewise bestowed on them everything that was given to him in the form of money, cakes, sweetmeats, or fruit. So far did he push the spirit of penance, that he used to mix wormwood with his food, and always carried some in his pocket for that purpose. We are also informed that he was invariably obedient to his parents, full of love and reverence for them, extremely truthful, regular in all his actions, and aiming at perfection in the performance of his tasks and various little duties. No other details of his childhood have reached us. We cannot help remarking how tantalizing it often is to know so little of the early years of the servants of God. A distinguished French writer on education strenuously advises mothers to adopt the practice of keeping a journal, in which, day by day, they may enter a record of their children's lives, noticing carefully and writing down the faults and the good qualities they remark in them—the development of their feelings, of their capacities, and their tastes; and to use the experience thus acquired in the management of their characters and the direction of their education. A mother's time could not be more usefully employed; it would teach her to think and often influence her how to act. If it pleased God that any of the children thus carefully watched should turn out eminently holy, what a treasure that mother's journal would prove in after-times! What consolation might sometimes be derived from maternal reminiscences of the youthful delinquencies and even glaring faults of children who afterwards became saints! Witness Madame Olier presenting her youngest boy, Jean Jacques, the future reformer and model of the French clergy, to St. Francis of Sales, with the desponding remark, that this son of hers was so graceless and ill-behaved, that his father and herself were in continual affliction about him; and the words uttered in reply by the sainted bishop—"O, Madame, a little patience! do not distress yourself, for God will make of this good child a great servant of His Church;" and, laying his hand on the boy's head, the saint gave him his blessing, and affectionately embraced him. If Madame Olier had kept a journal, many an interesting anecdote might have been preserved of the turbulent childhood of her holy son.

As to Henry Young, he seems never to have given any cause of uneasiness to his parents ; but, on the contrary, evinced from his earliest age a degree of virtue and piety which made him the example of his youthful companions. When still very young, he was sent to the only Catholic Seminary then in existence in the Archdiocese of Dublin, namely, Inch, near Balbriggan, a little seaport about fourteen miles from the city. Whilst at this school, he practised humility in many ways, walking behind the other boys, carrying their books and toys, and being at all times ready to give up his own will, and to oblige and serve all around him. He also at once devoted himself to the service of the Altar in a small chapel adjoining the school-room, and by precept and example attracted about twenty of his young friends to join him in confraternities for religious instruction, prayer, and a frequent approach to the Sacrament. He enrolled a number of his companions in a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and drew up a Rule of Life for their direction, which many of them persevered in observing with scrupulous fidelity.<sup>1</sup> Already, in that holy boyhood were foreshadowed the labours and successes of the zealous missionary. Several of these children eventually became priests, and were noted for their zeal and piety. It would be interesting to trace their course in after-life, and observe how each of them at the post assigned him carried out the holy desires first awakened in his mind by the efforts of the little Apostle of Balbriggan ; but this would carry us too far from our subject, and we will content ourselves with adverting to the career of one of those youthful followers of Henry Young—the Rev. Father Patrick Smith, who always continued to be one of his greatest friends.

This holy man was parish priest of Sandyford, a little village situated about seven miles from Dublin ; but, in spite of its comparative vicinity to a great town, nothing could be more primitive and rural than the aspects and the habits of this secluded

<sup>1</sup> [We may be allowed to introduce here a brief reference to a similar exercise of zeal on the part of a Maynooth student, whose peculiar saintliness of character, and even of countenance, will be remembered by many of our readers. It cannot be wrong to name Father Peter Timlin, who, after a few patient and holy years, was to die an edifying death as a Vincentian Father or Priest of the Irish Congregation of the Mission. During the latter years of his divinity course in Maynooth College, he enrolled a chosen band of his fellow-students, who were to receive Holy Communion on certain days over and above those appointed by the rule or custom of the College. The members of this pious association were not known to each other. All was managed with great prudence and modesty. The young Levite, whose personal character for solid holiness was the bond between them, sometimes invited youths to take part in the association whose previous dispositions hardly entitled them to be singled out. No doubt, he applied ingeniously the German proverb : "Treat people as if they were what they ought to be, and you make them what they ought to be." This allusion to one who went several years ago to receive the reward of this pious work, amongst countless others, may be a little incentive to some of those who have now reached the same stage of their career.—ED. C. I.]

hamlet. It was a congenial abode for one so simple, humble, and devout as the good priest who was content to devote himself to the peaceful inhabitants of those quiet hills, almost all of them stone-cutters. The character of the scenery, that of the pastor, and of his flock, were in perfect harmony, and presented a refreshing contrast to those who, from the busy haunts of a great city, came to seek a few hours' repose in the home and the society of Father Smith. His sweet, artless charity had a peculiar charm for persons in daily contact with the sins and malice of the world. He looked on the good and on the bright side of everything; for it was difficult for him to see in others the evil from which his own guileless heart was free. The zealous priest of a fashionable watering-place used to say that, when disheartened and worn out by the sin and folly he daily witnessed, the greatest relief he could find was a day spent with Father Smith. His old friend and schoolfellow, Father Henry Young, would also, from time to time, visit the parish priest of Sandyford, and exchange the noise and strife of his habitual haunts—the worst lanes and alleys of the city—for the quiet scene where nothing was heard, save the distant sound of the stone-cutter's hammer, the song of the birds, the hum of the bees, and the ripple of the little stream which flowed through the garden, where an abundance of bright flowers were cultivated, solely for the adornment of the altar. It was not only all his flowers that Father Smith dedicated to holy purposes—he never spent anything on himself beyond the barest necessities of life. The means he inherited from his father, a gentleman of property in the county of Meath, as well as the little income derived from his parish, were all devoted to religious or charitable uses. It was a saying amongst his flock, that what they gave him might as well be handed over directly to the poor, as he never kept a penny for himself. A true disciple of Father Henry Young, his money, his clothes, and his dinner, were constantly bestowed on those whom he judged to have greater need of them than he had. They gave him, however, the great, the priceless joy that lies in the power of relieving suffering distress, of calling up a smile of glad surprise in the dejected countenance of the sufferer, who has grown listless by dint of care—of smoothing the anxious brow, of cheering the dying bed, of making the hopeless hope. Yes, they gave him the means of enjoying the luxuries of charity. He knew not nor wanted to know any others, unless, indeed, we count amongst them the embellishment of his little church. The bell that summoned his parishioners to Mass and vespers, and sounded forth the Angelus on the pure mountain air, had been baptized Patrick, and blessed by a bishop, in the midst of an immense concourse of people. So scrupulously upright was Father Smith in his holy simplicity, that every week he carefully examined the copper coins of which his Sunday collections were almost exclusively composed, extracting those which he judged to be of bad or doubtful currency. It was his habit to bury them in

his garden, hoping thereby to effectually prevent their further circulation. This became known to some juvenile delinquents, and the consequence was, that the bad pennies were always carefully disintegrated, and, being ingeniously passed off for the purchase of such things as boys delight in, again and again were placed upon the plate, and found their way back to Father Smith.

Acting in the spirit of his guide and model, Henry Young, under whose influence he had himself been enrolled in his youthful days in holy confraternities, Father Smith was indefatigable in establishing amongst his flock religious societies and associations approved by the Church. On the days when the teetotallers held their meetings, the people used to procure a conveyance for their priest, they themselves surrounding the carriage, and accompanying him on foot to the place of assembly, often many miles distant, priest and people one in heart, regarding each other with mutual affection and delight. When we dwell upon such scenes as these, it is impossible not to feel that it is to the affectionate relations between them and their pastors that the Irish owe, under God, the preservation of their faith, and their persevering existence as a Catholic nation. They have learnt, by a long and bitter experience, to distrust almost every one except the friend who has stood by them in their saddest and darkest hours. Full well do her enemies know that the severance of that tie would be a death-blow to Ireland, whose national anthem might, truly, be the matchless address of the Irishman to his priest, which we cannot refrain from quoting below.

Again, we have been led to speak of the indirect results of Henry Young's efforts, and to digress perhaps too much from our theme; but having met with these details of the life and work of one of his friends and disciples, the charm of the picture led us

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"SOGGARTH AROON;" OR, "PRIEST DEAR."

"Loyal and brave to you,  
Soggarth Aroon;  
Yet be no slave to you,  
Soggarth Aroon;  
Nor out of fear to you,  
Stand up so near to you,  
Och! out of fear to *you*,  
Soggarth Aroon?"

Who in the winter's night,  
Soggarth Aroon,  
When the cold blast did bite,  
Soggarth Aroon,  
Came to my cabin door,  
And on my earthen flure  
Knelt by me, sick and poor,  
Soggarth Aroon?"

away. Before dismissing the subject, we may add that a great number of the poor families that used to gather round the altar of Father Smith's church have since been scattered far and wide, and often, perhaps, amidst Australian wilds and in American cities haunting thoughts of the peaceful past arise before the settler's mind, bringing back a longing for the innocence and holy influences of those bygone days. And not in vain do angel voices recall the past, and excite holy desires for the Church of his childhood in the dweller on an alien shore; for the histories of the missions prove that wherever England plants her flag, there does Ireland spread her faith. It is one of the wonderful instances of God's overruling providence, that the Protestant influences which have driven away from her shores so many of her children, have, in doing so, carried all over the known world the seeds of that holy faith<sup>1</sup>

"Still doomed to death, but fated not to die."

To return to Henry Young, whose boyish days were so fruitful

Who on the marriage day,  
                                   Soggarth Aroon,  
 Made the poor cabin gay,  
                                   Soggarth Aroon,  
 And did both laugh and sing,  
 Making our hearts to ring.  
 At the poor christening,  
                                   Soggarth Aroon ?

Who as friend only met,  
                                   Soggarth Aroon,  
 Never did flout me yet,  
                                   Soggarth Aroon ;  
 But when my heart was dim,  
 Gave, while his eye did brim,  
 What I should give to him,  
                                   Soggarth Aroon ?

Och ! you, and *only* you,  
                                   Soggarth Aroon ;  
 And for this I was true to you,  
                                   Soggarth Aroon ;  
*In* love they'll never shake,  
 When, for ould Ireland's sake,  
 We a true part do take,  
                                   Soggarth Aroon ?"

<sup>1</sup> Not long ago, in the American State of Winsconsin, at a meeting called together to raise funds for the erection of a Catholic church, the Irish dwellers in that remote land resolved on sending a messenger home to fetch one of the old grey stones of the ruins of Cashel, for the foundation stone of their New World sanctuary. The feelings, the Faith, and the poetic spirit of the Irish race are embodied in this act.

in good works, we are not surprised to find him on leaving school as anxious as his brothers were after him to enter the religious life. His particular devotion to St. Bernard inclined him to the Cistercian Order. He was then about twenty years of age, having been born in 1786. To a soul like his, solitude had great attractions, and the world at that moment, no doubt, presented a singularly repulsive aspect. Abroad it was given up to the horrors of Revolution, and at home a terrible conflict must have reigned in the hearts of Irish Catholics. The revolutionary spirit, linked on the Continent with crime and infidelity, was allied in some cases with hopes which could hardly fail to allure the victims of the worst tyranny which has ever disgraced the annals of history. It must have been difficult to resist the natural yearning for deliverance, and an impetuous sympathy with those who rushed into danger, and braved sufferings and death for a country loved, if not wisely, but too well. Perplexity, that surest of trials, no doubt, harassed many a conscientious mind, at a time when the crimes of their rulers seemed to throw a doubt on the duties of the oppressed. It may, perhaps, be counted amongst the special mercies of God to Ireland, that her deliverance was not effected in conjunction with the movement of the French Revolution, stained with so many hideous crimes, and justified on such false principles; but that it has been, and continues to be, gradually effected by the force of public opinion and the patient energy of a people bent on obtaining freedom, in its best and noblest sense. Nothing but the steadfast thought of a world where compensation will be made to every victim of human pride and brutal force—and the last in earthly eyes will become the first in the Kingdom of God—could have given to an Irish Catholic the power to witness without despair the scenes which were enacted in Ireland at the close of the last century. Many a saintly character was doubtless formed under the pressure of that stern and heavy anguish, and the sanctity thus called forth would naturally be one of a very austere and world-despising type, such as we shall find it in Henry Young. He was not, however, permitted to realise his aspirations after monastic seclusion and the peaceful austerities of the cloister; God had other work for him to do, other scenes to witness, other ties to form, and, as is often the case, the will of a parent was the instrument through which the Divine designs were brought about. Mr. Young strongly opposed the son's desire to become a monk, and it was finally decided that he should proceed to Rome, and pursue there his ecclesiastical studies—for of his vocation to the priesthood there never seems to have been any doubt. In the next chapter we will follow the young student to the Eternal City, and, as far as we can, trace out his life during his abode in the capital of Christendom.

## CHAPTER III.

FROM the time of James II. certain privileges respecting the admission of students were granted to Ireland by the Roman College of the Propaganda, by virtue of which Henry Young commenced his ecclesiastical studies in that College about the year 1802; he was then sixteen years of age. Rome had witnessed, two years before, the return and entrance of her Pontiff King, the gentle and holy Pius VII., and welcomed him with the most exulting joy. At a moment when, to human eyes, the Church seemed in the utmost peril, when the horizon was so dark on every side that even her most clear-sighted children could see no light breaking in the distance, one of those marvellous changes in the face of affairs had occurred, which take the world by surprise, and utterly baffle its previsions. The French armies, before and afterwards so brilliantly victorious, "vanished like snow at the breath of the Lord," and Suwarrow's march into Italy liberated the Peninsula for the time being from the demon of Revolution. The forces of England and of Turkey, the heretic and the Mussulman, proved God's instruments in restoring to His Vicar the patrimony of St. Peter. The Sovereign Pontiff reigned once more at Rome, and when Henry Young began his studies in the Eternal City, external peace was reigning within its walls. The events of the previous years had indeed left behind them many traces of devastation. The passions which had so wildly raged during the lawless era of the French domination were still heaving, like the ocean when the storm has subsided; but the tranquillity of the religious houses was, for the time being, as undisturbed as in former days—and Rome wore again the serene aspect which it always presents when our Lord's representative reigns over his strange—we might almost call it his unearthly—kingdom. The young Irish student, whose life at home had been so pure and holy, found new incitements to sanctity in the scenes which now surrounded him. Every step he took, every day of the year as it came round, brought with it some sacred association—some thought which drew him nearer to God. The feeling which Rome inspires, even to those who are not saints, or even aspiring to sanctity, to persons of ordinary faith and piety, is that of living in a great Church, a wide magnificent Temple, where everything speaks of God, and leads to Him; where the streets and the roads, the ruins and the dust, are almost as sacred as the sanctuary or the shrine; where to walk is to tread hallowed ground; where to gaze is to pray, and to muse is to worship. This it is which makes Catholics writhe under the desecration of Rome with a pain akin to that with which they would witness the profanation of a Church, or the sacrilegious stripping of God's Altar. To a soul that had set out in life with one single purpose, aim and hope, one love, one faith, one thought, how like a spiritual home must



that city have been, which saints of all ages have passionately loved. It was there that began Father Henry's career of detachment from every thing that the world considers desirable or attractive. We learn from one of his sisters, the Abbess of St. Clare, who related it to a friend, that it was during his studies in Rome that, praying in one of those churches where he spent every hour he could snatch from his daily duties, he felt an inspiration to lead a life of extraordinary austerity and self-denial. He seems to have considered this a special call, and he scrupulously followed it during the long course of years that he was to spend in the world—but not of the world. He was much attached to a young student who died whilst he was at the College of the Propaganda. His earnest request to him was, that, as soon as he entered Heaven, he would ask for him that henceforward his mind might never be occupied with anything but God, or what related to God's service. His friend replied, "If I have the power of recollection I will not fail to do so." This grace seems indeed to have been granted to Henry Young; for the peculiarity of his sanctity was an utter indifference, almost amounting to unconsciousness, about everything that did not directly concern the practice or the interests of religion. One of his fellow-students, who became afterwards a Roman prelate, told a Jesuit father, many years ago, that if he survived Father Henry Young, he thought it not unlikely that he would be called upon to testify that even at the College of the Propaganda he led a life of heroic sanctity. The course of events did not allow him to pursue in peace his studies. The second invasion of Rome by the French troops in 1808, when the Holy Father was sacrilegiously seized in the Quirinal by a French general, the ruthless interpreter of the Emperor Napoleon's passionate ravings, and dragged into a captivity from whence he only emerged when the man who had defied God to avenge His Church fell crushed beneath the weight of the excommunication he had derided, led to the violent dispersion of the students of the Propaganda. Henry Young took refuge in the house of the Vincentian or Lazarist Fathers, and spent there the remainder of his sojourn in Rome. He had left his native country bleeding from the wounds of the hapless struggle of '98. He was doomed to see his spiritual home cruelly desecrated by its lawless invaders, to witness the shepherd dragged away by merciless wolves. Perhaps he may have heard the words of the triumphant persecutor, who exclaimed, as Pius VII. crossed the threshold of the Quirinal, "There is the last of the Popes passing through that door; after him there will never be another." If his heart sank within him at the sight and the sound of men's guilt, it was not with the despondency of one who fears for the Church. He knew that the prosperity of the wicked is short-lived, and that, if a thousand years are as nothing in God's eyes, how much less the few fleeting moments during which His enemies play their parts on the world's stage, whilst His arrows are sharpen-

and His wrath gathering up like the thunder-cloud before the storm.

We live in days, in many respects similar to those we speak of. They teach us many a lesson of hope and confidence. The silver lining of the dark cloud is all we see; the rustle of the leaves before the hurricane, all we hear; but we are the children of those who hoped against hope in sadder days even than ours, and we know that the hour is now near, as it was then, when the spoiler's hand will be stayed, when the persecutor's plotting brain will madden, or his voice be hushed in death; and those who are now exclaiming "Come down from the Cross and we will believe in thee," will be calling on the mountains to fall on them, and the hills to cover them. The beauty, the charm, the sweetness of the Eternal City vanishes when Christ's Vicar departs; but the teachings of its silent altars, of its ruins, of its very stones, abide.

Though Father Young often was heard to regret that its miserable and disturbed state had interfered with the pursuit of his studies, and deprived him of some of the benefits of his ecclesiastical training in the Capital of Christendom, yet, the latter years which he spent in Rome were not, perhaps, those the least conducive to the deepening of the holy resolutions he had so early formed. At the Vincentian College of Monte Celano, he made on all who knew him the same impression as at the Propaganda. We may incidentally mention that the venerable servant of God, Padre Roberti, was one of his fellow-students. Addressing the students of the Irish College in 1832, one who had been well acquainted with Henry Young said, that he would be ready, if he survived him, to bear witness on oath to his sanctity, and that he should not be surprised if the day came when their countryman would be placed on the altars of the church. His confessor, a Vincentian Father, related wonderful things of his penitent, of many a Divine vision vouchsafed to him, and of the radiant light which would sometimes fill his cell with a celestial brightness. It is supposed that this Father's papers contain numerous details as to the youth of the holy priest; but Rome is once more in the hands of the spoiler; the religious no longer inhabit their quiet homes; and we must be content to record the faint echoes of the traditionary reports which have been handed down by his cotemporaries.

In 1810, on Pentecost Sunday, at the house of the Order specially devoted to the service of the poor, that great lover of the poor, Henry Young, was ordained by the Irish Bishop Concannon. Four years afterwards, in 1814, Archbishop Murray, who had gone to Rome to seek advice and guidance on the famous Veto question, struck by the estimate he quickly formed of the merits of the young Irish priest, insisted on his returning to Ireland, and exchanging the serene contemplative life which even an apostolic labourer can enjoy in the Holy City, for the rough and incessant toil of a missionary life in his native land. On Christmas day of that year, having crossed from Holyhead in a coal brig,

the only vessel leaving that port which seemed likely to bring him to Dublin early enough to say Mass on that sacred morning, he proceeded straight from the place of disembarkation to the Augustinian Church in John's-lane, and there offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the first time on Irish soil. It was only after he had said his three Masses, and poured forth long prayers and thanksgivings before God's altar, that he visited his parents or sought repose. That Church to which he directed his steps on the morning of his arrival was always particularly dear to Father Young. The traditional history of the noble Order to which it belonged, no doubt, endeared to him the sacred building. Its site, that of the once magnificent hospital and priory of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, spoke of the ages of Faith; and its own erection was coeval with the first relaxation of the penal laws concerning Catholic worship. Many a long year after that Christmas morning of 1814, at a time when a mission was given in the Augustinian Church in 1858, during very severe wintry weather, the monk whose duty it was to open the doors at half-past four o'clock in the morning, before the five o'clock Mass, invariably found a crowd outside, regardless of cold and snow, and patiently awaiting the hour of admittance. In the midst of them was always seen the diminutive figure of Father Young, catechising, exhorting, and instructing the groups of men, women, and children, who pressed around him to hear his words and get his blessing; and when the door opened they followed him in troops to the confessional. This venerable Sanctuary, where he and so many other holy men prayed, and worked, and won souls by thousands to God, has now given way to a new magnificent church built by the Augustinian Fathers, on the same spot. The old church will be forgotten, but not the work it wrought. There Father Gentili closed his apostolic labours, and passed away from the midst of those whom, up to the last moment of his life, he addressed with his irresistible fervour. It may be permitted to an English writer, whilst speaking of Father Young's favourite church, incidentally to mention that it was the scene of some of Father Ignatius of St. Paul's most earnest appeals to Ireland for prayers for the conversion of England. Preaching there on many nights, he entreated his hearers, for the love of Him to whose crucified image he directed their gaze, to forgive, as Jesus had forgiven, and to plead for his native land. The appeal was heard; he had touched the right chord. From that kneeling multitude the voice of prayer arose like a rushing mighty wind. It is on our knees that we acquire the strength to forgive. It is so with individuals; it must be so with nations. We cannot hate those for whom we pray; and when at the entreaty of the English Passionist Father, Irish hearts prayed for the children of those who, for so many generations, had persecuted their forefathers, a conquest was achieved which must have gladdened the Sacred Heart of Our Lord.

We have anticipated the course of years in describing Father

Young's vigils at the door of the Church in John's-lane. We must return to the first beginnings of his missionary life. The first post that was assigned to him was that of curate under Dr. Wall at the church of St. Michan, at that time situated in Mary's-lane, and shortly afterwards to the same position at St. Nicholas of Myra, under a zealous and holy priest, Dr. Hamill, Vicar-general to Archbishop Troy. Both these churches were situated in densely populated and poor districts of the city of Dublin. At the outset of his missionary career, he drew up for himself a rule for what he called Church duties, which apportioned every hour to some particular work. It clearly evinces his determination never to give a single moment of time to anything that did not concern the service of God and the salvation of souls; and through his long life of beyond four-score years he was faithful to his rules. Speaking of the time he assigned to morning prayer and meditation, in a letter written only three years before his death, he speaks of his general practice having been such since his return from Rome in 1814. We will give the summary of what were his ordinary avocations as a working parochial priest, without fear of being thought tedious. It is these minute details of the lives of holy persons which convey an idea of the work God enables them to accomplish. From seven to nine he attended the confessional and gave Communion. At eleven he usually said Mass. After Mass he recited a number of prayers, and a Novena, varying according to the season. On Mondays and Thursdays he employed some ladies to catechise the children at half-past twelve; after which he gave an instruction. At half-past twelve on Wednesdays he administered the temperance pledge, and enrolled persons in pious sodalities. From two to three he himself catechised the children. Every evening at five he recited the hymns and sequence of the Holy Spirit, after which he heard confessions until seven. At seven he repeated the Rosary and evening prayers, and gave a pious lecture and instruction; also the prayers of the Novena, if one occurred. At eight o'clock on the evenings of Mondays and Thursdays, after night prayers, he engaged the confraternity attached to the church to teach catechism to men. At nine o'clock on Mondays he presided at the recitation of the Office for the Dead; that of the Blessed Virgin on Wednesdays; Vespers and Compline of the Divine Office on Tuesdays and Thursdays; on Fridays the Stations of the Cross, with prayers and instruction. On the first Friday and Saturday of each month prayers were recited, and Benediction given after Mass, in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. On Saturdays he heard confessions from seven to eleven, from one to three, and from six to nine. Evening prayers were said at seven. On Sundays he generally celebrated a first Mass after morning prayers, and another at eleven or twelve, and taught catechism after the last Mass. Then at five in the evening he had night prayers, with Vespers and sermon. On the first Tuesday of every month the

census of the Catholic population of the parish was gradually taken, and inquiry made at each house respecting the attendance to religious duties, &c., and the ages of children under sixteen were inquired into, and registered. By this arrangement Father Young was enabled to ascertain the character and habits of each parishioner, which knowledge he made use of to reform irregularities, and reconcile disagreements, and, above all, to incite to piety. Being acquainted with the number and ages of the children in every family, he employed himself with great zeal in preparing those who were old enough for the Sacraments, and never rested until he had succeeded in persuading the parents to send their children to catechism and school. In later years he considerably increased, instead of diminishing, the amount of his Church duties. We find him exclaiming in one of his letters, "I delight in Church duties." The wonderful series of Devotions which he performed in public for the benefit of his congregation, nothing would tempt, no inducement persuade him to forego, even for a single day. His attendance at the Annual Retreat of the Priests of the Archdiocese of Dublin, held at Maynooth, was the sole break in his unvarying yearly course of self-oblation. Writing to a religious, whom he highly esteemed, and who had pressed him to visit his monastery, he excuses himself in these words, which introduce us, as it were, to a personal acquaintance with him:—"How could I fulfil EXACTLY these and my other duties, if I stray into the country, even for one day? According to a worldly maxim—*Licet in anno semel insanire*—"Tis lawful to play the fool once in a twelvemonth.' But this does not sanction one fault in the spiritual sense." After this he says, referring to the proposed visit—"For me, in particular, it would be an omission of some Church duties. . . . The soldier must be at his post, the sentinel in his sentry-box; so must I be on my watch-tower." And he repeats, "Officials must be at their respective posts, otherwise they will not be rewarded. . . . I do attend with satisfaction to all my duties, and hope to persevere till the Lord God will call me into Eternity—the desire of your humble servant, Henry Young."

Of the private devotions of this saintly servant of God, those hours, when, during the silent watches of the night, prostrate before the Tabernacle, he held communion with Heaven, earth holds no record. The last lingerer in the church at night ever left him upon his knees; the earliest riser on the morrow found him still bowed down before the altar. If no one knew what was the length of Father Young's private devotions, neither can any one tell exactly what was the scanty amount of time he devoted to sleep. The floor, or two or three planks nailed together, constituted his bed; a log of wood, or a book, his only pillow. During a great part of his life he ate but once a day, and that was in the afternoon; and that single meal was often nothing but bread and water. Yet he attained the age of eighty-four; and, generally speaking, his health was excellent. Even at his father's house, on

his return from Rome, he never slept in the bed, or made any use of the luxuries provided for him. On his first appointment to parochial duties, his mother caused his room at the Presbytery to be comfortably furnished and carpeted. Calling in a few days to see how he was getting on, she found that the furniture had disappeared, with the exception of the wooden part of the bedstead, one chair, and a stool, on which sat Father Young, cutting up the carpet into short lengths, the chair being covered with the strips. It was excessively cold weather, and there was no fire in the room. Mrs. Young said, "Why are you destroying your carpet, Henry?" "Oh! mother," replied he, "the poor women about here are very badly off, perishing with cold, and I am cutting up the carpet to give them to make petticoats for themselves. I have a sheltered room, and I don't want a carpet." "But," said she, "where is all the furniture? You have not left me even a chair to sit on." He said, "The bedstead makes a very good seat, and I kept a chair in case the Archbishop might call; the rest I gave to some poor friends of mine who had nothing."

Mrs. Young, herself most charitable and pious, must have thanked God in her heart, even though she may have been taken a little aback by the sudden disposal of her maternal gifts.

[*To be continued.*]

## JOTTINGS FROM A GREEK PRAYER-BOOK.

### III.

#### THE "HOLY COMMUNION OFFICE."

**P**REFIXED to the "Communion Office" in the *Synopsis* is a rough, but significant and highly characteristic woodcut. It represents a chalice, out of which, in utter disregard of all the laws of proportion and perspective, rises a figure of Our Lord, with arms extended in the attitude of blessing. Underneath is the legend Ο ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ, "Jesus Christ." The figure is attired in the well-known traditional tunic worn by Our Lord in ancient pictures and sculpture, and is represented standing erect in the chalice, as if in a pulpit. Around, at each of the angles of the picture, are depicted angels in the attitude of adoration.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this representation is intended to symbolize the Real Presence of our Blessed Lord in the elements of the Eucharistic Chalice. A similarly symbolical representation of the Real Presence of Christ, under the appearance

of bread, is used, not only in the Greek, but also in the Russo-Greek Church, schismatical, as well as united ; in both of which are not unfrequently met, on pictures, brasses, tablets, panels, triptychs, and other sacred objects, representations of Our Lord reclined upon the communion salver, or patena. But the woodcut in the *Synopsis* is peculiar in this, that, while all the representations of Christ upon the patena with which we are acquainted present him in the form of the Divine Infant, He is figured in the *Synopsis*, notwithstanding the ludicrous disproportion in the drawing, as a man of full age, bearded, and it would seem in the exercise of His mission as a Divine Teacher. And, with all its rude and inartistic drawing, the Divine Face in the woodcut of the *Synopsis* is not without that mysterious and awe-inspiring grandeur which characterizes all the Oriental representations of Our Lord, and all the Western pictures of the early Italian and Low-German Schools in which its traditional type has been preserved :—that grave, but tender mien—those sadly solemn eyes which once greeted the worshipper in the porch of St. Sophia's, and which M. Salzenberg has rescued from the concealment to which they had long been condemned in that defaced and desecrated temple ;<sup>1</sup> or which still look down as of old, in imposing but attractive grandeur, from the mosaics of St. John Lateran at Rome, or San Vitale at

<sup>1</sup> On the occupation of Constantinople by the Turks, the ancient Church of St. Sophia, as is well known, was converted into a mosque, and all its Christian emblems and characteristics were defaced, or at least concealed. The latter was the fate, for the most part, of the mural decorations—the gilding, the frescoes, and the mosaics—which in most cases were not destroyed or defaced, but merely covered with a thin coat of plaster or cement, which concealed them from the eyes of the “true believers.” Owing to the decay and neglect of centuries, the mosque had fallen into an almost ruinous condition, and the Sultan Abdul Medjid, soon after his accession, ordered a complete and scientific restoration of the building in all its parts, which was carried out carefully under the direction of European artists and workmen. In the progress of the restoration, the original mosaics and frescoes having been uncovered, the Sultan, at the request of the King of Prussia, permitted M. Salzenberg, a German artist, commissioned for the purpose by the King, to copy all the groups, figures, and emblems. They have been published in folio (Berlin, 1854), with illustrative descriptions. The picture of Our Lord alluded to above, is a mosaic, which stands in the inner porch above the central door of the church, and represents Our Saviour between the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist, in the act of blessing the Emperor Justinian, who is prostrate before Him.

Our young readers may be interested in learning that the position of the hand of Our Lord in blessing indicates, according to the language of signs then in use, the initial and final letters of the name, Jesus Christ [ $\Gamma \Sigma \chi \Sigma$ ]. The outstretched forefinger means  $\Gamma$  : the second finger bent means  $\Sigma$  ; the third finger applied to the thumb  $\chi$  ; and the little finger  $\Sigma$  : and it is curious that Paul the Silentiary, in his poem descriptive of this very picture, thus explains the meaning of the signs conveyed by the position of the fingers of the outstretched hand :

*“Εοικε δὲ δάκτυλα τείνειν*

*Διέξτερος, ἅτε μῦθον ἀειζῶνα πεφάσκειν*

“He appears extending the fingers of the right hand, as though indicating by the act the ever-living word.”

Ravenna, and are reproduced with all their ancient force, and almost more than their ancient beauty, in the wonderful works of Overbeck, Cornelius, Ary Scheffer, and other masters of the New German School.

Indeed if our purpose in these slight "Jottings" were purely or principally doctrinal, we might be satisfied with this single wood-cut, as evidence of the identity of the faith of the Greek Church with that of the Latin, in the reality of Christ's Presence in the Eucharist. There can be no uncertainty as to the purport of the emblem, which tells its own story. Christ issuing from the chalice speaks unmistakably to the eye of the very presence of our Lord under the symbols contained therein; and it is as impossible to doubt or question the belief of the authors of this representation in the reality of Christ's Presence in the Eucharist, as it would be to doubt that the founders of Corpus Christi College at Oxford, in setting up in its court the figure of the Pelican feeding her young ones from her bleeding breast, were believers in the same mysterious dogma.

But, as has been already said, the prayers of this collection have an interest for us altogether beyond and independent of their doctrinal import; and the Holy Communion Service for the use of communicants in the Greek Church well deserves to be studied for its own sake.

It consists of two parts; the first, which is designed to follow the Apodeipnon or Complin Office of the eve of Communion; the second, which is intended to be used after the Morning Prayer of the Communion-day itself.

We do not profess to go through either of these parts in detail. We shall be content with a few extracts from each, which may exhibit their general import, and particularly those things which display their distinctive spirit and character.

In the first part, the intending communicant is directed to commence with the Apodeipnon, or Complin Office, which is to be recited as far as the Nicene Creed. The special Communion Office consists of a series of twenty-six short petitions, arranged in alliterative order, and commencing in succession with the successive letters of the Greek alphabet. This device, unfamiliar to us, is not unusual in Greek Hymns and Prayers, and has its original, of course, in the well-known alliterations of the Bible—the 118th Psalm, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the description of the "valiant woman" in the 31st chapter of the Book of Proverbs.

But a more interesting peculiarity of these Greek Devotions before Communion is, that, interspersed with the addresses to Our Lord which form the staple of the exercise, are introduced prayers to the Mother of God [*θεοτοκία*]; as though the kindred devotion to the Mother were a natural and inseparable appendage of the devotion to the Son. In most of these prayers to Our Lady, however, the leading Eucharistic character will be found to be



carefully preserved, and she is addressed, for the most part, under some type or symbol directly allusive to the mystery of the Eucharist. Thus at one time she is "The fruitful soil which brought forth, without the husbandman's toil, the ear of corn—the salvation of the world:" at another she is the "All Holy Table of the Bread of Life which cometh down from on high;" and, most striking of all, and most directly allusive to the Reality of Our Lord's Presence, it is "from her pure blood that God hath become incarnate."

We shall transcribe the opening sections of this interesting exercise. Although designed to be sung, it is not in metrical form.

FIRST ODE.<sup>1</sup>

"O merciful Lord, may Thy Holy Body be to me the Bread of eternal life, and Thy precious Blood the medicine of my multiplied diseases."

"Miserable that I am, defiled by unholy works, I am unworthy, O Christ, to partake of Thy immaculate Body and Thy divine Blood! Vouchsafe to make me worthy thereof."

## TO THE MOTHER OF GOD.

"O blessed Spouse of God! fruitful Soil, which didst produce, without the work of the husbandman, the ear of corn which is the salvation of the world! do thou grant that I may eat thereof, and that eating I may be saved!"

## HIRMUS.

"Thou hast established me on the rock of faith; Thou hast opened wide my mouth against my enemies: for my spirit hath rejoiced in singing: 'There is none holy like our God, and there is none just but Thou, O Lord!'"

## TROPARIA.

"Grant me, O Christ, fountains of tears, to cleanse away the foulness of my heart, that, being purified in conscience, I may proceed in faith and in fear to the partaking of Thy divine gifts.

"May Thy immaculate Body and Thy divine Blood, O merciful Lord, be unto me to the remission of sins, the communication of the Holy Spirit, the everlasting life, and the alleviation of all sufferings and tribulations!"

## TO THE MOTHER OF GOD.

"O Holy Table of the Bread of Life that cometh down from on high, and giveth new life to the world! vouchsafe that I also, unworthy as I am, may eat thereof with fear, and that eating I may have life!"

<sup>1</sup> The alliteration is lost, of course, in the English version; but in the original Greek the first verse begins with *Αἵρος*, the second with *βεβηλωθείς*, the third with *γῆ*; and so on through the entire alphabet.

## SECOND ODE.

"O most merciful Lord, incarnate for our sake, Thou didst suffer Thyself to be offered in sacrifice, as a sheep, for the sins of men. Blot out, I beseech Thee, my transgressions !

"Heal, O Lord, the wounds of my soul ; make me entirely holy ! and vouchsafe, O Lord, miserable sinner as I am, that I may be made partaker of the mysterious and Divine Banquet !"

## TO THE MOTHER OF GOD.

"Take pity, out of the bowels of thy compassion, O Lady, on me, thy suppliant, and keep me undefiled and blameless, that I may so receive into my soul the spiritual pearl, and may be made holy."

In none of these prayers is the mysterious Presence more strikingly brought out than in the following :—

"Vouchsafe, O Christ, my God and my Saviour, that I also, outcast that I am, may be partaker of Thy heavenly and awful and holy mysteries, and of thy Divine and mysterious Banquet.

"O my good God, I fly to Thy tender mercy, and with fear I cry out to Thee : grant, O my Saviour, that Thou mayst abide in me, and I, as Thou hast promised, in Thee ! For behold, relying on Thy mercy, I eat Thy Flesh, and drink Thy Blood.

"Receiving fire within me, I tremble lest I be dissolved as wax, or consumed as hay or stubble. O awful mystery ! O tender mercy of God ! wherein I, earth and clay as I am, partake of the Divine Body and Blood, and am made incorruptible !"

At the close of these special prayers, the communicant is directed to resume the Apodeipnon or Complin Office at the end of the Nicene Creed ; thus completing the Communion Exercise of the evening before Communion.

The exercise for the morning of Communion begins with the ordinary Morning exercise, which has been already described. This is followed by the 22nd, 23rd, and 115th Psalms, and by a series of prayers, very similar in character to those of the eve of Communion. We shall transcribe one of these, addressed

## TO THE MOTHER OF GOD.

"O Mother of God, great is the multitude of my transgressions. To thee, O pure Virgin, have I fled for refuge, entreating for salvation. Do thou look down upon my fainting soul, thou alone blessed, and intercede with thy Son and our God, that He may grant me pardon of the evil of which I have been guilty !"

Then follow penitential acts and petitions, together with a series of short stanzas, which are described as "Didactic verses, concerning the manner in which we ought to approach the Immaculate Mysteries."

The following is first in order :—

Μέλλων φαγεῖν, ἄνθρωπε, Σῶμα Δεισποτου,  
Φόβῳ πρόσελθε, μὴ φλεγῇς<sup>1</sup> πῦρ τυγχάνει.

Θεῖον δὲ πίνων Ἀῖμα πρὸς μετουσίαν,  
Πρῶτον καταλλάγηθι τοῖς σὲ λυπῶσιν<sup>2</sup>  
Ἐπειτα θαρρῶν μυστικῇν βρῶσιν φάγε.

Προ τοῦ μετασχεῖν τῆς φρικώδους θυσίας  
Τοῦ ζωοποιοῦ Σώματος τοῦ Δεισποτου,  
Τῷδε πρόσευξαι τῷ τρόπῳ μετὰ τρεμοῦ.

The subjoined version is, in some respects, an expansion of these short stanzas; but we have endeavoured carefully to preserve the spirit of the original, and to follow the line of thought which runs through it.

Thou who wouldst rush, with earth-stained feet,  
The stainless Flesh of Christ to eat,  
Rash man, thy peril know !—  
Beware !—of old Heaven's scathing flame<sup>4</sup>  
Adown in angry flashings came,  
And smote the scorers low !

Thou who wouldst drink the saving Blood  
That streamed from Calvary's purpled rood,  
Revenge within thy soul ;  
Lift but thine eye to Christ above,  
And let His all-forgiving love  
Each vengeful thought control !

Yet when, with fluttering pulse and high,  
Thou drawest the mystic Victim nigh,  
On this dread Altar laid ;  
Think 'tis the Lord of Life is here ;  
Receive thy Jesus without fear,  
And pray as Basil prayed !

These " didactic stanzas " serve as an introduction to a series of prayers from St. Basil, St. John Chrysostom, St. John of Damascus, and Simeon Metaphrastes, which follow it. The spirit, and indeed the language of these prayers, will be familiar to most readers who are habituated to the more elaborate exercises for Communion, which we find in our own larger books of devotion. The first is the—

PRAYER OF BASIL THE GREAT.

" O Lord, I know that I am unworthy to partake of Thy Immaculate Body, and of Thy precious Blood, and that I eat and drink damnation to myself, if

<sup>1</sup> Levit. x., 2.

I discern not the Body and Blood of Thy Christ, my God. Nevertheless, confiding in Thy mercies, I approach to Thee, who hast said: *He that eateth my Body, and drinketh my Blood, abideth in me, and I in him.* Take pity, therefore, on me, a sinner. Make me not an example of that justice; but deal with me according to Thy mercy. May these Holy mysteries be to me unto healing and purification; unto enlightenment and protection; unto salvation and sanctification of soul and body; unto the prevention of all illusions, evil actions, and diabolical influences, working in my members; unto filial confidence and love for Thee; unto reformation and security of life; unto the fulfilment of Thy commands, and the commemoration of the Holy Spirit! May it be the viaticum of Eternal Life, and an acceptable defence, and not a judgment or condemnation at Thy dread judgment seat."

Still more striking, the following short—

PRAYER OF JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

"O Lord, I believe and confess that Thou art truly the Christ, the Son of the living God, who camest into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief. I believe, moreover, that this is Thy Immaculate Body, and this Thy Precious Blood. Have mercy on me, therefore, I beseech Thee, and pardon me all my transgressions, voluntary and involuntary, in word and deed, in knowledge and in ignorance; and vouchsafe that I may blamelessly partake of the unspotted mysteries, unto the remission of sins and life everlasting. Amen."

Immediately before receiving, the following short ejaculatory prayer is to be recited:—

"O Son of God, make me this day to be partaker of Thy mysterious feast. Grant that I may never betray the Mystery to Thy enemies! Grant that I may never, like Judas, tender Thee the traitor kiss; but that, like the Penitent Thief, I may commend myself to Thy mercy: O Lord, remember me in Thy Kingdom!"

The third part of the Communion Office is the Thanksgiving after Communion. It is short, but pregnant and impressive. In their general tone and spirit, the prayers differ but little from those of the earlier portions of the Office; and, like them, are interspersed with prayers and hymns from St. Basil, St. John Chrysostom, and the Fathers and ascetical writers.

We can only find space for the concluding prayers:—

"O Lord Jesus Christ, my God, may Thy Sacred Body be to me unto everlasting life, and Thy precious Blood unto the remission of sins! Grant that this thanksgiving may be to me unto joy, health, and festivity. And vouchsafe that at Thy second and dread coming, I, sinner that I am, may stand at the right hand of Thy glory, through the intercession of Thy Immaculate Mother, and all Thy Saints! Amen."

PRAYER TO THE MOST HOLY MOTHER OF GOD:

"O Mother of God, most holy Lady! light of my darkened soul, my hope, my protection, my refuge, my comfort, and my joy, I give thanks to thee that thou hast vouchsafed me, unworthy that I am, to be partaker of the Immaculate Body and of the precious Blood of thy Son. O thou who broughtest forth

the True Light, illuminate the spiritual eyes of my heart! Thou who conceivedst the Fountain of Immortality give life to me, who am dead in sin! Most compassionate Mother of the merciful God, have mercy on me! Grant me sorrow and contrition of heart, humility in thought, and refuge in the captivity of my reason. Vouchsafe that to my latest breath I may blamelessly receive the sanctification of the immaculate Mysteries, to the healing of soul and body! Grant me tears of repentance and confession, that I may sing, Thy praises all the days of my life; because Thou art blessed and glorious unto all generations! Amen."

We earnestly commend this eloquent prayer to the careful study of those Anglicans whose sensitive orthodoxy as to the worship due to God alone, would seek in the Eastern Communion a refuge from the supposed "Mariolatry" of the West.

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"HOW CAME THERE SIN TO WORLD SO FAIR?"

HOW came there Sin to world so fair,  
Where all things seem to bask in God,  
Where breathes His Love in every air,  
His Life ascends from every sod?

O happy birds and happy bees,  
And flowers that flash through matin gems!  
O happy trees, and happier breeze  
That sweep'st their dewy diadems!

Why are not all things good and bright?  
Why are not all men kind and true?  
O World so beauteous, wise, and right,  
Your Maker is our Maker too!

Whence came the Sin? whence came the Woe?  
Thou God All-pitying and All-pure!  
Their source we know not. This we know:  
Thyself Thou giv'st to us—their cure.

AUBREY DE VERE.

## JACK HAZLITT.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AILEY MOORE."

## CHAPTER X.

SHOWING GRACE BRACKENBRIDGE'S ESTIMATE OF THE IRISH AND OF HERSELF—ALSO THE RELIGIOUS CREED OF THE SAME YOUNG LADY.

FROM the spring-time till the young summer began to bloom, Jack Hazlitt continued the guest of Captain Brackenbridge. The captain insisted on the necessity of a few months' repose, and a few months' experience, before "Mr. Wood" should think of any engagement requiring all his energies and a good deal of knowledge of the country.

"You shall meet all my friends from time to time," argued Captain Brackenbridge; "and many of them are men of great and varied connexion. You may take a few voyages as supercargo, and, as you know navigation, you can take command of a ship as soon as you have well studied the charts."

"Command a ship!"

"Yes, Mr. Wood: yes, sir—command a ship; and once you have mapped the southern seas in your mind, I am quite prepared to trust your genius, and help to make your fortune."

"My fortune!" half dreamily repeated Jack Hazlitt. "My fortune!"

At that moment he would find, fixed upon him, the eyes of Grace Brackenbridge, inquiringly, and not unsympathetically. She looked as if she felt, "am I not your fortune?" and the words of destiny came back upon his mind—"Sir, you are a man!"

The suddenness of North American vegetation, when winter has quitted his hold upon the soil, is striking and exhilarating. Between the ice-formed flowers of March, covering the boughs with Arctic gems, and the peeping out of the May flower, and even the luxuriant leafing of young summer, there seems scarcely an interval. The transformation is magical, and nature shares her ecstasy with man.

For nearly the whole interval referred to, Jack Hazlitt and Grace Brackenbridge were left together. A lady seldom came to "The Hall," and no lady made a long visit. Gentlemen came and went constantly, but were no inconvenience or intrusion. Captain Brackenbridge himself was often away for a whole week, leaving to his niece and the servants the care of the mansion.

With good horses, good vehicles, and first-rate fowling-pieces, the time could not hang heavily on Mr. Wood's hands. He was just in the set of circumstances most calculated to develop his peculiar qualities. He had the impulse to exert himself, and the admiration which he valued; and, best of all, he had no gentleman to quarrel with, at least up to the time which we describe.

As the hedges grew green, and the sea began to smooth its brow, in honour of coming May, Mr. Wood and Grace Brackenbridge had many a pleasant ride and many a happy lounge and long walk through the trees and by the sea-board, and around Brooklyn city itself. Sometimes Mr. Wood astonished the young lady by feats of horsemanship, unknown beyond the borders of the Irish hunting field; and betimes he startled her by suddenly firing, in the middle of a sentence, and bringing down a bird without stopping the conversation; and sometimes he surprised her, when he met an Indian or a Negro, because, if they happened to be poor, and he was caught in his mood, he would share with them all he had in the world.

One day they had plunged into an avenue of pines, and were deeply engaged in conversation, when they overtook two men, an old man and a young man, both of whom seemed very much excited. The old man's tone was deprecating, and his right hand was raised, to give force to his appeal. The young man was indignant, and flung his arms wide open, like one crying for vengeance!

Miss Brackenbridge almost immediately recognised the young man, as one who had been once living at the Hall, and who had been remarkable for industry and economy.

"Oh, Teeling! this is the old man, is it?" demanded Grace Brackenbridge.

"Yes," answered the man spoken to; and he looked down upon the ground.

That is quite an American style, though Teeling was not an American. Every lady's face seems sunshine sent back from a looking-glass, and all the gentlemen seem quite unequal to looking forward—so they look down.

"Yes," repeated Teeling, and now he spoke bitterly; "that is the old man, Miss Brackenbridge, robbed, ruined, and sent on the world at five-and-sixty years—himself and my mother—to die!"

"How is that?" Grace pursued.

"How is that!—how is that!" answered the young man, and he began to choke.

"Oh! Teeling—Teeling!" cried Grace.

"Well, ma'am, don't blame him," said the old man, "bekase you see——"

"Ah! Miss Brackenbridge," interrupted Teeling, "you have seen me in your own house. You have seen that when young men got their summer suits, and made their holiday, I went half bare, and I worked away. They laughed at me, an' called me

miserly, an' made me live alone. But God knew all, an' Father Conway!"

"Well, good fellow," Mr. Wood asked. He had become interested.

"I saved every cent I earned—all to make up the arrears the ould man owed. I saved everything; and I would like to have sold half my meals, but no one here is hungry enough to buy food from a servant. I bore the laugh, an' the sneer, an' the cowl'd look, because the ould man, an' the ould woman, an' my little sister, at home, were always before my heart, an' they warmed it. An' I said to myself, I have a home to go back to, an' I'll make the ould folk——"

"Stop, now, Tim, agra! Ah! be a man, Tim! be a man! Why, thin, the poor fellow," old Teeling said, turning to Mr. Wood, "the agint took the arrears whin my poor boy sent 'em; but he broke the lase of th' ould place: an' my son was born, an' grew up there; and 'twas a beautiful place."

"By the ——!" roared young Teeling.

The old man stopped his son's mouth.

"Don't curse, my son," he said, "don't curse. Your father's sweat is in that place, an' your father's father's labour, an' his father's agin. Don't curse, my son; there's a curse undher ev'ry sod in the field, an' over every pebble in the ridge, and spade's point in the furra'. God takes His time, avic; but He is shure an' sthronger whin He's slow. Blessed be His name!" cried the old man; "blessed be His name!"

"Well, if I don't," cried the young man, slowly and gutturally. "Well, if I don't . . . An' my poor mother an' little sister, now; you see, Miss Brackenbridge, they must stay lonesome an' poor, an' wandhering 'till I can earn a few cents more, an' ——"

"Well, thin, no, avic; I gotther a good pinny comin', an' they have enough to keep 'em. I declare, the captain, a fine man, God bless him! offered me as much as I wanted to bring out darling Winny Teeling an' her mother, bekase he heard of you, avic, an' he was ever so sorry when he heard my story."

"What captain, good man, offered you the money?" demanded Hazlitt.

"Why, thin, the captain of the 'Sintoor,' sir—a Mr. Mawlin—oh, a fine man, entirely, sir, indeed."

"You came by the 'Centaur,' then?" continued Mr. Wood. "A fine fellow is Captain Malin; and where have you left the 'Centaur'?"

"The 'Sintoor' is over in New York or some place; but the captain, my boy here tells me, lives in this big town."

"Yes," added young Teeling, "Captain Malin lives at Old Park, and between his trips every one likes to see him."

"No doubt," muttered Mr. Wood. "Take your father's advice, my man," he added; "do nothing wrong or rash, but



work your way. We shall all give you a helping hand if you stick to you father."

The young woman looked puzzled after this interview, and was for some time silent. A close examination would discover her ill at ease and impatient. At length she turned to Mr. Wood, and, looking him straight in the face, she asked—

"Is all that true? Is it true or mere bosh—the story of the land?"

"I think it extremely probable that it is true. The old man has the stamp of honesty, and the practice he has been describing is common."

"Common!—common to grasp the poor man's last penny, and then cast him on the high road, to starve!"

"No, no! he may go into the workhouse."

"How is that?"

"He need not starve. He will receive food enough to keep body and soul together, and coarse clothes, with the workhouse brand; but he must separate from his wife and daughter. They live in different compartments."

"No home ever again—no family! Mope, and live, and brood, and rot!" exclaimed Grace Brackenbridge, with a flashing eye and look almost threatening. "Who gave the power to the landlord to turn out old Teeling?"

"Well, Miss Brackenbridge, it is a long story. Teeling's country is a conquered country, you know. The conqueror, very naturally, gave the land to those who helped him to possess it, and they must knock their livelihood out of the natives."

"Hunt them!" cried the young woman. "Hunt them! Why, sir, it must be a nation of cowards!" half shrieked the young American, stepping back from her companion. She really looked as if she would fly the contamination of an Irishman. "Why do they not rise—rise as a man?" she continued, vehemently. "Why not rise, and fight, and die? Life ought to be a misery to men of courage seeing or suffering such things. Why not fight?" she cried again.

"Teeling's countrymen are not cowards, Miss Brackenbridge," Jack said, in a slow and rather solemn tone; "and it may be said they have ever been fighting—fighting with empty hands the men who held the rifle, and with empty coffers the men who had gathered up the riches of the earth."

Miss Brackenbridge sighed for the first time in their intercourse. She declared she felt herself oppressed.

"You heard Teeling's threat?" asked Mr. Wood.

"Yes; some impulse of enthusiasm, to pass away in an hour.

"I think not," replied Mr. Wood. "It appears to me that the uprising you speak of will take place in America."

"Nonsense! What can we have to do with it? America wouldn't stir an inch for the Irish. Candidates flatter the Irish before the elections, but America will always mind her own business. Irish independence is Irish business, not American."

"But see you not an Ireland in America? You see an Ireland learning the use of arms, and growing up in an exaggerated notion of independence—an independence which will impart tenfold power to traditional hatred when the opportunity comes."

"The opportunity!" cried Grace, half contemptuously.

"The opportunity is not impossible; and I have heard here in America that the Irish will make it," Wood answered.

"They make it——"

"Yes. Their numbers are so great, they will force America sometime or another into war with England. And that is one way—say, *number one*. America having made up her mind to listen to Munroe, she must have all the American provinces to make her natural frontiers. A second chance of a war—call it *number two*. Russia and America may fraternize to ease England of the cares of the East, and to rule the Pacific and what it happens to wash. And England may not be inclined to surrender without striking a blow—call that *number three*." Miss Brackenbridge looked thoughtful.

"Ireland, Miss Brackenbridge, keeps the hands of England tied. England dare not go to war upon a large scale. She must keep Ireland a camp. But to America, England must ever be a slave, or to any country with which America happens to sympathize; because England knows well America has only to let the Irish loose, and arm them, and send 100,000 of them 'home.' Your last war has shown what the Irish can do in a battlefield."

"True, true," said Grace.

"And at 'home' every port, house, and hand would be open to them."

"True," again remarked Grace, her eyes cast down; but she added more quickly, "England can bear all and suffer all, and keep her hold on her victim still."

Mr. Wood smiled, and replied very quietly, also, "That means she will go to pieces without a struggle; that is not likely. England has courage as well as caution, and there are some limits of humiliation no government dare pass. The English people would annihilate them."

"Then, 'Mr. Wood,' what are you driving at?"

"I conclude that England will finally give Ireland 'JUSTICE,' and Ireland, for her own sake, will be England's greatest strength. England will never live on in the manacled state in which she feels herself. She will buy her own freedom, by bestowing freedom on Ireland."

"I am half converted," said Miss Brackenbridge; "but what of Teeling?"

"Teeling seems made up to join the American conspiracy for invading Ireland; but that conspiracy ——"

<sup>1</sup> We confess that we have interpolated this word. Mr. Wood had two words in his speech, but they were *political*.

"Well, we have had enough of it," cried the haughty beauty, "and I have some people to see and some things to do, and—in fact, I am tired."

"Tired!" Mr. Wood said, a little reproachfully. He was conscious that he had been doing his very best. He had not been dogmatic, or snarling, or contradictory: on the contrary, he had been assiduous, humble, and devoted. He felt he had risen above the new Mr. Wood in bearing, manners, and conversation, and his reward for all this was that word of two syllables—"Tired."

Miss Brackenbridge saw the pain, at a glance, and, likely enough, she was proud of it.

They had not yet returned, and the shadows of the trees fell trembling on their way, while the sun looked down gloriously, calling out the primroses in the hedges, and making the silver surf of the sea laugh in the new summer's joyousness. The birds began to proclaim the happy time their own, and even the frog among the ferns whistled for the grasshopper to come, and join the new summer concert. It was a time for happy thought, and if the thought were wise, the time would make thought holy.

On their return, they diverged from the common road, and having gone through a small gateway, gradually descended by a declivity towards a stream. Proceeding onwards, they found themselves under a high and shelving hedgeway, crowned on the top with stunted trees, irregularly planted, and here and there relieved by a poplar or an elm. The whole scene above them was most regularly irregular, and one of the illustrations of nature's power in realizing the ideals of perfect taste. The brown and rather rough pathway below contrasted with the fresh green and the bright water, and, winding along it, imparted to the road that undefined sense of the mysterious which hangs over twisting ways when they creep along in shadow, and vanish without ending. The place was the place for the hour, in a word, and was made for a stroll.

Mr. Wood and his companion stood looking into the stream. Above them, at some distance, on the left, was the arch of a bridge; far away on the right was heard the splash of the waters of the great river, the ringing of bells, the screaming of whistles, and the consolidated voices of the thousands upon thousands far away, and now heard like the unceasing moan of a mighty sea.

Mr. Wood turned towards Grace Brackenbridge, and looked into her fine face. She returned his look in a dreamy and abstracted manner; but after a moment Grace smiled—she smiled even softly on him then.

Mr. Wood looked on the ground, and paused. The pause brought his resolution to life.

"Grace!" he said.

It was the first time he had called her by her Christian-name.

Grace Brackenbridge did not shrink, or tremble, or faint, but

the rich cheeks bloomed in her blushes, and the eloquent eyes looked out in radiant power.

"Well," she answered. "Well, Mr. Wood."

"Grace, you are too observant not to have divined my thoughts, and read my ambition. You have known for weeks what I have known for months; that——"

"Stay, Mr. Wood. Do stay, pray; I know what you would say. I can understand it, and,"—after a pause—"I can value it."

"'Value it!' Thank God. 'Value it!'" Mr. Wood cried, greatly moved.

He approached, as if to take Miss Brackenbridge's hand; but she drew back, and smiled one of her meaning smiles.

"Oh! Mr. Wood," she said; "mind, mind the 'gushing' must begin at my side."

Wood's courage seemed to fall with his repulse.

"Nay, but," she said; and now she made a most emphatic pause, and looked solemn, solemn and earnest. "But, Mr. Wood," she continued, "I have no hesitation in saying that no word of yours, or kindness . . . or affection," she said slowly, "has been lost upon me. I understand all, and I value and return every feeling; but——"

"But what! what!" cried Mr. Wood, with his usual impetuosity. "Oh! do say what, what."

"Psha! psha!" cried the beautiful American. "We *are* ridiculous!" she cried.

"Come, Mr. Wood!" she resumed, laughingly; and now she laid her fair hand upon his shoulder. "Come, Eardly Wood!" she went on while Mr. Wood burned with excitement and delight. "Can you tell me the interest of two hundred thousand dollars at five per cent. per annum?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Wood, and endeavouring vainly to return the pleasantry.

"I will tell you," the beauty replied. "It is ten thousand dollars a year. What think you of that sum, Eardly Wood? Well, on less than that fortune Grace Brackenbridge shall never live—*cannot*."

"Well . . . even——"

"Well then, my dear friend; the only man I ever knew, unless my father, whom I did not nearly condemn! I have met. Eardly Wood, if I am ever to like a man, I have met him; and I shall not easily change; but money—money, I must have. Oh! enough of poverty!" she cried—"enough! enough!"

"Grace, I do not despair; Brackenbridge, your uncle, has promised to place me in a career which ought approach your figure in five years—but *then, five years!*"

"Do not mind!" she interrupted passionately, "With Grace Brackenbridge, five years, or fifty, or five hundred are nothing; because," and now she seized his hand, and, like a prophetess, looked

up to heaven—"because," she said sadly, "with me 'tis Eardly Wood or nothing!"

"Tell me, Wood," she said, again laughing, and suddenly flinging off every shadow of passion, or even excitement,—“tell me what religion do you profess?"

"Religion?" Wood demanded.

"Yes, you very stupid young gentleman," she said. "Have I not a right and duty to find and weigh your tenets, and to keep you straight and consistent?"

"Well, dear Grace, I am of *your* religion," he replied.

"Mine!" she said, and laughed most buoyantly. "Mine! oh, well. Then I am of the Brackenbridge faith—pure and simple."

"Brackenbridge faith?"

"Yes. We have two grand precepts in the Brackenbridge creed—Succeed in all your projects. Do what you think is right."

"And you find what is *right* by ——?"

"By finding what is most successful and most convenient, or at any rate the least inconvenient."

"'Pon my word, Grace," Mr. Wood replied, "you are fit to be President of the 'Great Havanna Club,' in which I graduated some years ago! One would think you studied under our professors of political economy."

"Well, Eardly," she answered, giving him her hand again, "it grows late; but now we understand one another, and the explanation is worth a half score years."

They had not proceeded more than a few hundred yards when Captain Brackenbridge came in sight. He seemed quite delighted at the *tête-a-tête*, which he saw had been going forward; and he rallied his niece and her companion.

"Getting into troubled waters, Mr. Wood?" he said, laughing. "Beware of Grace; there are breakers all around the enchanted islands where some beauties dwell."

"There are spring-tides of hope!" answered Wood.

"And even among breakers," Grace added, "a way of safety is found by observant patience."

"Well! well!" Brackenbridge answered, and he shook his head laughingly. "Mr. Wood," he said, "I have been to see Dr. Conway, and I have asked him and honest Captain Malin to dine on Sunday. Malin's wife will come; and if I can, we shall have Mr. Waters, the baptist clergyman, too."

"We make a circuit of them, Mr. Wood," said Grace, giving Mr. Wood a look of significance, to explain the "Mr."; "but I believe Dr. Conway is uncle's favourite. We go all round, however. But," she asked, "what of the yacht-sail?"

"Well, Monday is fixed," answered the captain.

"Six miles?" Grace demanded.

"Seven to eight," answered her uncle.

"I intend to go!" said Grace.

"Do you so?" Brackenbridge asked.

"Yes; I must see Mr. Wood in a stiff wind; and Ned, that wonderful specimen-man of his."

"A clever fellow is Ned," remarked the captain. "The Yankees are piqued and puzzled by him. They have no chance with Ned."

"Well, PAT," one says.

"Faith, 'tis you are *pat*," was the answer; "I'm Edmund, my friend."

"You brought a large property into the United States, sir," an impudent fellow remarked, yesterday, near the Catholic Church.

"Faith, I brought much more thin you," answered Ned. "I brought a shute o' clothes an' a *character* into this country, an' you came into id *bare an' naked*! you fool, an' no wan ever saw your face afore."

"You should have seen the perfect prostration of Ned, the yachtman's opponent," remarked Captain Brackenbridge.

Mr. Wood had "turned the corner." The following Sunday he went to the Methodist Church, and in the evening proposed to go to the Baptist Meeting; but the company did not break up sufficiently early. Mr. Wood had only one figure before his mind, and one desire in his heart. Grace Brackenbridge was the form, and money the desire. "*Recte si possis; sed quocunque modo rem*," was Mr. Wood's morning maxim and resolution. How he became possessed of the fortune we shall see.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### SHOWING THREE IMPORTANT THINGS—A HISTORY, A DINNER PARTY, AND A YACHT RACE.

GRACE Brackenbridge's father, like her uncle, Captain Brackenbridge, belonged to the sea. He lived nearly all his life in one of our North-American dependencies, from which he made his voyages, returning at intervals, to look after whatever local interests concerned him. He had been twice married—once to a woman of the United States, and subsequently to a female of the dependency above alluded to. The second marriage was solemnized before the woman had attained her fifteenth year, and, unfortunately, before the demise of Brackenbridge's first wife had been at all clearly established. But Brackenbridge was a young man still. He had plenty of money, appeared to be also able and temperate, and was a great attraction to a family not well to do, like the family from whom he got his wife, Ellenor—Léonora, she was called by small pride, and no comm on sense to balance it; and she attracted Captain Brackenbridge the first time he laid eyes upon her.

Leonora may have felt a pang at parting her doll or her tortoiseshell cat, and her canary ; but it must be admitted that she had no great attachment to hard work and third-rate dresses. So that whatever feelings of bereavement tried her little soul when Brackenbridge's suit was presented, were drowned, and more than swallowed up by the imaginary triumphs of her new silk dresses, her watch, and her Indian shawls, scarfs, and ivory fans—all ready to be married to her with the captain.

Leonora was not very strong ; but she was graceful, and not forward. She "held her own," to employ the vulgar term once more ; but she was neither overbearing nor offensive. It is to be lamented, considering all the circumstances, that Leonora and her family were Roman Catholics ; and that in receiving Brackenbridge as a connexion they had been as careless of the ecclesiastical law as of the experience which life had bestowed upon them. They thought that God and conscience could supply one set of rules, and the utilities or necessities of life supply another. And they took a temporary hold for guidance upon the latter. They fared, of course, as all people fare who follow such wisdom. But we are moralizing.

The fruit of Leonora Keenan's marriage was two children, both girls, and one of these girls was Grace Brackenbridge.

When Grace was eleven years old, her mother was just seven-and-twenty, and her sister was twelve. The sister was extremely like her mother. Grace was in every feature and movement like her father, the captain. Even as a little thing, when we remember her, she was imperious, dictating, and self-willed.

Captain J. Brackenbridge had been three months away. The period fixed for his return had elapsed a week or two before. His wife, Leonora, never very strong, had been much agitated. She asked excitedly from time to time, "what signals were up," and almost before the messengers left her presence, she cried again, "what are the signals ? oh ! tell me what are the signals ?"

The paroxysms would, to the superstitious, impart something startling or trying to poor human nature ; and, as it sometimes happens, accident, if we are so to name it, gives superstition a chance of living.

Almost simultaneously with the signalling of J. Brackenbridge's ship came the news of his first wife's existence, alive and well, in the Far West of the American States.

Leonora's illness became alarming, and her husband had not arrived. She yet had a mother—a mother who had lived to weep over the worldly maxims that gave her daughter silk gowns and a watch, and took away a conscience.

To prepare Leonora for death became necessary ; and as almost ever happens, "the priest, the priest !" was cried out by a voice in agony. "Oh ! bring me the priest !"

The priest came. He saw Leonora almost for the first time. A creature she was to be pitied, whose look would give living life

to dead sympathy. Her arms were stretched out of the bed, and her hair was flung on every side in rich profusion, while she cried with flashing eyes, "the priest!" and then added, "the signals! the signals! oh! *will* he come?"

The clergyman, it is to be supposed, did his duty. He examined the wounds, poured in the balsam, gave the advice, the admonition, and the blessing; but he was charged with the awful news which unwed Leonora, even in the eyes of men, and his part on that evening was difficult of performance. What was he to do? Tell her truth and kill her; or conceal the truth and wait a day?

The clergyman did wait a day, but day or year the truth should "out." No matter how round about, or how considerably spoken, the words were terrible but necessary words—"Brackenbridge's wife still lives."

Leonora Keenan did not shriek. She only shut the four fingers of each hand tightly over the thumbs. Hardly—hardly—they tightened! Her feet stretched down towards the foot of the bed, her lips turned black, and her eyes rolled in meaningless convulsion. The fair forehead rolled over the right arm, and the whole system trembled once!—twice! She was dead!

From that bedside Grace and her elder sister were removed, shrieking. Their father had come in time to bury Leonora and to provide a lodging for her orphans—the lonely home of a seaman, with two little girls who had no mother.

This seemed to be the downward turn of J. Brackenbridge. The next voyage he lost his ship. It was generally believed that he was not in fault, yet he found it hard to get a new command. However, he *did* get a new command, and, with strong determination to retrieve his character and regain his position, he set foot on board. Fate followed him! He was wrecked in the Mersey, and he could hardly explain why. There was dark weather—a little blowing—that was all. But J. Brackenbridge's ship went on shore! No hope remained, and he came home possessing little and fit for nothing. He had only one crumb of comfort. A little too late for his wishes, but early after his return, he obtained an authentic account of his first wife's death.

Now came poverty. With trammels to keep nakedness within doors, and hatred to poison the heart against wealth, and temptation to despoil, or to steal, or to kill, poverty came.

Alas! who can tell the hardening power of exhausting hunger and bitter contempt? No one who has not felt them—no one!

The clothes were gone, the necklaces were gone, the trinkets were gone, and the house was mealless! J. Brackenbridge looked at his quadrant and sextant! While looking at *them*, hope deceived him, and pointed to another ship at sea! and he held on to the last, till his eyes saw badly, and his knees began to tremble, and his elder girl, dying of consumption, cried for a drink—he held on!

At last he rushed out, and no one knows where he found a pur-



chaser or where he was a borrower; but he brought back some money that relieved his children and himself—relieved them for a brief season.

The little resource did not last long. It was first no butter, then very little bread, then one meal a day—one meal a day, and a dungeon, and rags—while stretched on the bed was a sufferer—a sufferer without food and without a hope! Religion? The first and last they had seen of religion was the priest who knelt by their mother's dead body. The only religion they had, poor things! was that heaven was "plenty and pride," and hell was the life which is won by poverty.

Grace Brackenbridge was thirteen. She had stolen out in a ragged shawl by night, and begged cents, and begged small loaves, and sung for coppers at the hall doors—and oh! how she hated everything and everyone! The world was all an enemy to that young creature. She did hate it!

She grew thin and sickly, and rarely spoke. She worked a little by day and still begged by night, and brought home whatever the poor invalid could use—sat down by the bedside and wept. Yes, Grace loved the poor dying girl, and thought—ah, some dreadful things! when that spirit-like child should disappear.

"I am cold," the child said one day. "Grace, darling, lie down by me—will you not, Grace? I am cold."

"To be sure, love," Grace answered—"to be sure," and she went to arrange something on an old sideboard; "to be sure," she repeated, and came over to see her sister.

Bitter! bitter! she had not even the consolation of granting the dying girl's request—Emily was dead!

On that very day Captain Brackenbridge came to look after his brother James, and before a week Grace Brackenbridge was at "The Hall," and before a month the same James Brackenbridge became gaoler in a city on one of our great northern coasts.

Grace Brackenbridge had studied life in a hard school, and her maxims were that ambition was religion, pride the Deity, and money the incense of worship. "Poverty, poverty," she cried to Mr. Wood. "Oh, enough of that!" Grace, there, at least, spoke as she had been made to feel.

Whatever may have been her uncle's views, or pursuits, or principles, he gave his niece the benefit of a fashionable education. She sang well, played well, and talked Italian and French. Her character, as we have seen, had been hardened, and was likely to remain very much what Mr. Wood found it; and, singular to say, the young lady so humbled the A. M.—the self-asserting and ever selfish Mr. Wood—that he saw only with her eyes, and thought only with her head, and felt only with her heart.

It was the supreme SELF still, however. He would astonish the world with *her* beauty—he would see her swaying the world—and his wife. And what a fellow he, Mr. Wood, must have been, on

his vagrant tour, without a penny, or a friend, or a character, to have won such a prize in the Lottery of Life as Grace Brackenbridge!

Alas, Mr. Wood! Alas!

But our episode is not to exclude our dinner-party, which duly assembled at "The Hall," and was duly entertained by Captain Brackenbridge and his niece. Sure enough, the Episcopalian clergyman, and the Roman Catholic priest, and the Baptist minister made their appearance, and the inevitable Mr. Johnson was of the party, and the cheery and kindly Captain Malin and his lady, and two or three other ladies, among whom was the helpmate of the Baptist clergyman.

We need not say that the dinner was superb and the scene perfect. In fact, no one could say whether the *economè* of the establishment, the cook, or the proprietor, was most to be praised and even thanked for the enjoyment of that evening. What plate! What fare! What magnificent Madeira! What Hermitage! What Champagne! Many a spot, and many a hand, and many a long year contributed to the select magnificence of Captain Brackenbridge's table on the evening before the yacht race.

Even Mr. Wood was happy! He was the guest, and the favoured guest. He had nothing to look for—nothing to insist upon. He was supreme—recognised as *first*; and he had Grace Brackenbridge! The heaven of self-love could not shed more light upon the reign of Mr. Wood's vanity. He was resplendent!

Grace was all her best friends could desire, though her manners were more subdued and her conversation not so ready. She really had some reason to be proud of her suitor. Mr. Wood seemed to live upon the thought and language of the company, and was eloquent. He was moderate in his exactions and quiet in his manners, and appeared to have mastered the topics of conversation just as much as he had mastered the management of a yacht. Self-assertion had no adversary!

The eternal Education Question was on the *tapis* very early; and the Baptist clergyman, Dr. Conway, and Johnson became ardent, learned, and fluent in the support of their various views. The Baptist was a great common schoolsman—that is to say, a secularist; and Dr. Conway was as uncompromising a Churchman, while Mr. Johnson was prepared to stand by the "liberty of man and American independence." The Eternal States wanted to be let alone, and once let loose from all ministers and all church-going, her soul and her ships would fill the universal world.

Johnson spoke in a tone of badinage, but every one knew that he spoke his sentiments. His manner was simply to make his observations less offensive.

"Now, Dr. Conway," he said, "why make such an eternal row against the common school system? Haven't you had your turn, and failed?"

"And failed!" answered the Doctor.

"Well, yes," continued the Baptist clergyman; "Sacerdotalism and Dogmatism seem to have failed."

"I cannot see," answered Dr. Conway. "Have they failed in the United States?"

"Oh, you know, in these Free States, sir, our constitution keeps Sacerdotalism in its place, and besides your legions of nuns, and Christian Brothers, and I don't know what—why you have a minister on every hearthstone, and a preacher at every corner."

"Then, the fact is," quietly observed the Episcopalian, "that Dr. Conway's system seems not to have failed in America."

"But look at his agencies—thousands upon thousands in every corner of every town and hamlet," replied the Baptist.

"Behind the agencies," observed Mr. Wood, "there must be something. There must be labour, and sacrifice, and earnestness, and faith. Where those exist—unpaid for—and exist in 'thousands upon thousands of cases,' as you, sir, say they do, the *power of a system* is pretty manifest, I think."

"Be it so! be it so *here*! But look at the failure in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Mexico—why, there is no faith to be found—no religion or morality. Your system has failed, sir," continued Johnson. "*We* must try how."

"You vote us out of the world—I mean religion out of the world," Dr. Conway replied. "It is curious. We are *gone* if we *be quiet*—we are making brute force demonstrations if we send some hundreds of thousands to make what is called a 'pilgrimage.'"

"Do you not admit that Infidelity and Scepticism rule the world after Christianity has had hold of its education for a thousand years?" the Baptist demanded.

"I admit no such thing, sir; I admit that the active are the evil, and become *representative* men, because the good are quiescent; but you do not know the inner soul of the passive multitude. You judge by the demagogues and the demagogue press."

"You are pressed there, sir," added Hazlitt. "You admit the *power of the system* where you see it; and you cannot bring proof of the condition of things where you cannot examine."

Mr. Wood had determined upon a display.

"And what, sir," Mr. Wood continued, kindling with his theme; "what can you conclude, even if Sacerdotalism and Dogmatism have not swayed the practice of the majority of mankind? They came to give FREE MAN the means of governing his passions, and a knowledge of what was true. The question *then, is, did they give* man what they were sent to give? That is the question to be determined. It will no more serve your purpose to say they have failed, if people refused their help, than to say an M. D. failed, if the patient will not use his medicine."

"What is the use of a system which will be rejected?"

"Why," Mr. Wood went on most fluently, "Dr. Conway will tell

you it has its use for those who accept it, and employ it; and its use in being at hand for those who may desire it, after rejecting it. Surely, in a system of **FREE THOUGHT**, it is to be supposed that a multitude will fling off the restraints of Truth and Morality, to follow the lead of their passions, unless you suppose *coercion* of mind, as well as teaching."

"It comes to that," said Dr. Conway.

"Certainly," put in the Episcopalian. "Once admit man's free will, and you must judge systems by their fruits, or those *who follow*—not by the conduct of those who repudiate them!"

"Well, all I say," cried the Baptist, "is, that men will now try their own intelligence."

"Which means," said Wood, with the old curl of the lip, and the old cornrake voice, again; "which means, that, as so many men have tumbled overboard, notwithstanding the bulwarks, you will try how things will go on without any bulwarks at all!"

"Why, Mr. Wood," cried Dr. Conway, "you ought to have been a lawyer, and now preparing for the Bench."

"Well, no, sir," was the reply; "I only try to be honest. I cannot comprehend why a system is to be judged by the manners of those who *don't follow* it. I cannot believe the average world is nearly so bad as some philosophers make it. And I do not see, if the world be very bad, notwithstanding teachings, restraints, and examples, that all shall not become a savage anarchy, when these teachings, restraints, and examples, are removed."

"Hear, hear," cried the Episcopalian.

"What is the use of the teachings, and so forth, without the power to enforce them?" asked Dr. Conway, very quietly.

"That is outside the record, though it is true that your Brownson has said so with great force," Mr. Wood said.

"Why, Wood!" cried Brackenbridge; "why, Wood!"

"The logical chariot drives towards Rome," cried the priest, laughing.

"*O Roma! O niente!*" murmured Mr. Wood.

And as they retired from the table to follow the ladies to the drawing-room, Mr. Wood felt what a happiness faith would be, if he only *could believe as he once believed*.

But Mr. Wood had shone. Mr. Wood indisputably led. Mr. Wood felt he had given Grace Brackenbridge reason to feel proud! He wanted no more.

The conversation in the drawing-room was lighter and pleasanter, and, varied by some music, made the evening an exceedingly pleasant one. Mr. Wood, however, got a singular insight into the falling asunder of modern society, and the extent of his own creed in America, by Captain Malin's description of how himself and his very amiable partner first came together. She had been his brother's wife; and he had admired her devotion to the eldest

of the Malins, and to her children. The brother died, and, of course, there was no difficulty about a marriage; but then a regular marriage would be followed by a forfeiture of a small pension which the lady enjoyed.

"We shall lose so much, Sarah," said the brother-in-law and suitor; "but we shall have enough."

"Lose the pension?" demanded Sarah. "The pension I have as George's widow?"

"Yes, that is the law, you know."

"Nay; but I guess we should be fools to lose the pension: for the minister will not make us stick together more faithful, or like one another more!"

"And so," laughed the Captain, "we have outwitted the Treasury."

We love the United States, and we have reason; but a sad future looms upon them, or a machine to make consciences must be added to the triumphs of American skill.

The day, "big with the fate of Mr. Wood and Ned," was to unite the company before a dozen hours, so that they did not feel that night as if they were breaking up. The seaman, and two of the clergymen, knew what they had to expect from Mr. Wood's bravery and skill; but the majority of those present were filled with a keen curiosity, and some jealousy at the position filled by the *novus homo* from the "old country."

The two sides of the river were awake early, and bettings had been enormous. The amount staked by Captain Brackenbridge, people said, reached the large figure of a hundred thousand dollars!

Some parties certainly remarked, and among them was our friend Mr. M'Cann, that the Captain never lost *large stakes*, though he frequently lost a hundred dollars, or even five. And only we know the world we live in, and how the unsuccessful defame the fortunate, we would be inclined to give a long look at and after Captain Brackenbridge, and examine his relations with the occult sciences,

The day was dark, the wind fitful and squally, and the waters seemed to tremble as if they shook with the cold and biting wind. The river looked black under the scowl of low-hanging clouds, and the curls on the waves had a kind of crispy preternatural whiteness that contrasted with everything above and about.

Yet the sight-seers were not intimidated, and congratulated themselves that at any rate there was no rain. Little steamers shot over and hither; small boats rocked and rose and tumbled as if they wanted to empty themselves of their burthens; and sailing boats shot hither and thither with their sheets lying low down, and looking like great gulls stooping to touch the water with their wings. The city, you would imagine, was on the river; and the dresses,

gay for the season, were in competition with the darkness, making a kind of summer gladness in spite of the weather.

The yachts are well known by their colours. Brackenbridge's green and white; his competitor's the tricolour of France.

A young man, not very tall, but of magnificent physique, lightly steps on board a small boat, where two sailors, with white and green favours, stand to their oars. He is soon recognised; and both sides of the river send up a ringing cheer of welcome. "What a yachter! What a man!"

They had scarcely time to indulge their admiration, however, when the river ran stark mad. A young lady came down towards the shore. She approaches the boat. The yachter gallantly stands by the tiller. The lady is handed on board, and goes to give lady-luck to the Irishman's yacht!

Such cheering, and waving of hats, and huzzaing! Such a scene had never before been witnessed by Brooklyn or New York.

At length they are on board the "Orion," Brackenbridge's yacht; and there they find Ned, busy as a bee. He is laying out cords, settling pulleys, disposing of weights in the bow and the sides of the craft, examining the tiller. Ned is everywhere, and arranging everything; and Ned looks pleased. Wood is glad to see Ned happy. 'Tis a good omen; and besides, early that morning, he looked in the very zenith of evil temper—just as bad as if he saw Peggy Doherty walking "wud a New York boy."

"We'll bate," said Ned, almost as if speaking to himself; "we'll bate!"

"Masther Jack."

"Well, Ned."

"Keep 'er up, an' lave me the rest."

"Very well, Ned, very well."

Mr. Wood was determined to keep Ned in his good humour.

"T'other have more life, you know," said Ned; "but this crathur, she's a darlin' at kissin' the wind. Arn't she?"

"All right, Ned."

"Beg your pardon, Miss," Ned said; "but I think the cabin would be your place."

"I shan't be in the way, Ned," said Grace.

"Murdher, Miss; sure you can't be out o' the way wud all the pullin' and dhraggin' we'll have."

Mr. Wood kept smiling.

Grace Brackenbridge rose at the moment; and, while the little yacht stretched herself for the contest, and bowed down towards the water's brim, Grace ran along the windward side with an ease and facility that made Ned cry out, as if he saw a phantom.

"Oh, murdher!" cried Ned.

He made up his mind to leave Miss Brackenbridge to regulate her own movements.

The gun has fired!

"Hurra! hurra! they're off!" shouted the hearts who spoke their prayer and delight.

They're off! How beautiful!—how grand!

There was a pause.

"The Tricolor wins!" shouted a man on a steamer.

"There goes the Irishman!" cries another.

"White and green falls off!—white and green falls off! What is the meaning of white and green falling behind?"

"Two to one! Fifty to three on the Tricolor! Ten to one!"

"Done!"

And off they fly!

The white sails cutting the dark clouds, and bending down towards the dark waters; the splashing waves and spray high over her sides and sails; the working of the head of the "Orion," as she pantingly shot by steamer, row-boat, and sail-craft, was watched by every one who had a glass, while a glass was available; but still she was a good way behind. The universal opinion was that Brackenbridge lost a fortune!

"Well, Masther Jack?" Ned whispered.

"Hold on, Ned; let them bet a share."

"Faix I will, enough, the *buddochs*."

"Eardley," said Grace; "you are not going to be beaten?"

"Hah! Grace, you will have to support a crest-fallen knight."

"You do not say so?"

"Arrah! let him *alone*, will you! I lost a ton weight o' wind since he began to look at you."

"You're looking at me yourself, Ned."

"Faith, I can't help it."

"Now!" cried Hazlitt; "now, Ned, the Shannon and Old Hazlittville—now!" . . . .

In a moment Ned loosed the sails; off they spread themselves to meet the inviting wind! A moment's pause; like the agitation preceding a supreme effort, and the "Orion" shot off, nearly a point and a half from her course, and became lost to the eyes of all on shore, and at sea!

"She is lost!" cried some.

"Out of the running!" cried others.

"She is a darlin'!" cried Ned.

By-and-bye, far, far away, and working under a wonderfully close sail, and making for the vessel, round which the yachts were to turn, was seen something like the "Orion."

"'Tis she!—'tis she!—'tis she!" cry the crew of the adverse craft.

"She'll turn before us."

"No, no—never; keep up!—keep up! She has a long run off her travels—never!"

"Look at that, now!" cried Ned, having wound round the

point with a charming grace. "Look at that, now," said he; and then settling, and setting his sails, he went up, and kissed the prow of the "Orion."

"You crathur!" said Ned.

What Grace Brackenbridge did a little later, we will not chronicle. She saw the race was won.

"Well," cried Brackenbridge, shaking Jack by the hand, "I congratulate you . . . and Grace!" he said.

It was kindly done, and Hazlitt felt it.

"Thank you, Captain!—thank you!—but Ned is the man who won the race."

"Well, to be sure!—to be sure!" cried Ned; "did you ever hear the likes of Mr. Wood! Arrah! what is the use?—what is the use?" said Ned.

"The whole plan was Ned's!" Hazlitt repeated. "The other has more life, my man said; but this is a darlin' at kissing the wind! This was the reason we flew off to make full way, because we knew we could beat him at close sailing."

"You are four thousand dollars a richer man this evening, Mr. Wood," said Brackenbridge, as they left the parlour that evening to go up stairs.

"How is that?"

"Your per centage on my winnings, and those of Johnson."

"Do you say so?"

"Your man gets two hundred dollars."

"Well, poor Ned!" said Hazlitt.

Hazlitt received the money in specie next day; and Hazlitt moodily laid it by! He never thought of home!—or mother!—or sister!—but he thought he had a *fiftieth part* of the amount required to wed Grace Brackenbridge! *He loved himself!*

Alas! is Eardley Wood ever again to be Jack Hazlitt? Who knows?

[*To be continued*].

## THE LEAF AND THE EYE.

THROUGH all the scented days of Spring  
 I hear the larks and thrushes sing;  
 I smell the flow'rs upon the breeze;  
 I hear in silent dewy night  
 The streamlet falling from the height;  
 I breathe the balsam of the trees.



And in the costly Summer prime,  
Luxurious nature's banquet-time,  
I feast beside some lapping stream,  
On mellow odours of the lea,  
To choral woodland minstrelsy,  
And see the landscape in a dream.

But when the birds are dumb with grief  
At falling of the Autumn leaf,  
And trees, like new-made widows, stand  
Disrobing in the mute moist woods,  
And silence o'er the valley broods.  
Oh ! lead me by the helpless hand

Beneath a gothic concave roof  
Of forest trees, and there aloof  
From noisy murmurs of the town,  
That ever mind me of my loss,  
Set me upon a bed of moss,  
And leave me till the sun is down.

For, in the silence, as the leaves  
Fall from the uncomplaining trees,  
And rustle with their brothers strown  
Upon the limp and humid grass,  
The picture seems a mirror glass,  
And shows a case most like my own.

The leaves fall slowly one by one,  
As colours from mine eyes have gone,  
Until the gnarled boughs are bare :  
At first I could not see my book,  
And now I know not where to look  
For sunlight in the mid-day glare.

But in obscure intricate veins  
Of trees a subtle pow'r remains  
That, cherished by another sun,  
Will draw green juices from the mould  
To conjure with, till all the wold  
Is fair as when this Spring begun.

And in my bent and withered frame  
A spirit lurks, a subtle flame,  
That, cherished by a saving ray,  
Will once more fill mine eyes with sight,  
And in the undecaying light  
Give me to see eternal day !

R. D. D.

## HOW THE ABBOT OF LA TRAPPE'S PORTRAIT WAS TAKEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETITE'S ROMANCE."

**T**HERE is, perhaps, no reflection more consoling to the religious mind, nor more forcibly suggested in the course of history, than that the Providence of God is always ready to supply the actual need of the present moment—always watching and awake to send the precise succour of which His Church is in want. In the early ages, when faith had to be bought and preserved with the price of blood, countless martyrs were ever ready to bear willing and joyful testimony to it. Later on, when assailed by heresy and schism, there never failed to appear talented and holy men who only burned to devote their high gifts to its vindication. From the beginning, if each century has had its special malady, it has also had its own efficacious remedy close at hand. The pride of life has ever been combated by the humility of the Gospel, cold scepticism by ardent, unquestioning faith, the spirit of the world by some (to human understanding) simply unaccountable, practical examples of the marvellous science of the Cross.

An interesting illustration of this truth is afforded by the Life of the Abbé de Rancé, the founder, or at least the reformer of the celebrated Monastery of La Trappe ; a life which has been already so often and so fully related, and the story of which is so widely known, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it in these pages. Abruptly exchanging a career of dissipation and pleasure for one of the severest penance and most exalted piety, at a time when society in France was at the lowest ebb of immorality and confusion, M. de Rancé gave the world a lesson of which it was badly in need, proving, as he did, that amid the universal deluge of corruption, it was still possible to practise the highest teaching of the Gospel. From his solitary and austere retreat, the bright torch of his example shed a serene and steady light, not only upon those noble warriors of Christ, who were brave enough to follow in his footsteps and leave the world, but also upon those weaker souls, who, still exposed to its dangers and pitfalls, looked towards it with wondering admiration and confidence. One or two details, sketched by the loving hand of a friend and warm admirer, cannot, it is thought, fail to interest our readers. The circumstance that these details are given to us by a man whose career and character were so extremely unlike those of the Abbé de Rancé, to whom he was so deeply and warmly attached, make them all the more valuable and instructive. Indeed, the keen admiration with which the Duke of St. Simon, the accomplished man of the world, and the marvellously minute chronicler and life-like painter of the reign of Louis XIV., everywhere speaks of the Abbé, is very touching

and much to his credit. That the gay and eager young courtier, so profoundly versed in the intricacies of this monarch's magnificent and dissolute court, should have been honoured by the friendship of the ascetic and saintly monk, is worthy of remark. Often St. Simon turned to him for counsel. He tells us that he used frequently to fly with joy to the calm retreat of the monastery out of the din and turmoil of the world; and if, as by his own confession it appears, that he was somewhat a victim of human respect, and that he was rather anxious to conceal these pious visits from the sneering eyes of his gay companions, we must not be too hard upon him for this little weakness. Rather, like the kind old Abbé, we must be tolerant and patient, remembering that at the age of twenty the world is really a rather alarming censor, and that all is not lost, if on the road to Heaven, our first steps are a little weak and tottering.

In 1694, when we first see his name mentioned in these memoirs, the Abbé de Rancé was already past seventy, and St. Simon was only twenty. Disappointed in a project of marriage upon which he had set his heart (though he had never even seen the young lady), the broken-hearted swain rushed off to La Trappe to "console himself." Unlike, however, the object of his affections, Mademoiselle Beauvillers, a penitent of Fenélon's, who declined the honour of his alliance in order to devote herself to a religious life, St. Simon's fits of devotion were only shortlived, and it is amusing to observe the zest with which he turns from the solitary and saintly atmosphere of the convent to his more congenial element—the ambitions, the intrigues, and the passions of the court. He is, it is true, very proud of telling us that he was never weary of admiring the grand and touching spectacle of La Trappe, and the many virtues of its saintly founder. But, as we all know, admiration is a very different thing from imitation, and it is one thing to be the friend of a saint, and quite another to be a saint oneself. As in these days, so it was in those. Now, as then, there are many of us who are very ready to fall into rhapsodies over austerities, and solitude, and labour, to whom a few days' actual experience and practice of these things would be more than sufficient. St. Simon's enthusiasm was of this sort, but we are bound to say that some of us might take example from it; for, at least it is always sincerely humble and free from delusion. Unlike some of the ardent admirers of sanctity of the present day, he, all through, evidently knows his proper place, and is quite well aware of the wide gap that exists between practising exalted piety, and simply singing its praises from a safe and condescending position. Be this as it may, however, his visit to La Trappe was but a short one; and presently we find him back again in Paris, and in the midst of the giddy whirl and excitements of the world, where not long afterwards he consoled himself effectually by a marriage with a charming young lady, which we are glad to hear made the happiness of his life.

St. Simon tells us that one of his most ardent wishes was to possess a good portrait of his old friend. But how was this to be obtained? The Abbe's humility was such that it was vain to hope that he would ever consent to sit for one; and as, at this period, he was quite an invalid, and seldom left the infirmary, the chance of any artist's being able to take a sketch of his features unawares was excessively remote. Obstacles, however, only sharpened St. Simon's determination, and at last he hit upon a plan, the execution of which demanded a happy combination of prudence and audacity.

The first thing to do was to secure the services of an extremely clever and quick artist, one who would be able from, perhaps, a few hurried glimpses to catch the likeness.

Rigault was at this time considered to be the most eminent portrait painter, not only in France, but in Europe; but how would it be possible to induce such a man, overwhelmed with work as he was, to leave Paris for days, and upon such a difficult and doubtful errand? At first, we are told, the great man hesitated, fearing, doubtless, that, were he to fail in the attempt, his high reputation would suffer. But second thoughts prevailed. The chance of success made the enterprise worth attempting, and, as St. Simon quaintly mentions, great man as he was, he was by no means above being tempted by a high price. The bargain was made. A thousand crowns and all expenses paid was the artist's price, and in return he was to do his best to paint the Abbé's portrait—and over and above this, was to preserve a profound secrecy in the matter, making only two copies, one for himself, upon which he insisted, and one for his patron: for, as has been already told, human respect was St. Simon's bugbear, and he had no fancy to proclaim to the world his profound veneration and love for his friend the Abbé.

And now, all preliminaries being arranged, it was necessary to set to work. Two accomplices had to be let into the secret—the Abbé Maisne, M. de la Trappe's secretary, and the Abbé de St. Louis, formerly a captain of cavalry, and a great favourite at court, but now a humble and mortified monk. Evidently, our chronicler was a believer in the pernicious doctrine that the end justifies the means, and thought it no harm to invent a nice little fib for the occasion. The simple old Abbé never suspected anything, and was completely humbugged. A great friend of St. Simon's he was told, an officer, had such a great longing to see him, that he implored of M. de la Trappe, who at this time saw no strangers, to make an exception in his favour, and to grant him an interview. He was afflicted with such a violent stutter, that he could hardly speak, and would therefore not trouble him with conversation. All he wanted was to be permitted to see him. M. de la Trappe, we are informed, smiled kindly, and considered the officer's curiosity very foolish. But he was too good-natured and charitable to refuse such a trifling request, silly as he thought it to be.

So far so well. Rigault, who had already arrived at La Trappe, was then introduced into a little whitewashed room, close to the infirmary, in which the Abbé generally passed the afternoon. It was a plain little room, but fortunately it was well lit. It only contained a few devotional prints, and straw seats, and the table at which M. de la Trappe had written all his works. Here the Abbé Maisne seated himself in his superior's accustomed chair and attitude. The artist found the position admirable, fixed the *pose* in his mind, and, preparing his canvass, made a preliminary sketch of all the accessories. The model was now the only thing wanted, and no time was lost in securing it. That same afternoon, Rigault was presented to M. de la Trappe by St. Simon. His infirmity exempted him from taking any part in the conversation. All he had to do for the three-quarters of an hour during which the interview lasted was to make the best possible use of his eyes, while, St. Simon tells us, that his own particular anxiety was to make himself as entertaining as possible to his old friend, in order that he might forget the flight of time. Apparently he was quite successful. The Abbé, entirely unsuspecting, merely pitied his admiring visitor's infirmity, which compelled him to be almost completely silent; but when, the next day (Rigault having declared that one more sitting was indispensable), St. Simon, with considerable misgiving, begged for another interview, the old Abbé showed signs of rebellion. It was all very well to be condescending and amiable up to a certain point; but for a man who sought for and desired nothing but privacy and solitude, to submit to be stared at for two days running was a little too much of a good thing—it was mere loss of time, and ridiculous. In short, the good Abbé at first point-blank refused, and it was only by dint of coaxing that he was induced to relent, and to permit his friend the stutterer one more glimpse. Rigault was, however, informed that this would certainly be his last chance, and that he had better make the best he could of it.

Which he did. Half an hour was all he asked for, and before it had expired, his mind was thoroughly impressed with every line of M. de la Trappe's features, and taking his leave, he rushed to his easel, which stood ready, and set to work at once—leaving, as we can well imagine, the good Abbé much perplexed by his admirer's eccentric demeanour. St. Simon describes the whole interview most amusingly.

He tells us that he himself was quaking in his shoes, lest M. de la Trappe should observe the strangely earnest looks of which he was the object, and how eagerly he sought to change the conversation when the Abbé began to wonder what they meant. However, fortune was on his side. M. de la Trappe's mind was presently diverted from troublesome reflections, and, for the present, at all events, he remained in blissful ignorance of the treachery of which he was the victim.

But, later on, he discovered it all. The portrait was an immense

success. It was life-like. The lively, piercing eyes—the sweetness, serenity, and majesty of the face—the candour, wisdom, and interior peace of a man who possesses his soul—the grandeur and sublimity of his physiognomy—the charms which penance, age, and suffering had not been able to efface, were all vividly and faithfully reproduced. The artist had at first merely made a sketch of the head, but on the following morning—that of All Saints—the Abbé Maisne sat to him for the figure; and Rigault returned to Paris, deeply impressed, we are told, by all that he had seen, and specially by the spectacle of the General Communion of that All Saints' morning.

As has been said, the portrait when finished was an immense success. It cost the artist three months' hard and anxious work, during which time, he confessed to his patron, that he had been unable to think or dream of anything but the Abbé's face, and that so full had his brain been of his undertaking, that he gave up everything else to complete it.

However, his labours and anxiety were justified by complete success; and now, sad to relate, vanity and the desire of fame got the better of honour, and caused him to forget one of the conditions of his bargain—that of secrecy. He could not resist the temptation of showing the picture to some friends before he had delivered it to his patron. Of course the secret was no longer a secret.

Presently, all Paris was talking about it. Orders for copies flowed in. St. Simon tells us that, by his own admission, Rigault made more than twenty-five thousand francs over and above the original thousand crowns which had been stipulated for.

Our chronicler was, as we may easily imagine, in despair at the noise that the affair made in his *monde*; and knowing that sooner or later the story would reach La Trappe, and not venturing to confess in person, he made a clean breast of his treachery to his old friend, by writing. M. de la Trappe was, it seems, both annoyed and grieved. But he could not keep up rancour. This was his reply—"You are aware of what a Roman Emperor once said, 'that he liked treason, but that he did not like traitors'; now I am quite of another way of thinking. I cannot help being fond of the traitor, but I hate and detest the treason." On several other occasions, M. de la Trappe's name is mentioned in these memoirs, and always in terms of the profoundest respect and veneration. Once, we are told, that St. Simon, driving with some of his dearest and oldest friends, wanted to insist upon being let get out of the carriage, because the subject of conversation having turned upon a dispute that was pending between the Archbishop of Cambrai and the Abbé de la Trappe, the verdict was given in favour of the former. His friends positively refused to allow him to leave them, but in deference to him, at once changed the conversation. But that which gives us, perhaps, the strongest and most pleasing idea

of his deep and warm affection for his old friend, is the touching manner in which he alludes to his death, though, even then, worldliness and human respect prevented him following the better impulses of his heart.

We will quote his own words :—

"I experienced at Fontainebleau the greatest possible affliction. It was caused by the death of M. de la Trappe. Waiting one evening for the *coucher du roi*, M. de Troyes showed me a letter which announced that the Abbé was on the point of death. This news amazed me, as ten or twelve days previously I had heard that his health was as good as usual. My first impulse was to rush to La Trappe, but I was prevented doing so by reflecting what a noise my sudden disappearance would create. I immediately sent to Paris for an excellent doctor, called Andri, and at once despatched him to the monastery. But all was already over when he arrived. These memoirs are too profane to talk in them much of such a sublimely holy life, and a death so precious in the sight of God. I will content myself by saying that his praises were loud and widely-spread ; that the King lauded him in public, and wished to be informed of every detail concerning his end, and that moreover he constantly spoke of him by way of instruction and example to his grandsons. In all parts of Europe his loss was lamented. The Church wept for him, and even the world did him justice. That day, so happy for him, and so sorrowful for us, was the 26th of October, 1700, when, about half-past twelve o'clock, he died in the arms of his bishop, at the age of 77 years, and after 40 years of the most prodigious penance. I cannot omit to mention one proof of his affection for me. Having been laid upon the ground on straw to die, as is the custom with all Trappists, he deigned, in that supreme moment, to remember me, and he charged the Prior, who was close to him, to assure me that as he did not doubt my affection, so I should not doubt his. Here I will conclude. Anything more I could say on the subject would be misplaced."

The old, white-headed monk, emaciated by austerity, weakened by penances, chastened by suffering, dying upon straw and ashes in the infirmary of La Trappe, and the gay, ambitious young courtier, waiting amidst the crowd of eager courtiers upon the favour of an earthly monarch. What a contrast ! The death of a saint, upon whose awe-struck vision the first glimpse of heaven is bursting, and the court of a king upon whom this throng of fawning, humble sycophants looked almost as a god upon earth ; the gilded palace, and the simple cell ; the incense of flattery and falsehood, and the subdued, peaceful murmur of holy prayer ; the stiff, exaggerated ceremonial of a royalty which had been perverted into a species of blasphemous *culte*, and the meek submission of the dying monk to the solemn call from above.

What a contrast ! But, as then, in even the supreme moment of his passage from earth to heaven, the kind old Abbé remembered the young man to whom the world was still all in all, and did not, we may be sure, fail to remember him before the throne of God ; so may we not believe and trust that the prayers of some of the hidden saints on earth are for us daily ascending to heaven, preserving us from many dangers, and, let us hope, insensibly influencing our lives, and bringing us by degrees nearer to God ?

## SINE LABE CONCEPTA.

ONE eighth of December I knelt before the altar of a Convent chapel. The transept on the left was full to overflowing with little orphan-girls; on the right was the Nuns' choir. The white marble of the altar was mellowed and warmed by the tinted rays that came down softly and a little too scantily

"Through storied windows, richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light."

But the dimness of the crisp wintry morning was in part dispelled by the Lamp of the Sanctuary and many a waxlight. Suddenly the holy silence was broken by a hymn, in which the voices of the children and of the nuns mingled in touching harmony. Is not sacred music sweeter a thousand times when you are sure that the words come from pure hearts, that mean what they say? On that eighth of December, they sang, of course, a hymn in honour of the Immaculate Conception; and the time and the place, and this blending of the happy innocence of childhood with the happier innocence of consecrated womanhood, and the very earnestness with which the following words, especially, were sung, made them thrill through me at the moment, and linked them in my memory ever since with that Orphanage of Mount St. Vincent:—

"I think of thee and what thou art,  
Thy majesty, thy state,  
And I keep singing in my heart,  
'Immaculate! Immaculate!'"

Father Faber acted very wisely in repeating this chorus in full at the end of every stanza; for it is worth all the rest together. What a blessed thing it is to write anything good, that can set people singing in their hearts "Immaculate! Immaculate!" Some of our readers will like to see the same filial feelings towards the Immaculate Queen of Heaven expressed in the sacred language of the Church, especially as the following original hymn might be marked with the initials which one of our American critics (the *Catholic Review* of Brooklyn) recognised in our First Number as "those of one of the most venerated names connected with the great Alma Mater of the Irish Priesthood."

## AD MARIAM SINE LABE CONCEPTAM.

O Sponsa Sancti Spiritus,  
Verbique Mater Unici,  
Electa Patris filia,  
Præolata Sanctis Angelis!



Concepta, Nati munere,  
Immunis Adæ crimine,  
Tu sola semper prænites  
Intaminata primitus.

Repleta lectis gratiis,  
Culpæque prorsus nescia,  
Exemta pravis sensibus,  
Virtute flores integra.

Te nullus extat purior,  
Te nullus est beatior,  
Te nullus excellentior,  
Trinus Deus si tollitur.

Tu mater es, nostra et soror,  
Tu nos amas tenerrime,  
Te nos amamus unice,  
Duc ad tuum nos Filium.

Laus sit Patri, cum Filio  
Intaminatæ Virginis,  
Sponso simul Paraclyto,  
In sæculorum sæcula.

For the benefit of those who feel towards a quotation from a learned language somewhat like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*—"I understand it, of course, but you may translate it as if I did not"—the spirit, if not the letter, of this sacred song may be translated by some lines written by the late Rev. Michael Mullins. We copy them from our dear friend's manuscript, but they have been more than once printed, though less known than his fine poem on "The Celtic Tongue," which concludes worthily Mr. D. F. Mac Carthy's exquisite *Book of Irish Ballads*. Mr. Mac Carthy prefixes these dates:—"Born in the parish of Kilmore, Co. Galway, in 1833, died at Chicago, Michigan, U. S., April, 1869." Out of nine stanzas we shall cite only the three last. After weaving together, very skilfully, the testimonies of Scripture and tradition in favour of the Immaculate Conception, the young poet (for these lines were written long before his early death) links together the two most glorious titles of the Blessed Virgin, *theotokos* and *sine labe concepta* :—

"We hear the loud ring of the multitude's pæan,  
By the nations in triumph exultingly sung,  
From the cliffs of the North to the distant Ægean,  
As Celestine silenced Nestorius' tongue.  
In Ephesus' temple, the temple of Mary,  
The Fathers hold council by Peter's command;  
In Ephesus' streets, long expectant and weary,  
The crowd stand with joy-bells and torches in hand.

We see the bent figure of Cyril before us,  
 Where John, her beloved, before him had trod;  
 Where Pontiff and people swell loud the glad chorus  
 That Mary, our Mother, is *Mother of God*.  
 And, oh! that we've seen the last shining lustre,  
 That star of the stars in her diadem set,  
 The first in existence—last placed in the cluster,  
 To beam o'er a long line of centuries yet.

There were journeys by land, there were ships on the ocean,  
 That bore Judah's princes to Zion's bright walls;  
 The peoples have heard with exultant devotion  
 The voice of the High Priest, as on them it calls.  
 Oh! bless them, dear Mother, we ask with emotion,  
 And bless this green Island that looks up to thee,  
 For this, dearest Mother, is gem of the Ocean,  
 And thou art *Immaculate*, Star of the Sea."

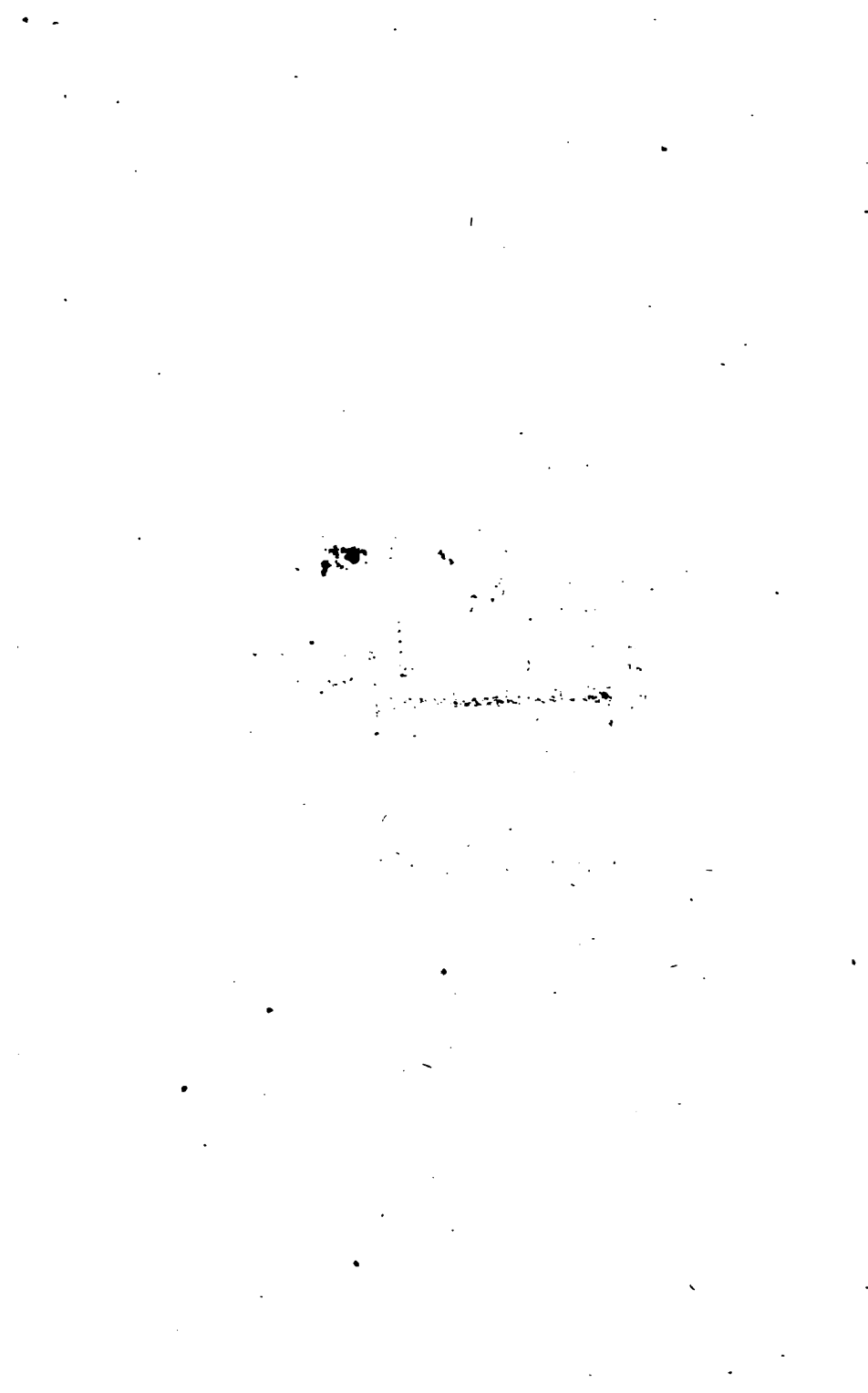
The close union suggested here between the *Maris Stella* and her whom her best-known poet, with the amiable extravagance of filial affection, addresses as "First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea"—this union between Mary and Erin has subsisted since Patrick came with the blessing of that very Pope Celestine, to preach to our fathers the Gospel of the Son of the *Deipara*. The love of the Blessed Virgin has wound itself round every fibre of the Irish heart. From no other land that the sun looks down upon does such an incense of fervent *Hail Marys* mount up to the throne of the Queen of Heaven. See how naturally the name of the Immaculate Mother of God comes in among the last words of the poor Irish mother, dying on the voyage out to America, in Mr. T. D. Sullivan's touching poem, "Between Decks":—

"Michael dear, what was I saying?  
 Some foolishness, sure—never heed!  
 Fall on your knees and be praying—  
 There is my prayer-book and bead,  
 With a mark where the Litany opens:  
 Tell little Michael to read.

Kiss me, loves, each of you kiss me—  
 Once more a loving embrace!  
 Dear little babies, you'll miss me:  
 God give you guidance and grace.  
 May His Immaculate Mother  
 Be a mother to you in my place."

No need of "a mark where the Litany opens." The prayer-book would open of its own accord at the page containing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, repeated so often, yet always relished, coming as fresh and true from the heart as when it was said, perhaps as the penance of one of the poor woman's first confessions, years ago.





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